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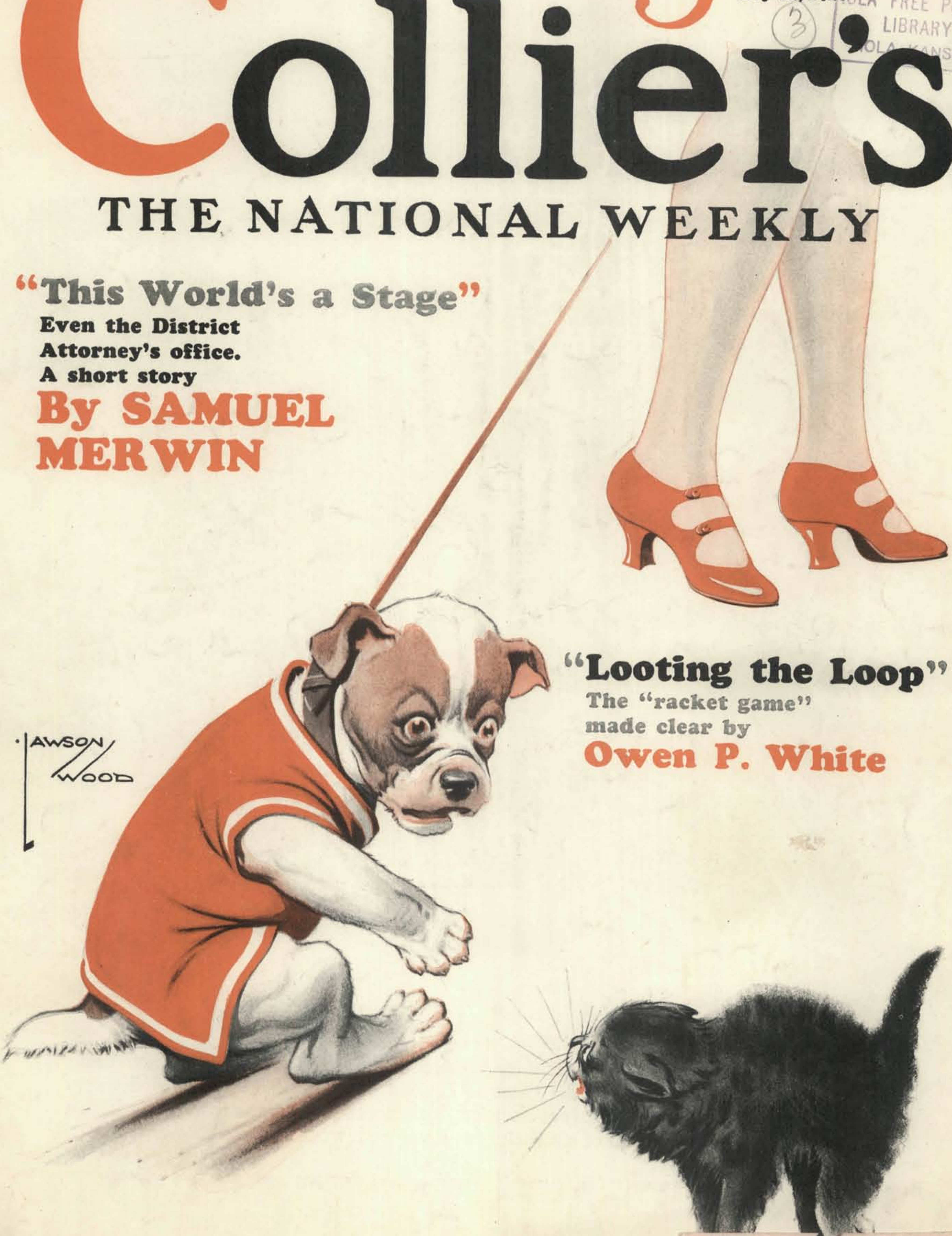
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"This World's a Stage"

Even the District Attorney's office. A short story

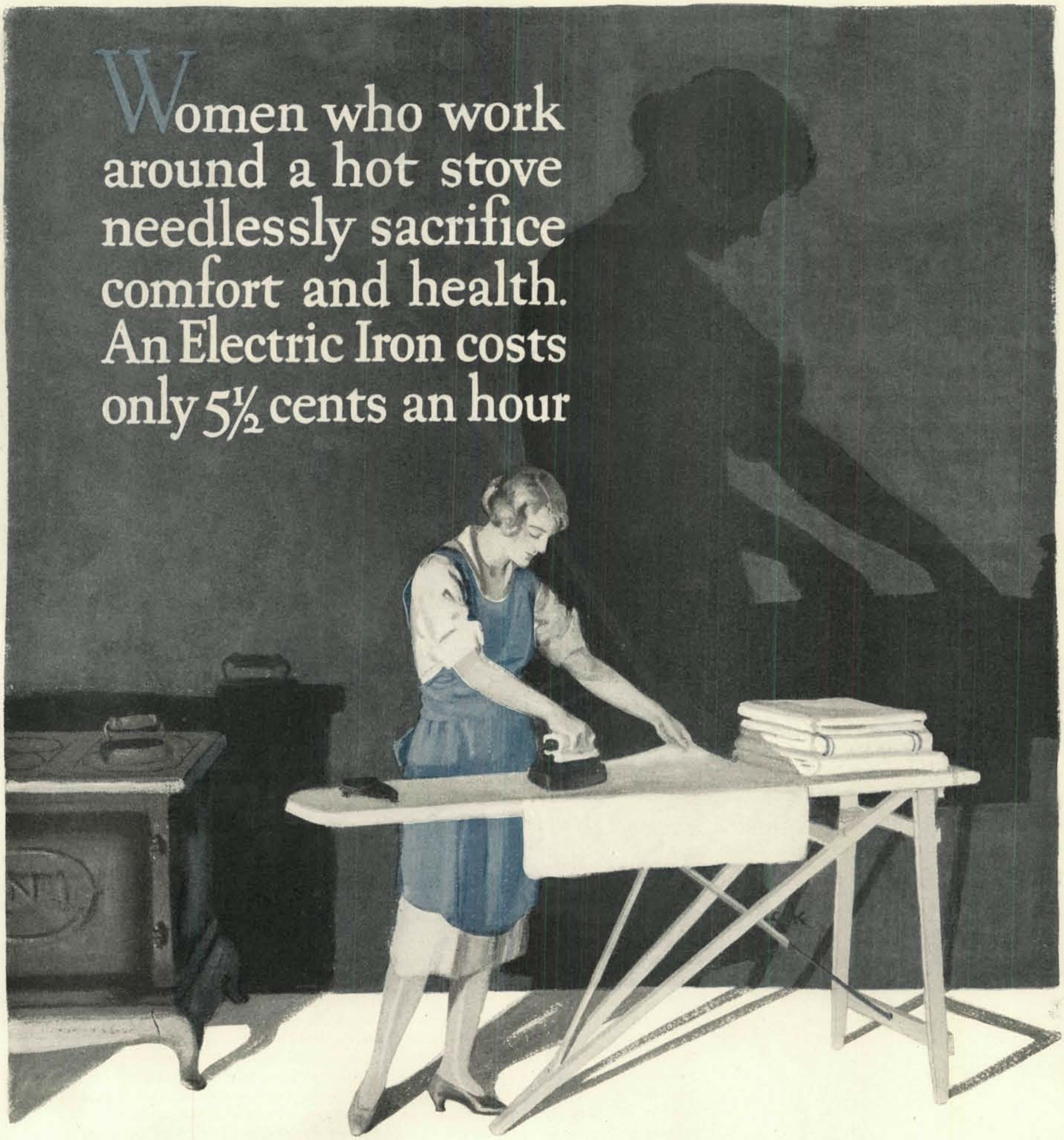
By SAMUEL MERWIN

"Looting the Loop"

The "racket game" made clear by

Owen P. White

May 12, 1928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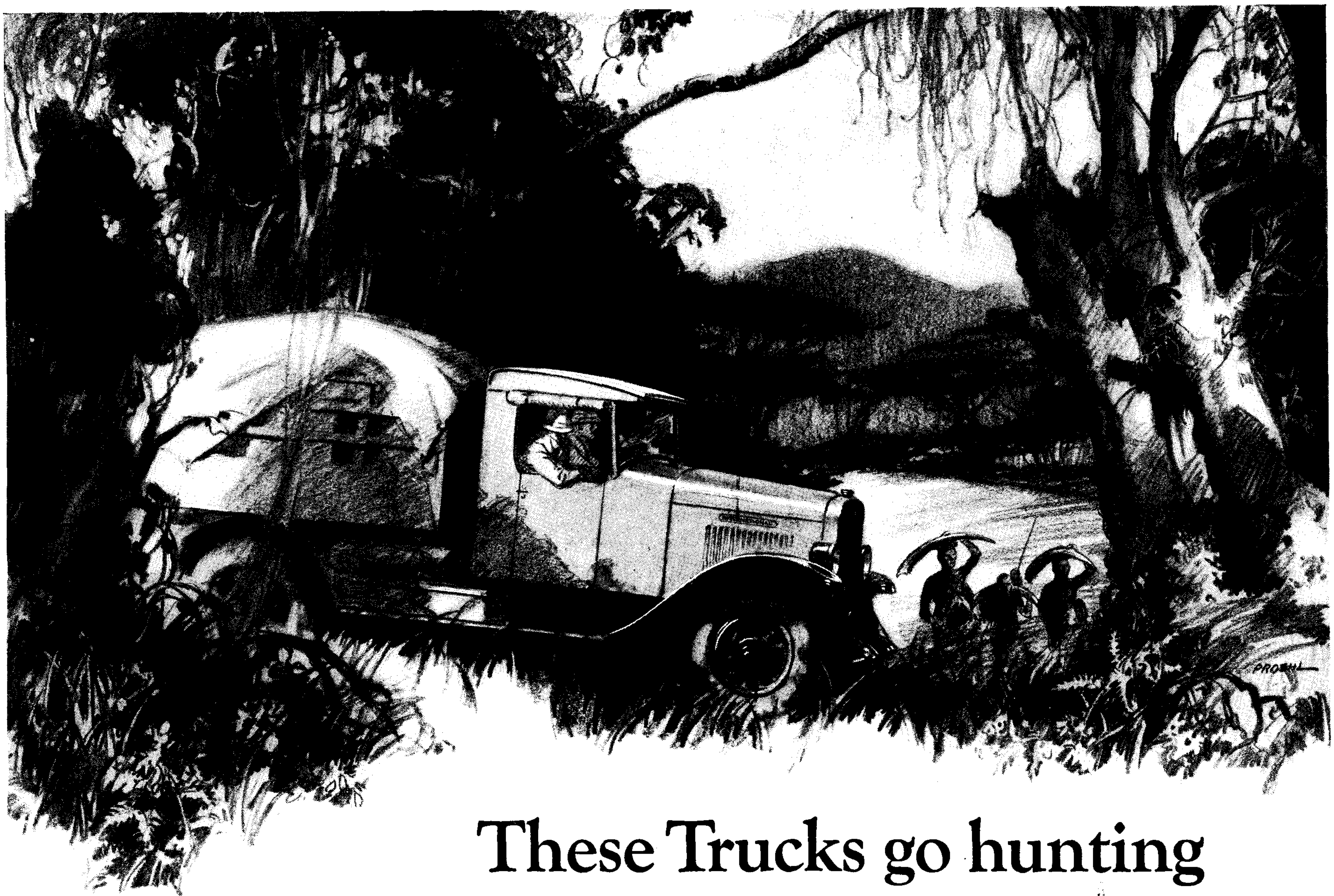
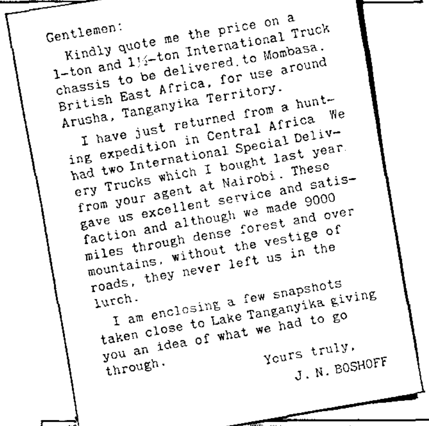
GENERAL ELECTRIC



These Trucks go hunting in African Jungles

and the hunter calls for more Internationals

Mr. Boshoff, of Westwood, Calif., *with some of his trophies*



Gentlemen:

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I have just returned from a hunting expedition in Central Africa We had two International Special Delivery Trucks which I bought last year from your agent at Nairobi. These gave us excellent service and satisfaction and although we made 9000 miles through dense forest and over mountains, without the vestige of roads, they never left us in the lurch.

I am enclosing a few snapshots taken close to Lake Tanganyika giving you an idea of what we had to go through.

Yours truly,
J. N. BOSHOFF

Loading the trucks for moving camp

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Mr. Boshoff *has been there,* with all the paraphernalia of the African explorer and with International Trucks—"9000 miles through dense forest and over hills and mountains without the vestige of a road." And having braved the fevers, bagged his trophies, and brought his party of Europeans and natives back to port, he is keen to go again—and with International Trucks!

The Internationals that pursued the gazelles and elephants through the wilds of Tanganyika are Special Delivery Trucks, built for nimble and speedy hauling. Thousands of this popular model are hauling less adventurous loads the world around with equal success.

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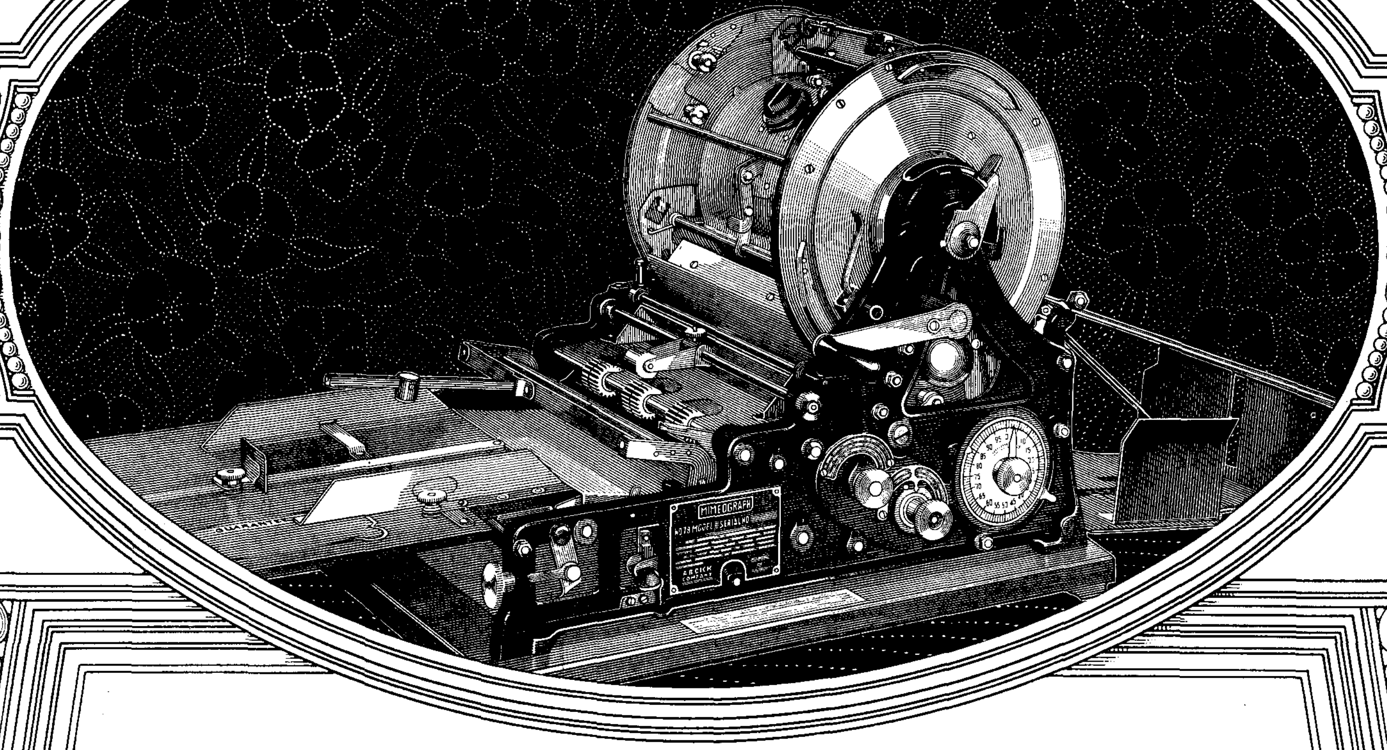

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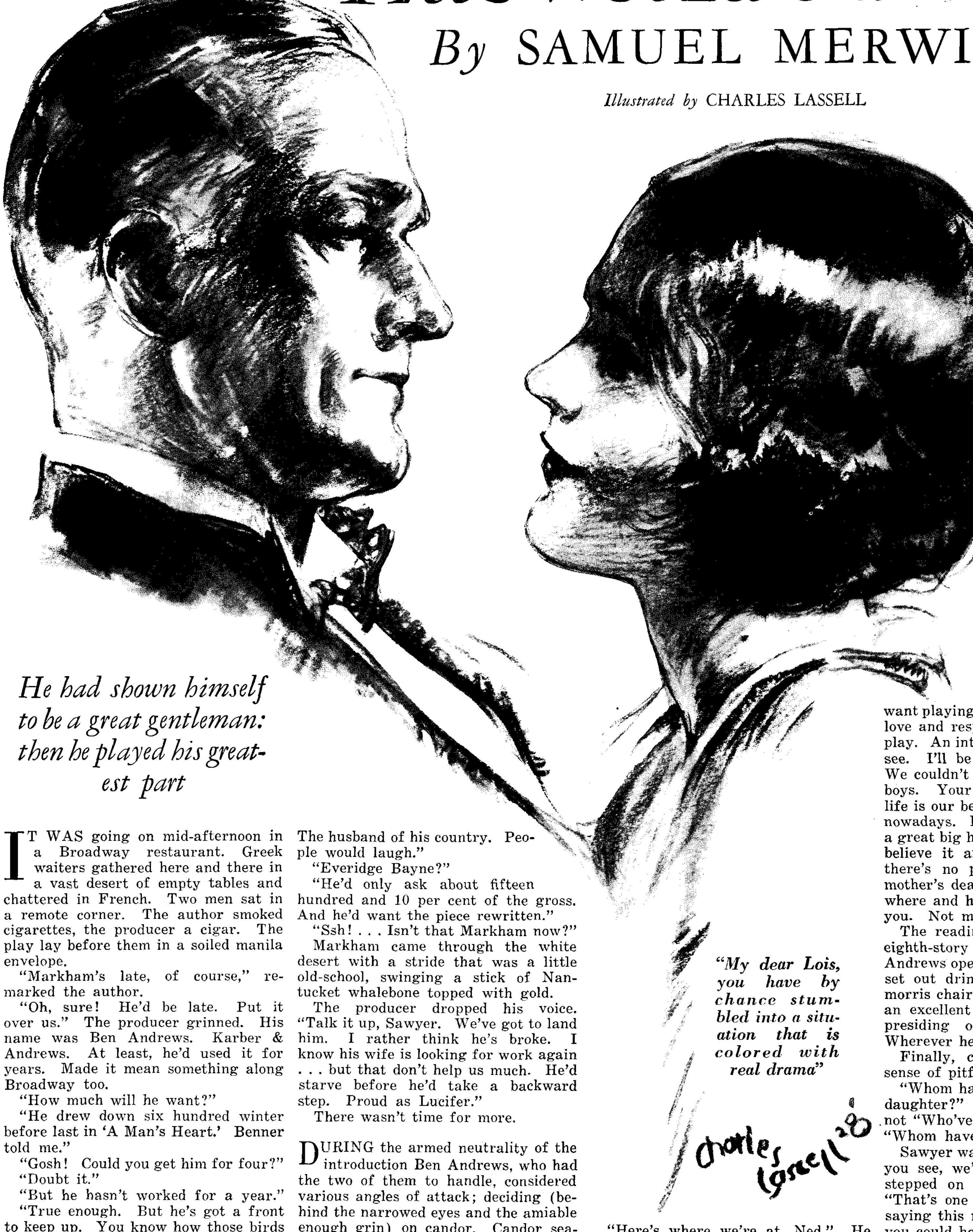
This World's a Stage

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL



He had shown himself to be a great gentleman: then he played his greatest part

"My dear Lois, you have by chance stumbled into a situation that is colored with real drama"

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IT WAS going on mid-afternoon in a Broadway restaurant. Greek waiters gathered here and there in a vast desert of empty tables and chattered in French. Two men sat in a remote corner. The author smoked cigarettes, the producer a cigar. The play lay before them in a soiled manila envelope.

"Markham's late, of course," remarked the author.

"Oh, sure! He'd be late. Put it over us." The producer grinned. His name was Ben Andrews. Karber & Andrews. At least, he'd used it for years. Made it mean something along Broadway too.

"How much will he want?"

"He drew down six hundred winter before last in 'A Man's Heart.' Benner told me."

"Gosh! Could you get him for four?"

"Doubt it."

"But he hasn't worked for a year."

"True enough. But he's got a front to keep up. You know how those birds are. He's our man, Sawyer. Bring a lot to the play. People believe in him."

"Why not Chauncey Bacon?"

"Too old. And too many divorces. The husband of his country. People would laugh."

"Everidge Bayne?"

"He'd only ask about fifteen hundred and 10 per cent of the gross. And he'd want the piece rewritten."

"Ssh! . . . Isn't that Markham now?"

Markham came through the white desert with a stride that was a little old-school, swinging a stick of Nantucket whalebone topped with gold.

The producer dropped his voice. "Talk it up, Sawyer. We've got to land him. I rather think he's broke. I know his wife is looking for work again . . . but that don't help us much. He'd starve before he'd take a backward step. Proud as Lucifer."

There wasn't time for more.

DURING the armed neutrality of the introduction Ben Andrews, who had the two of them to handle, considered various angles of attack; deciding (behind the narrowed eyes and the amiable enough grin) on candor. Candor seasoned with flattery. The old boy was a fathead, but he knew plays. Oh, he knew plays! He'd spot the weakness in that rôle.

"Here's where we're at, Ned." He tapped the manila envelope. "We've got a sure-fire piece. I see two years on Broadway. It's a father play. Right up your street. You've got to do it. For there's nobody else."

"At the moment"—Markham, with immense reserve—"not having read the play—"

"Comes down to this, Ned. This father is no actor-proof rôle. He'll want playing. The customers have got to love and respect the man or there's no play. An intimate, personal appeal, you see. I'll be frank. You're our man. We couldn't risk one of the scandalous boys. Your long and happy married life is our best card. So mighty scarce nowadays. It's a clean, pure play with a great big heart throb in it. Make 'em believe it and we're all rich. Sorry there's no part for your wife. The mother's dead. . . . Now let's go somewhere and have Mr. Sawyer read it at you. Not my office. No peace there."

The reading took place in Sawyer's eighth-story bedroom in a near-by club. Andrews opened his cigar case. Sawyer set out drinks. Markham, deep in a morris chair, nursed his stick and gave an excellent impersonation of a judge presiding over an important trial. Wherever he was he presided.

Finally, cautiously, with a boding sense of pitfalls ahead, thus the actor:

"Whom have you selected to play the daughter?" He'd put it that way; not "Who've you got for the girl?" but "Whom have you?" . . .

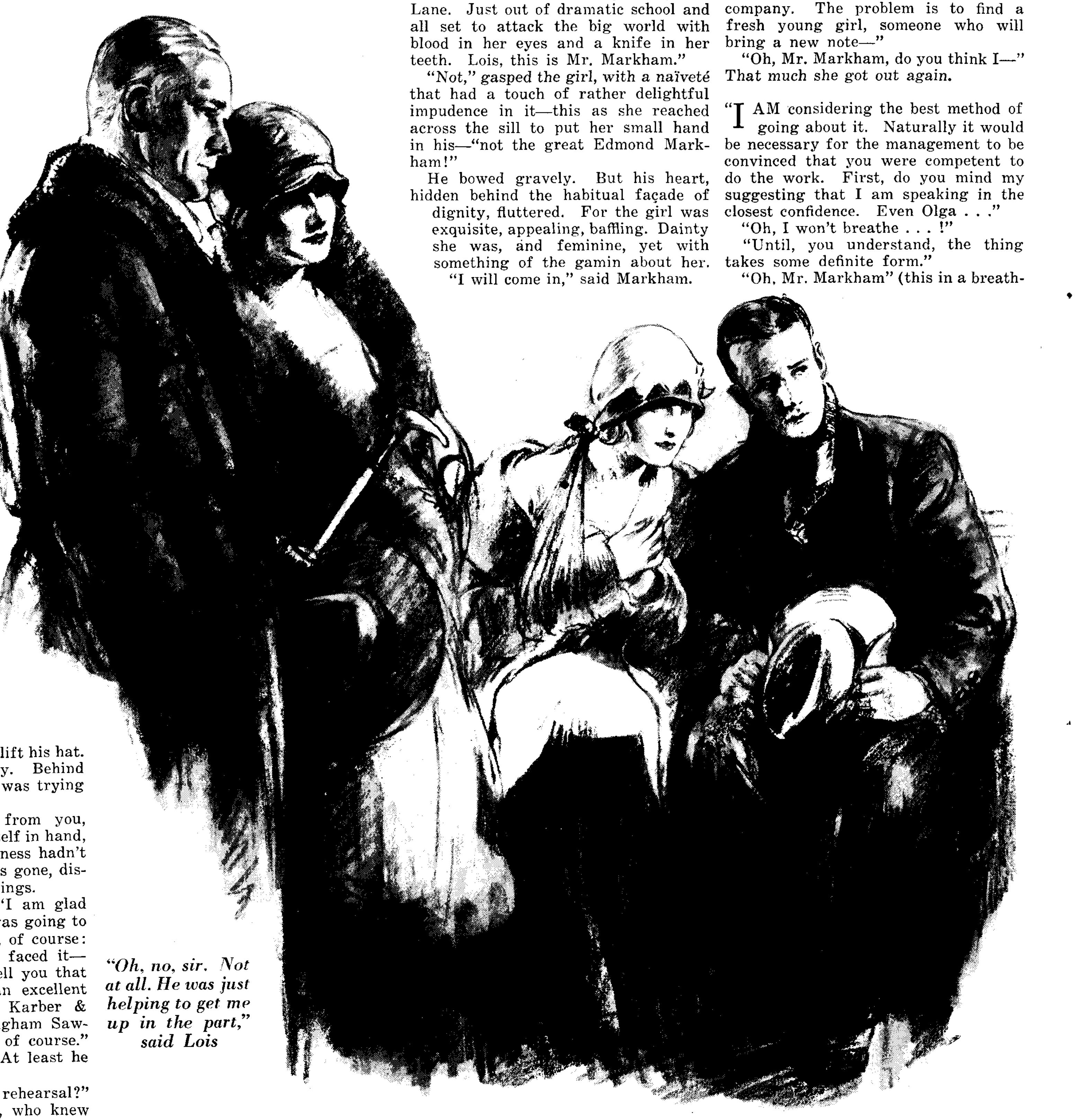
Sawyer was launching out on a "Why, you see, we've—" when Ben Andrews stepped on his foot under the table. "That's one of the things, as we were saying this noon . . . one of the points you could help on, Ned. You see what the piece needs. The father's got to swing it. Now, if you could suggest an ingénue who'd play well in your scenes . . . some kid that mightn't be above learning a little from you . . . all your experience, all your knowledge . . ."

"I should have to give that some consideration." Markham nodded sagely. Obiter dicta from the presiding judge. Nothing more. He hadn't committed himself.

"Tell you what, Ned, we'll lay out a big campaign of presswork. Build up an atmosphere. The home touch! I'll have one of the afternoon papers interview you right off. A big home-life story. One married couple who've solved the problem of the theatre. Pretty hot, eh!"

When Markham had splendidly gone, Sawyer cried out in anguish: "Oh, my Lord, Andrews, do you realize you've handed him carte blanche to pick our leading lady!"

ANDREWS hesitated. He wasn't certain of the meaning of carte blanche, but he caught the point. And, anyway, he didn't propose to have one of these author fellows high-hatting him. Not Ben Andrews. He winked. "Sure. He's a swell-headed old ass, but believe me he knows his theatre. I'd rather have him worrying about the girl than about the salary."



"Oh, no, sir. Not at all. He was just helping to get me up in the part," said Lois

At the corner of the Claridge, Markham, standing proudly, surveyed the drifting crowd. All said and done, it was a part. The pay would be good. As a stop-gap, perhaps . . . a few months of ready money. . . . His chest expanded with a childlike sense of well-being. He could really walk abroad. Face people. He was important again. As of right he ought to be. He felt like going into a store and buying something. There was a kick in just spending money.

It all hung on picking up the right girl. Some green little thing, pretty and wistful. A girl who wouldn't know enough to steal a scene. He'd do the real work himself. And he'd be kind to the child. Even stir a sense of gratitude in her immature heart! His own heart, which had by no means kept pace with his years, fluttered at the thought.

A woman, moving with the crowd, stood out ominously—a small person, very trim, not looking her age by ten years; still with a sprightly step. His wife!

He could do no less than start with surprise and lift his hat. They moved into a doorway. Behind a screen of aloof dignity he was trying to marshal panicky forces.

"Why haven't I heard from you, Ned?" She was keeping herself in hand, but the characteristic directness hadn't left her. Bertha had always gone, disconcertingly, straight at things.

He cleared his throat. "I am glad to be able to tell you"—it was going to be something of an oration, of course: always an oration, but she faced it—"I am glad to be able to tell you that I have just been offered an excellent part. Leading business. Karber & Andrews. A play by Eltingham Sawyer. I am to be featured, of course." His forces were rallying. At least he could take up a position.

"When will it go into rehearsal?" asked the practical Bertha, who knew that there would be three weeks without salary after the rehearsals began.

This caught him somewhat aback. "At once, I believe."

Moodily she considered: "We're supposed to pay Marjorie's tuition October 1st, Ned. You know that. It can't be done. And the poor child hasn't a thing to wear."

Marjorie was their daughter.

"My dear" (her tone seemed to him unfair), "I am moving heaven and earth to—"

He was off. Self-pity, of course. He had inexhaustible reservoirs of that. And the ruffled dignity she knew of old.

"I simply can't ask Ethel and Fred to help any more, Ned. They have their own problems. Perhaps the school would give us a little more time. They're fond of Marjorie." The smoldering fire behind her eyes blazed out. "Ned, I've given up hope that you'll ever face the facts of life. I don't know anything about you—what you're doing. Are you still in the apartment?"

He inclined his stately head.

"But you can't keep that up. We simply can't afford it."

"After all, my dear, we still have the lease." And stiffly he added, "I've let Wilson go."

This touched her. Wilson had been his dresser for years. A devoted servant. An elderly man who had played bits, a generation back, with Lawrence Barrett and later with Otis Skinner and John Drew. Tears came to her eyes. She hurried away.

Markham crossed the street; stood for a little while in moody thought; strolled eastward toward the Algonquin. It was six o'clock, the actors' dinner hour. He felt the need of exhibiting himself among people he knew. It would help his rather battered self-respect. And he might drop the word, here and there, urbanely, that he was considering the lead in the new Sawyer piece. A little of that would help too.

A PLEASANT, deep voice called him by name—a woman's voice—from the farther window. He moved over there. It was Olga Nillsen. A sterling actress, big of frame and big of heart. A girl sat with her; very pretty: a demure enough little thing in a boyish hat of white felt.

"Coming in, Ned? Why not? Have a bite with us. This is my niece, Lois Lane. Just out of dramatic school and all set to attack the big world with blood in her eyes and a knife in her teeth. Lois, this is Mr. Markham."

"Not," gasped the girl, with a naïveté that had a touch of rather delightful impudence in it—this as she reached across the sill to put her small hand in his—"not the great Edmond Markham!"

He bowed gravely. But his heart, hidden behind the habitual façade of dignity, fluttered. For the girl was exquisite, appealing, baffling. Dainty she was, and feminine, yet with something of the gamin about her.

"I will come in," said Markham.

Olga, who never took coffee, left them with it to visit friends at another table.

Markham, smiling indulgently, and lowering his sometimes booming voice to a rather intimate pitch, remarked, "So you want to be an actress?"

"Oh, yes!" What eyes she had! And what enthusiasm!

"Have you found any work yet?"

"Not yet. I've talked with some of the agents. And I've called on three or four managers. Met their office boys."

"It will come rapidly enough." His eyes were taking her in. "If I may say so, you impress me as an extremely talented girl."

"Oh, do you think so!"

His gaze wandered to that other table. Olga was still talking volubly. And she wasn't looking.

"How would you like to try out a part in my new play?"

"Oh, Mr. Markham! How perfectly wonderful. Do you think—" She went speechless.

"A rather unusual situation has arisen, my dear. The part is an extremely good one. An ingénue lead. The management have consulted me, naturally, as I shall be head of the company. The problem is to find a fresh young girl, someone who will bring a new note—"

"Oh, Mr. Markham, do you think I—" That much she got out again.

"I AM considering the best method of going about it. Naturally it would be necessary for the management to be convinced that you were competent to do the work. First, do you mind my suggesting that I am speaking in the closest confidence. Even Olga . . ."

"Oh, I won't breathe . . . !"

"Until, you understand, the thing takes some definite form."

"Oh, Mr. Markham" (this in a breathless undertone), "I'd do anything! Anything!"

"I am trying to think of the best method of approach. Would you consider going over the part with me: trying it out, so to speak?"

"I never dreamed of such an opportunity."

"Accepting me as a sort of teacher?" He glanced again at Olga. She had risen, but he wasn't quite through talking. "There is very little time. Something will have to be done quickly. Could you come to my apartment . . . say tomorrow at two?"

"Oh . . . yes! Of course! I'd perfectly love to!"

"I—er, am living alone at the moment. It might be best to bring someone with you. Your mother, perhaps, or a sister?"

He scribbled the address on a card. She quickly hid it in her shopping bag and composed her face. Olga, returning, found her briskly powdering her nose.

HE WENT out at twelve the next day for breakfast. He'd dressed with unusual care. On his return he straightened things in the apartment, dusting with his own hands. Then he laid a fire.

Before two the bell rang. He started, then slowly arose and smoothed his clothes.

There she was, in the corridor, greeting him with a rosy smile. He smiled too, but his gaze, a thought distrait, roved beyond her small person, looking for the sister or mother he'd spoken of. He noted that the door across the corridor, where the flat-chested Miss Bellamy lived, was ajar. Miss Bellamy kept her door opened a good deal. Possibly for ventilation, possibly for more curious reasons.

The girl was looking straight up at him, asking, "Can't I come in?"

"You shouldn't have come alone."

Now she was within, and he was rather confusedly closing the door. Again she looked up into his eyes, gave her hat a comic little shove, and very demurely remarked, "You should worry."

Uncomfortably constrained now, and therefore with a dignity that mounted to hauteur, he got out the play and went to work. She didn't know much. That appeared early. Her voice, while pleasant in its small contralto way, lacked body and variety of tone. Grace she had, a natural freedom of movement, and that appealing bright youthfulness, little else. Her mind had developed about as far as that of any amiable and attractive puppy.

As the afternoon wore on he found himself disconcerted further by a deepening realization that she was not of the flapper stripe, at least not in the sense he had read her pertness at first. She was simply naïve.

"I could do anything with her," he meditated exultantly. "Anything!" But then the picture rose of Miss Bellamy's partly open door, and he was confused.

On the following noon his drowsy waking thoughts were full of her. She was coming at two. He strolled over to the Algonquin for breakfast and hummed softly, as he walked, head high, swinging the whalebone stick. "Celeste Aïda" happened to be the tune. In a corner of the restaurant he saw her, deep in talk with a young man, an extremely earnest young man. She wore her demurest front. When her grave eyes found him she bowed politely. But when he rose to go she broke away and hurried to him. The young man was left standing by their table looking after her with tragic eyes.

"May I walk over with you?" she asked circumspectly. "I'm all ready."

He thought she looked tired. She had lost a little of her fresh color, and there was a faint tinge of blue in the delicate skin beneath her eyes.

When they were out on the street she giggled. "Been having an awful time. He's at me to marry him. But why should I marry now?" She spread the slender, expressive hands. "Why should I?"

HE HEARD a voice—his own apparently—very low and intimate, "It would be absurd."

"Of course."

"Did you tell . . . him?"

"Heavens, no!" Again the giggle. "Only that you're giving me some lessons. He knows who you are, of course. He's worried. Jealous. But what of it?"

That was the answer. What of it?

"I know the whole first act. Studied almost all night."

So that was the reason for her tired eyes. She was a worker, a little bundle of nervous energy. Excellent!

"We shall begin experimenting with the action today," he said. "Play the first act on our feet."

"That'll be wonderful!"

It proved rather wonderful. There was quaintness in the fact that it was he and not she who exhibited self-consciousness when first he took her in his arms. He couldn't help that. But he warmed to it; felt that the scene must be played over and over.

He didn't hear a brisk step in the corridor; didn't hear a key turn in the lock. Lois gave him his first intimation of another presence when she relaxed, in his arms, flushing perceptibly and staring beyond him.

There was Bertha, standing motionless in the doorway. Abruptly then she turned and went out. He hurried after; in the corridor caught her arm. She shook him off.

"It's no time for elephantine explanations, Ned," she said.

"But, my dear—"

He had never before seen that steely anger in her eyes. "Let me go, Ned. I'm through. You'll hear from me."

She didn't wait to ring for the elevator, but ran off down the stairs.

Crushed, he dropped into a chair and covered his face. There was guilt in his heart. It was a breakdown. He couldn't carry it off. He heard a movement, but didn't look up. Then he felt her snuggling down on the arm of the chair, and a light hand rested on his shoulder.

"It's my fault," she said gently.

"No! Heavens, no!" Then, "My wife!"

"Of course. I got that." She was impulsively stroking his head. "Great artists are always unhappy in marriage, aren't they?"

His spirit flickered in hestitant but warm responsiveness. This was sympathy. And he liked that phrase—what was it?—"great artists."

"Perhaps," said he, "we ought to resume our rehearsal."

THE telephone rang. His hands fell nerveless on his thighs. It rang again.

"You'd better answer," said she discreetly. "It wouldn't do for me to."

Trembling, he drew the instrument across the table. He listened, revived somewhat, spoke, listened further. A new desperate look crept into his eyes. "Bring them right over," he finally said, with decision, and hung up.

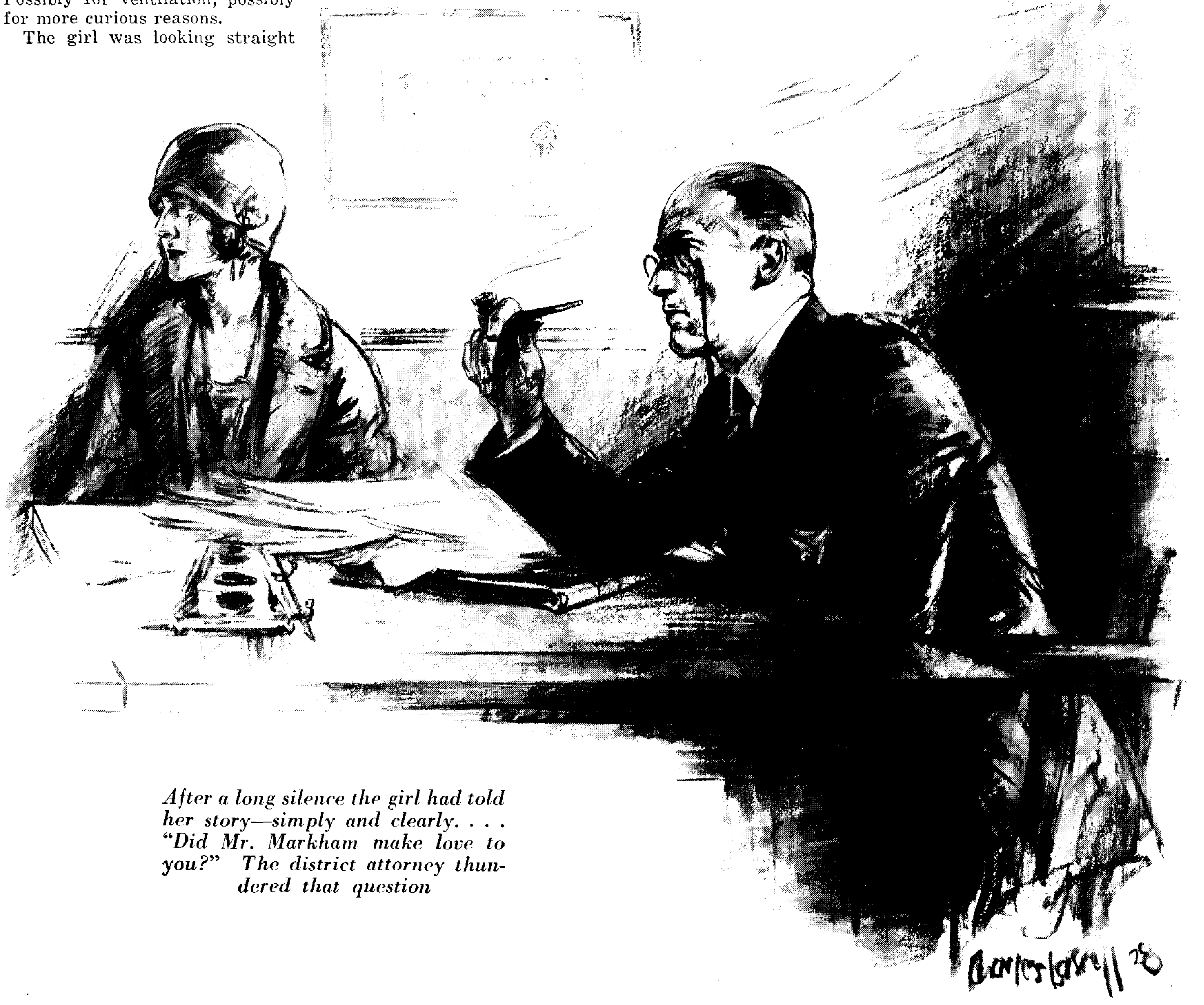
He patted the girl's hand. "An interruption, my dear. Some newspaper people are coming to interview me."

"How perfectly fascinating!" Then a pout. "But do I have to go?"

"Well, I . . . I am not sure that . . . in the rather peculiar circumstances—"

"Oh, let me stay! We're not half through, you know." She looked brightly about. "I'll hide. In the bedroom. Isn't there a closet? I'll hide

(*Continued on page 55*)

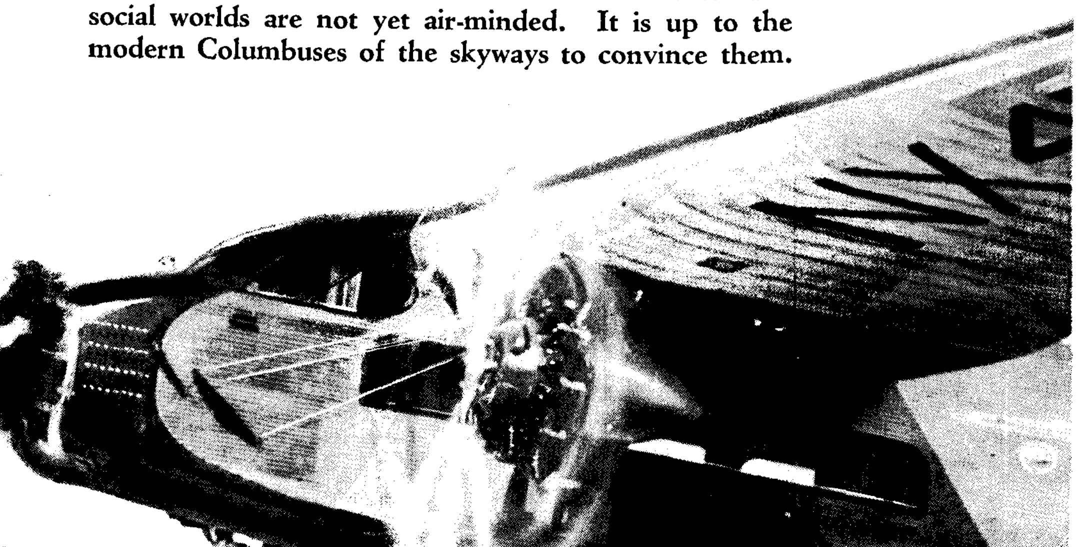


After a long silence the girl had told her story—simply and clearly. . . . "Did Mr. Markham make love to you?" The district attorney thundered that question

"Fly on! Fly on!"

THE flivver plane is here. Standard parts for airplanes are a fact. But the business and social worlds are not yet air-minded. It is up to the modern Columbuses of the skyways to convince them.

EDSEL FORD
talks about aviation to Commander
RICHARD E. BYRD



U. & U.

Edsel Ford, who knows all about planes and air flivvers

I HAD long had designs on Edsel Ford to ask him a question. I know no one in the world better qualified to answer it; no one who could answer it with such immeasurable power behind him for guiding the future of aviation to a destiny yet undreamed of.

I asked Edsel Ford this question at the Ford Motor Works in Detroit the other morning as he sat before a desk almost empty in an office almost austere in its simplicity.

My question was, "Is the flivver plane practical today?"

He did not reply immediately. He is not a man to jump to conclusions. He can't be, with the full executive control of a gigantic corporation on his hands. For a full minute he sat there, a figure of a perfectly groomed, quietly dressed young American business man, before he spoke. But when he did speak it was with clear assurance: "Yes."

My instant reaction was: "Then your huge plant will soon fill the air with planes. And since we have twenty-six million automobiles on the earth's surface today, the sky will be black with planes tomorrow."

He quickly headed off my grotesque speculations: "Its range of usefulness is not very wide."

A sane view, I thought. Because one can picture only innumerable tragedies if the flivver plane were distributed wholesale today. However, I felt I had opened what is probably the most widely debated topic in aviation circles of 1928. So I persisted.

"How much do you think the flivver plane ought to cost when it comes?" I ventured. Cost is a ticklish matter to an industrialist, but Edsel Ford is not the man to dodge issues.

"Under proper conditions of quantity manufacture its cost should not exceed $1,000. But, of course, this is dependent on quantity production. In quantity the cost decreases rapidly, and selling prices automatically decrease with it."

Of course as a flyer I couldn't resist asking what the flivver plane of tomorrow would be like.

He said: "I think it would be comparable to a motorcycle. For, after all, a plane such as you have in mind would be a mere messenger plane for light duty."

"How many passengers do you think it would carry?" was my next question.

"The smallest flivver plane would of necessity be a one-passenger machine. But the popular plane would have to carry two or three passengers. Of course, when you discuss the small plane it should be borne in mind that there is less chance for change and improvement of design in the small planes than in the large ones. Small planes, I think, will remain practically what they are now.

"You see, people are inclined to forget an important point: a point that is obscured by exaggerated statements about the progress of flying. This point is that for some time to come, perhaps for a long time to come, the control of airplanes will be mostly in the hands of professional pilots.

"As a rule, the amateur who can afford to own a plane hasn't time enough to train as he ought to. It is true that some have done so, but not a sufficient number to warrant our believing that the amateur pilot will submerge the professional pilot for a long time to come."

Planes Have Sold Themselves

IT PLEASED me to hear Edsel Ford give utterance to this sound doctrine. Few realize how much damage has been done to aviation by enthusiasts who have been promising things for flying that cannot possibly be achieved for many years. I too think strongly that aviation is progressing admirably and will ultimately rise to heights we scarce can visualize today. But I strongly agree with Mr. Ford that the amateur pilot must remain in the great minority for many seasons.

As the Ford company is now well under way in its novel enterprise of manufacturing aircraft in quantity for trade consumption, I was interested in learning the views of the pioneer before me on this brand-new phase of aviation. Of course single planes have been built by small companies for some years. But to the Fords, I think, belongs the credit of being first to enter this field in a big way.

"Mr. Ford," I asked, "exactly what is the business aspect of airplane manufacture today?"

"Well, the business is here, and a great deal of it. Airplane manufacturers have plenty of orders on hand. We certainly have. And I know others that have. All of the aircraft plants are busy, and most of them are at this moment behind in their orders."

"Do you find the business problems analogous to those in the distribution of automobiles? I know that this is one of the things that more than one big motor-car builder is wondering about just now."

"Just how do you mean?"

"Well, sales, for instance. What would you say as to the sales methods in distributing planes that are to be privately owned?"

"No salesmanship of airplanes has yet been developed, for the good and simple reason that none was needed. Competition is the great spur to salesmanship. There has been almost none in this new field. Few planes have been *sold*—they have been *bought*, if you know what I mean. That is, the buyer has been sold on flying and then he bought his plane. As yet no effort, so far as I know, has been put on selling methods."

"Then, how about the manufacture? Are you developing the technique of fabrication to the same degree of perfection to which you have brought it in your tremendous output of cars?"

"I can't be very definite. All I can say is that the trend is strongly toward standardization. Airplane parts will be made of metal and on the same principle that automobile parts are now made. Further, they will be equally interchangeable.

"For example, an incident happened not long ago that brought out this very point. The United States navy had a Ford plane which was damaged when a bad storm blew in the doors of the hangar in which it was stored. We were called up by long-distance and told of the accident. Within a few minutes we got our own people on the wire, had the damaged parts brought out of shop, shipped and fitted. The plane was then flown to Dearborn for a regular overhauling."

Flying Must Find Itself

I NOW inquired about a matter that may interest the reader more than all the rest of our talk put together. I asked the very vital question: "Is there going to be any special way for financing the purchase of the private plane?"

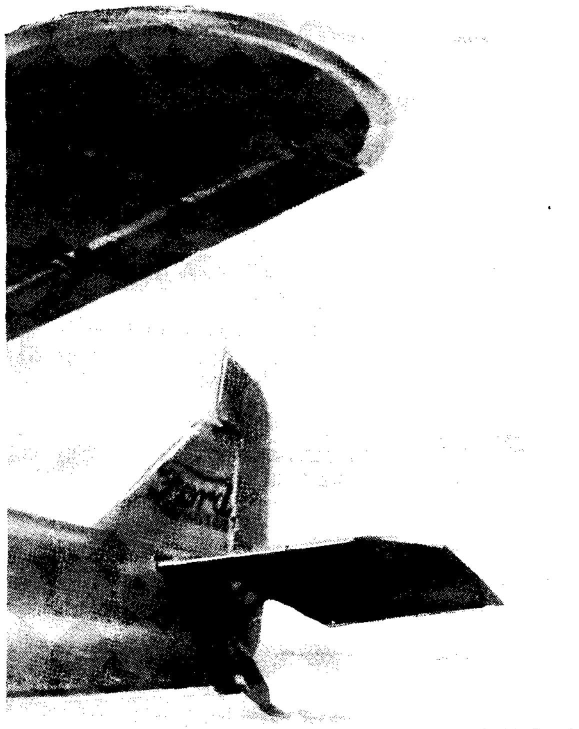
"Naturally," he replied promptly. "In course of time, I think, planes will be bought just about the way automobiles are now: on terms based upon the credit of the purchaser."

Our conversation now turned on the broader aspects of commercial aviation and its application to American industry. I asked: "How can American business be induced to use aviation to a greater degree than it does now?"

This, of course, is the hinge on which tilts nearly all the growth and future of the art of flying. With customary thoroughness Edsel Ford had gone minutely into this point.

"The first step is to improve and increase the flying service which we have already. This is the job of those who believe in aviation and have a confident vision of its future.

"We cannot expect American business to step in and develop aviation for us. It is the task of those of us who believe in flying to develop aviation for American business. That is an idea which should be clearly understood. Instead of depending on business to supply the opportunity for aviation, it



Wide World

The giant all-metal 3-motor Ford monoplane in which Byrd will seek the South Pole

is up to aviation to supply the air-opportunity for business."

"Right!" I couldn't help exclaiming.

"The impulse toward improvement and extension must come from flying enthusiasts. When that is accomplished we can trust business to make wide use of the new facilities we shall place at its disposal."

"In your opinion, what is needed for this extension and improvement?"

"Well, to take improvement first, I think we need bettering of the service already available. For instance, it should be made accessible to the public. Surely this should be easy with aviation's growing reputation for reliability. Mail and package service can be greatly expanded by proper encouragement. And this in turn makes way for the second element, which is extension.

The Next Big Steps

"NATURALLY, improvement of air-mail and air-passenger routes will bring extension of these facilities. Already that is doing much for us all over the country in the way of flying fields and other local aids. But we still need efficient air beacons across the country, a larger number of airways, and a network of landing fields.

"I do not believe that I exaggerate when I say that all this is coming with a rapidity which it is hard for the outsider to realize."

"Do you think that these new facilities will be used widely enough to warrant the expense of their installation and upkeep?"

"Why not? The business exists already. All we have to do is to sell the air medium to commercial men. And they are more than ready to have it sold to them today."

"Is it possible to put this into more concrete terms? I ask because one of the big criticisms of us flying people is that we tend to generalize. I mean, just what do you think are the important factors in putting aviation over with the business world?"

"Easy enough to name: Safety, first of course. Cost next, though efficiency will take care of that. A too high cost is in itself an indication of inefficiency. Third, reliability. Some say comfort, but I put reliability ahead. In the long run business always values reliability above comfort."

"Then you think that commercial aviation can be made safe."

"I do. But it will only be at the cost of eternal vigilance. To maintain an air line under proper conditions requires a considerable expenditure of capital and supervision. Great care must be taken of the morale of the men and the maintenance of the equipment.

"Maintenance is a term of peculiar importance when used in relation to air lines and air fields. It is the fundamental of all the elements necessary to the conduct of an air line on a safe and efficient basis."

All this led to my wanting comment on my own end of things. The military aviator is in a peculiar position with commercial aviation. He is at once the most important and the most harmful agency in the whole picture. I say most important, because with the resources of the government behind him the military flyer has chances for research and pioneering that the private flyer can never have; yet in a sense most harmful, for the reason that the military air service can never have that commercial competition which more than anything else has made for the supremacy of the United States in the business world of today.

"Do you think," I put it, "that the large number of accidents in army and navy aviation are to be regarded as reflecting on the safety of commercial aviation?"

"No; quite an unjust point of view. It would be misreading the facts to draw such a conclusion from them. The army and the navy form a laboratory for the development of the art of flying. They are not training for comfort and safety but for combat and for the evolution of the science of flying. Many of their findings are useful in commercial aviation, just as some of the discoveries and improvements of the commercial aviators are useful to military planes.

"But the two fields are distinct. Each seeks efficiency and reliability for a different purpose. A good combat machine is not a good commercial machine. They follow different lines. In my opinion army and navy experimenters are among the foremost of the pioneers of flying."

"I think you must then have made up your mind on that moot question as to whether or not the airplane industry should be subsidized by the government?"

"Yes, I have. I do not believe it should be. The best government subsidy is to give the planes work to do, such as the present air-mail contracts. At the moment these contracts form the back log of the business."

We fell to talking about the future of flying in general. It is an irresistible temptation, this speculating as to where our new mastery of the air will lead us. And because it is the air it is so easy, figuratively speaking, to fly off at a tangent in one's fancies.

To my pleased surprise, I found Edsel Ford candid enough. He expressed himself freely, and though moderate in his views, showed me plainly how much he felt assured of the grand future flying seems bound to have.

I asked him a stickler:

"Mr. Ford, what is the next big step in airplane manufacture and in commercial aviation: is it in airplane design or in airplane piloting?"

But he didn't quail. "Neither."

"Then what?"

"Motive power."

"Engines, you mean?"

"In a sense, yes. The designs of our present planes are all determined by the type of their engines. Limitations of the present-day planes are merely the limitations of their power plants. Change the type of engine power, and you change the type of plane. The design follows the power.

Every Roof a Landing Field?

"THE trend is now toward lighter weight per horsepower. At Dearborn we are experimenting with lightweight Diesel engines in the expectation that we shall find them more economical and reliable."

"But won't competition in airplane design have a great hand in determining the future of building and flying airplanes?"

"Yes, but it can lead us only one way: toward increased safety and efficiency. You may be perfectly sure of that. For instance, one of the outstanding safety developments which has resulted from competitive design is that of the Handley Page Company of England. This consists of slots cut in the wings of a plane that open automatically when the plane begins to stall and go into a tail spin. By cutting down resistance to the air these slots prevent a crash."

As long as we were getting into the mechanical miracles of aviation I slipped in a question about that grotesque appurtenance of the flying machine, the helicopter or vertical-flight propeller.

"Will it ever be developed to the point of practical application? And, if so, will it mean much to aviation?"

"Yes—to both questions. The helicopter will certainly evolve because it is already becoming increasingly necessary. And when it finally does come in full force, it will enable aviation to take big strides forward. A successful helicopter would at once make a landing field of every flat roof in America.

Messengers of Peace

"I MUST say that if we had required a hundred-acre field in which to start our automobiles, it is not probable that they would now be anything like as widely used as they are. In exactly the same way we must see the need for better taking-off and landing facilities for a plane. Once the helicopter comes it will make us independent of the costly landing fields we are demanding throughout the country."

"How about a new fuel for flying in the near future?"

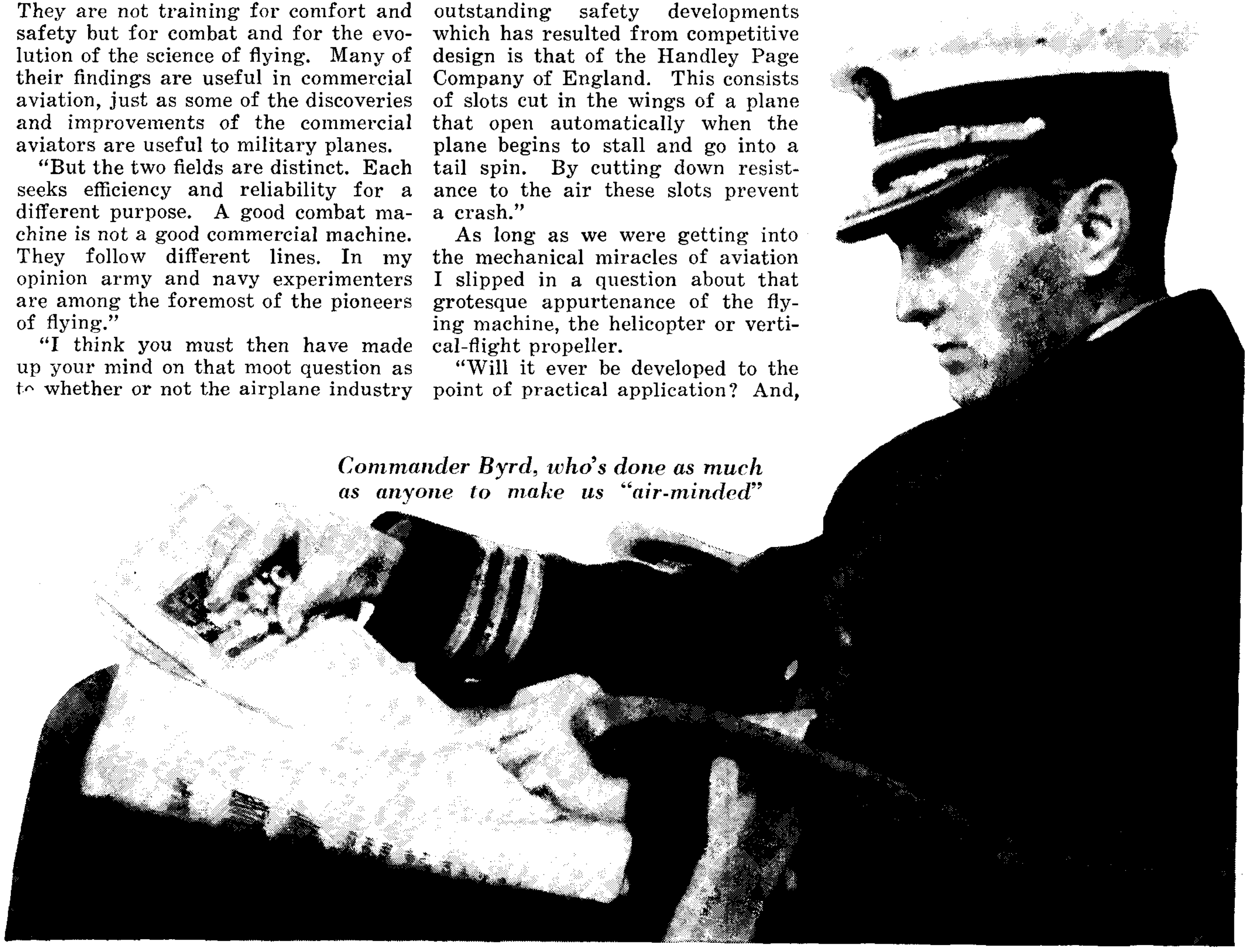
"It's coming. The Diesel engine on which we are working has already greatly increased the range of fuel possibilities."

I then queried him in terms of that catch phrase one hears so much today, the so-called "air-mindedness of the youth of today."

"It's there, all right," he promptly agreed. "Today's youth is air-minded. And today's youth is tomorrow's man. The airplane is comparatively new to the mature generation, but remember that our youth were born in it. They accept it as they do the automobile. The young man and woman of twenty have heard about flying machines all their lives and seen them most of their years. The only problem of persuasion today is that of the adult business to whom flying is still the newest art."

"Then perhaps you would be willing to say what you think will be the principal use of flying in the future. Will it be a sport, for business or for international contacts? Or for a well-balanced mixture of them all?"

"The sport (*Continued on page 55*)



Commander Byrd, who's done as much as anyone to make us "air-minded"

Looting the Loop

By OWEN P. WHITE

LIFE in Chicago is one racket after another. The graft got so bad that churchmen held a day of prayer asking divine assistance to end crime and corruption. Next day one man was killed, three were wounded and one robbery netted $750,000. The conditions against which Chicago Republicans seemed to revolt in the April primaries are described here by Owen P. White, who invariably traces the ways of the wicked with diverting relish.

FOR some reason or other the spirit of original genius and mighty enterprise flutters constantly above the great city of Chicago. For example, merely to create a front yard for its citizens it has started in to fill up Lake Michigan; so that they may laugh, and the world laugh at them, Chicagoans have chosen Big Bill Thompson as their mayor, and now, in order that no good gunman or deserving bomb tosser may be deprived of his livelihood, Chicago has invented the "Racket" game and inserted the word "Racketeer" into its municipal and maybe into our national language.

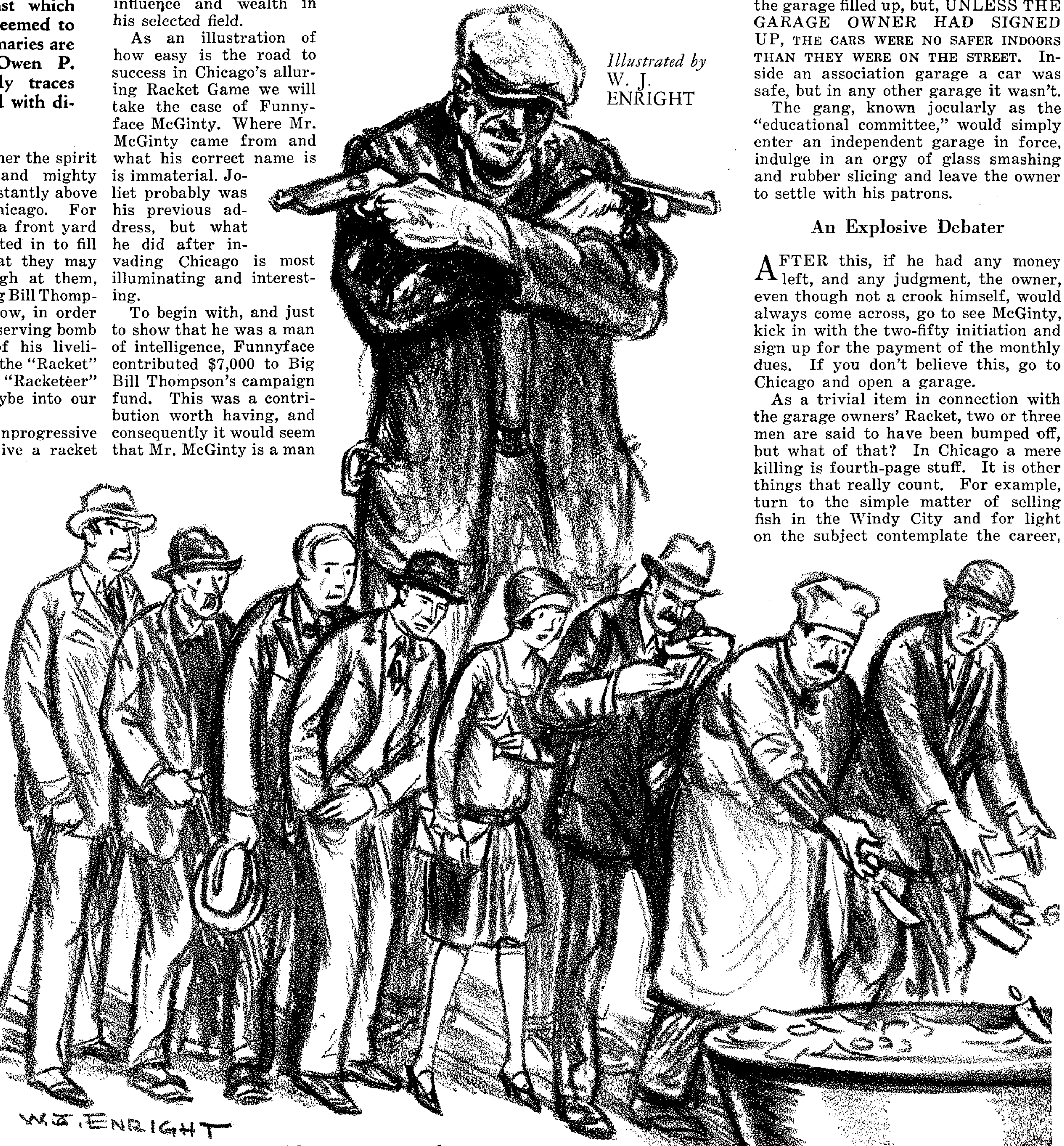
Probably in the slow, unprogressive community in which you live a racket is like unto the noise which is made when the New Year or Lindbergh comes to town, and a Racketeer is a jovial soul who goes out to help make it. But in Chicago the two words have an entirely different significance.

I went into the office of a very prominent business man and said, "Tell me something about the Racket Game."

For answer he pulled open a desk drawer, extracted therefrom a beautifully constructed but, thank goodness, previously denatured infernal machine and handed it to me. "That's the gist of it," he said. "Chicago has a bomb government."

He wasn't making a pun either. I could tell that from his tone, and very respectfully—because a strong scent of nitroglycerin still hovered around it—I handed his cute little device back to the business man and said, "Go on with the story."

He did so, and in the course of a long conversation, bolstered up at all important angles by convincing documentary evidence, he supplied me with some most amazing information.



Thus some 200 varieties of business men and women are persuaded to pay "dues." Health and life are worth something

Illustrated by W. J. ENRIGHT

Just how many Rackets, large and small, are now being operated in Chicago is not definitely known. It is, however, probably safe to say that there are 50 major and 150 minor ones, and as the activities of the Racketeer are applicable to every form of business, and to every phase of industry and labor, no enterprising crook need despair. He can emigrate to Chicago, join a Racket gang, or organize a new one of his own, and if he is ambitious and worthy he can, in no time at all, without investment, without labor, and with negligible opposition, become a man of influence and wealth in his selected field.

As an illustration of how easy is the road to success in Chicago's alluring Racket Game we will take the case of Funnyface McGinty. Where Mr. McGinty came from and what his correct name is is immaterial. Joliet probably was his previous address, but what he did after invading Chicago is most illuminating and interesting.

To begin with, and just to show that he was a man of intelligence, Funnyface contributed $7,000 to Big Bill Thompson's campaign fund. This was a contribution worth having, and consequently it would seem that Mr. McGinty is a man worthy of the attention of the administration. But he isn't. In fact, he is so insignificant that the administration never sees him at all or takes note of his antics. For instance, shortly after election, as a typical Racketeer who knows nothing about the business in which he embarks, he organized a garage owners' association.

Because of its beautiful simplicity the Racket was bound to succeed. It worked two ways. Accompanied by two or three hard-looking associates, McGinty made the rounds of the garages and gently intimated to the owners that they had better sign up for memberships at $250 per and dues at so much a month.

Naturally an owner would reply, "What do I get out of it?" With equal naturalness Mr. McGinty would reply, "Why, say, bo, we plan to fix it so that there can't no guy leave his car parked on the street within eight blocks of this dump and then go back and recognize it."

"Uh-huh, I see. And if I don't join, what then?"

"Wait a while and find out," Funnyface would answer, and thereafter this is what happened: Mr. McGinty made good his threat in regard to the uncertainty of leaving a car parked on a Chicago street. His industrious boys cut tires, smashed windshields and stole spares until automobile owners began to see the wisdom of patronizing the nearest garage. They did that, and the garage filled up, but, UNLESS THE GARAGE OWNER HAD SIGNED UP, THE CARS WERE NO SAFER INDOORS THAN THEY WERE ON THE STREET. Inside an association garage a car was safe, but in any other garage it wasn't.

The gang, known jocularly as the "educational committee," would simply enter an independent garage in force, indulge in an orgy of glass smashing and rubber slicing and leave the owner to settle with his patrons.

An Explosive Debater

AFTER this, if he had any money left, and any judgment, the owner, even though not a crook himself, would always come across, go to see McGinty, kick in with the two-fifty initiation and sign up for the payment of the monthly dues. If you don't believe this, go to Chicago and open a garage.

As a trivial item in connection with the garage owners' Racket, two or three men are said to have been bumped off, but what of that? In Chicago a mere killing is fourth-page stuff. It is other things that really count. For example, turn to the simple matter of selling fish in the Windy City and for light on the subject contemplate the career, upward and onward, of one whom we will call Charlie Eisensteiner.

For many years Charlie has been known to the police in his home town as an accomplished gangster, gunman and all-around rascal. He was doubt-less proud of this reputation, but, until he evolved his fish Racket, it was about all he had. Today it is very different. Admiring friends of Mr. Eisensteiner claim that he is worth a million, has an income of $100,000 a year and wears a bullet-proof vest.

How did he get that way? He began by "organizing" the fish dealers in Chicago's ghetto, where 75,000 Jews live, and telling them they had to raise prices. The arguments advanced by Eisensteiner and his gangsters to induce compliance were about one inch in diameter, eight inches long and sufficently forceful to scatter the fixtures, the stock in trade and even the person corporeal of any recalcitrant fishmonger indiscriminately around over a whole block of Chicago real estate. After seven or eight of these arguments had exploded, the remaining fish dealers on the West Side saw the light, signed up and began to pay Charlie handsome tribute for the privilege of running their own shops. This initial success was naturally pleasing to the young man, and he immediately branched out.

Using sandbags and nitroglycerin bombs as persuaders, he went into the wholesale fish business, the meat business, the candy business, the delicatessen business and at last into baking. He divided the West Side into squares like a checkerboard, assigned districts to his lieutenants, and from a central office he dictated everything. Today, as a result, the Jews in Chicago's ghetto pay from 15 to 20 per cent more for all the necessities of life than do any other class of people in the town, while, likewise as a result, Mr. Eisensteiner, the philanthropist who has brought about this happy condition among his own people, is a chronic first-nighter at all theatrical and operatic productions and a lavish patron of fancy and high-priced night clubs and cabarets.

In order to bring about this gratifying condition Mr. Eisensteiner, so it is stated, had to arrange for the bombing of quite a number of fish markets, butcher shops, candy stores, etc., and as a consequence he has been four times indicted and tried.

It is, however, as useless to indict the man as it is to shoot him. His own lieutenants, desirous of more gravy than he has been doling out to them, have tried the latter method of elimination several times but without constructive result. Their bullets always flatten out harmlessly against the steel underwear worn by the chief, and so likewise do the indictments of the great state of Illinois.

No man can be found among his many accusers who has the courage to get up on the stand and under oath state those truths which would send him to the penitentiary. The press also seems to be prejudiced in his favor.

Milking the Dairies

LOCATED on the West Side are two Jewish newspapers both of which are said to have in their possession reams of evidence that would send Charlie and his assistants over the road. These papers, however, are unwilling to take a chance. They refrain, cautiously perhaps, or maybe wisely, from printing the facts, and when they are asked about them the men in the front offices look fearfully around and whisper, "Bombs!"

And now, having used McGinty and Eisensteiner as introductory illustrations typical of the technique of the Racketeers, we will go on with the tale.

Thus far we have only scratched at the condition of affairs which tends to make life pleasant in the second largest city in America. As I say, there are probably fifty major Rackets being operated in the town. Nor are the Racketeers afraid to tackle what is known as really BIG BUSINESS. Some time ago a brilliant crook, who had probably never "stripped" a cow or peddled a pint of milk in his whole life, conceived a happy thought. "Chicago's three big milk distributors," he said to himself, "must form an association."

Such an idea as that is monopolistic and contrary to public policy, and had not of course been considered by the three big concerns themselves, but when it came into the mind of the Racketeer it at once became pregnant with possibility. He worked it out very simply. By starting a few fake strikes, overturning a lot of milk wagons and beating up a number of drivers, he secured the coöperation of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union. The rest was easy. The drivers' union operates in close harmony with the Flat Janitors' Union, and together they soon controlled the situation to such an extent that they forced the big distributors into an association which had for its admitted purpose the sale of milk direct to the consumer.

In other words, the milk dealers of Chicago suddenly quit selling milk at wholesale prices to the delicatessen stores and the corner groceries, and the Racketeer chuckled with delight. Through the thriving, happy coalition that exists between the Flat Janitors and the Milk Wagon Drivers he now controlled the milk supply. He had a monopoly, he used it as monopolies always are used, and in the end there was a rebellion which resulted in the establishment of an independent dairy by a group of prominent business men. Just how this war will eventually wind up you can guess for yourself when you are told, as is the fact, that the "association" controlled by the Racketeer has recently succeeded in buying out the independent concern, owned by the prominent business men.

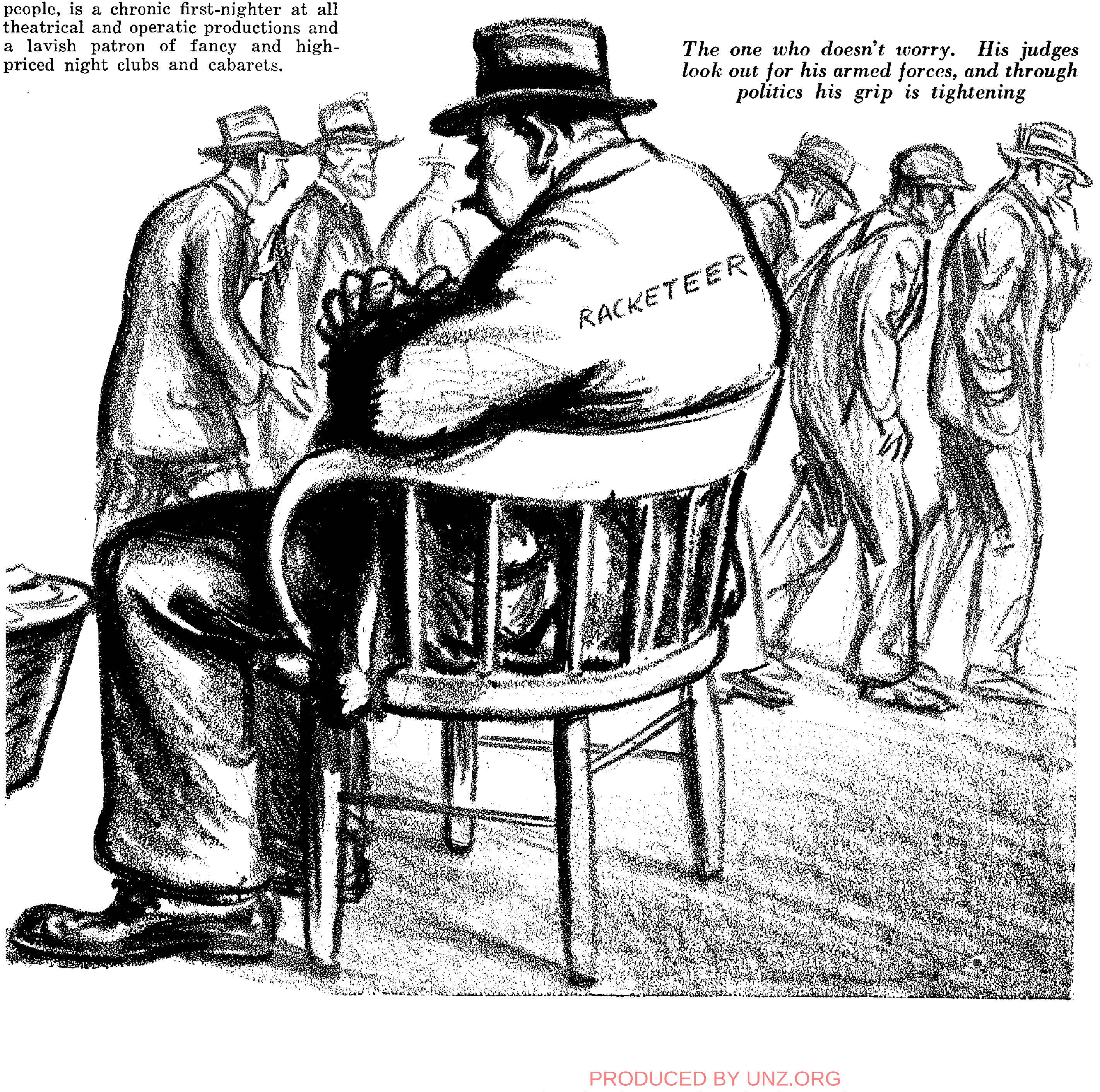
Educating the Professions

CHICAGO'S Racketeers have also invaded the professions. Dental laboratories were told to organize. Now, it is rather difficult for any ordinary individual to see just why the makers of false teeth and removable plates should belong to an association. The Racketeer, however, is by no means an ordinary individual. He has a vivid imagination, and consequently, as soon as it occurred to him that by BREAKING THE HANDS OF A FEW DENTAL MECHANICS and holding these few manual cripples up as examples to their fellow workers he could force blackmail from all of them, he proceeded to do exactly that. The scheme worked because the employees in the laboratories, fearful that they would suffer individually—and they would have done so—forced the owners into an association whose members pay monthly tribute to the Racketeer at the head of it.

Finally the same scheme was worked on the members of the medical profession. As their particular victims the Racketeers picked out doctors who it was known would make night visits. Several thousand of these unsuspecting men were carefully listed; appropriate initiation fees, with monthly dues, were fixed for them, and they were approached with the suggestion that they become members of an "association." The stated purpose of this association was to collect the doctor's bills for him, but its real one was to collect from him. A large number of Chicago's doctors signed up. Why? Because after a few of them had answered fake calls at night, and had been met by the "educational committee" and worked over with short pieces of gas pipe, the others could see the advantages of owning a membership.

Thus the Racket game has intruded itself into nearly every phase of life in Chicago. The window cleaners, the machinery-moving contractors, the paper-stock companies, the teamsters, the cleaners and dyers, the laundry owners, the candy jobbers, certain chains of drug stores, certain builders, some photographers, many florists, the bootblacks (who, to lend attractiveness to their little Racket, broke forty plate-glass windows in a six weeks' campaign), hundreds of restaurants, practically all of the shoe repairers, and even the men who make and hang window shades, are all known to be paying tribute to the Racketeers.

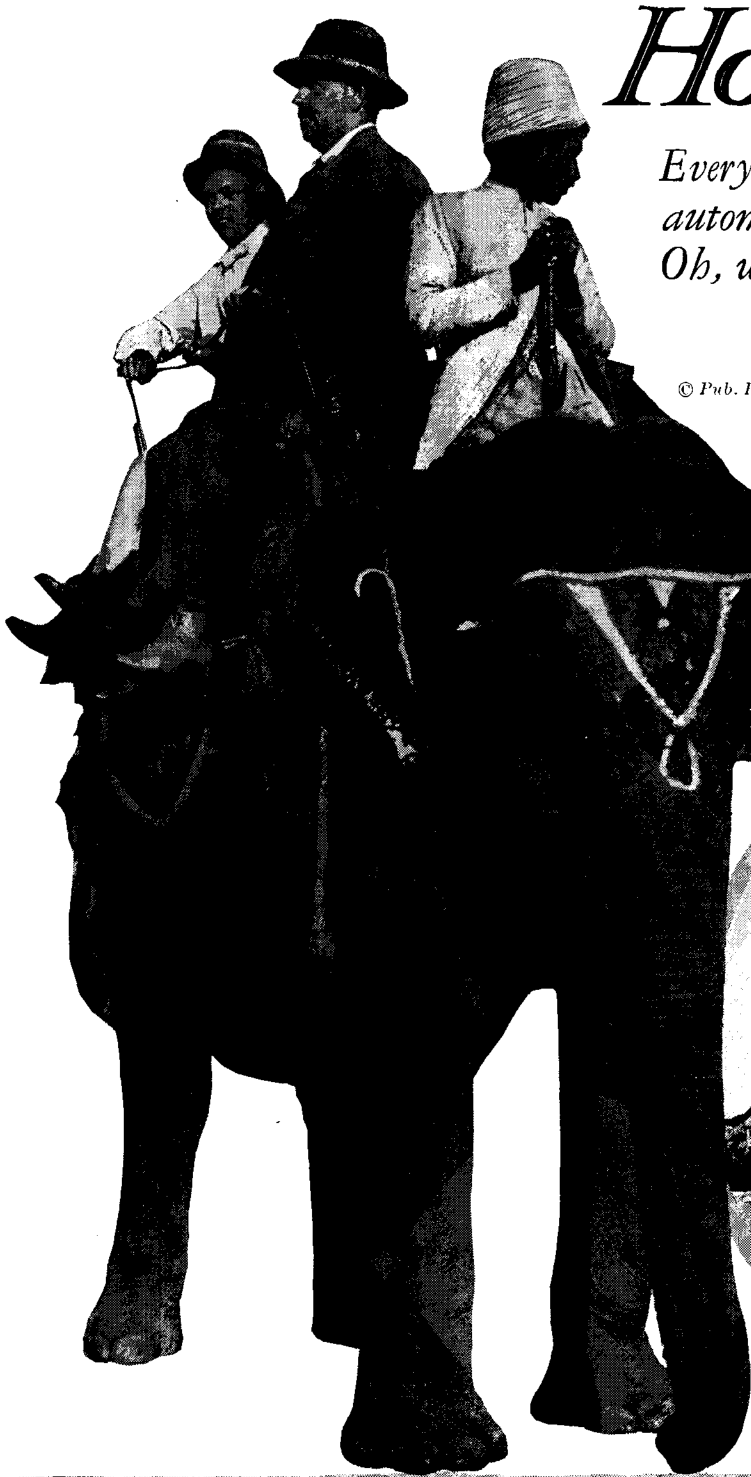
The Chicagoan, therefore, who otherwise might lead a normal life, actually leads a controlled existence. He may not know it, but in many ways he has ceased to be a creature of his own free will. He buys his milk, his meat and his groceries from stores which exist at the sufferance of the Racketeers and at prices fixed by the Racketeers. The boys who shine his shoes, press his trousers, and wash his shirts are not really (Continued on page 54)



The one who doesn't worry. His judges look out for his armed forces, and through politics his grip is tightening

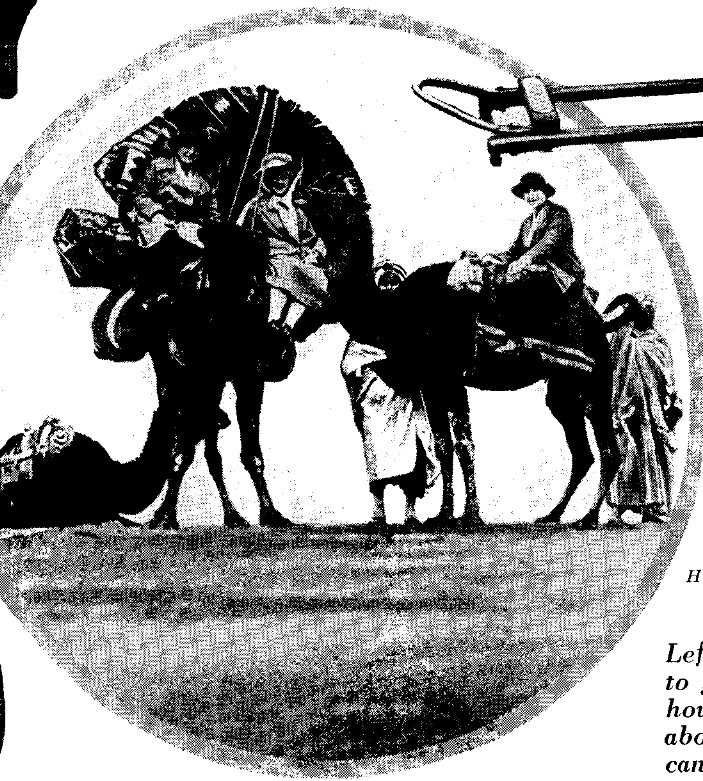
Home James!

Everybody headed somewhere—and not an automobile on either of these two pages. Oh, well, there are other ways of getting places. Here are a few



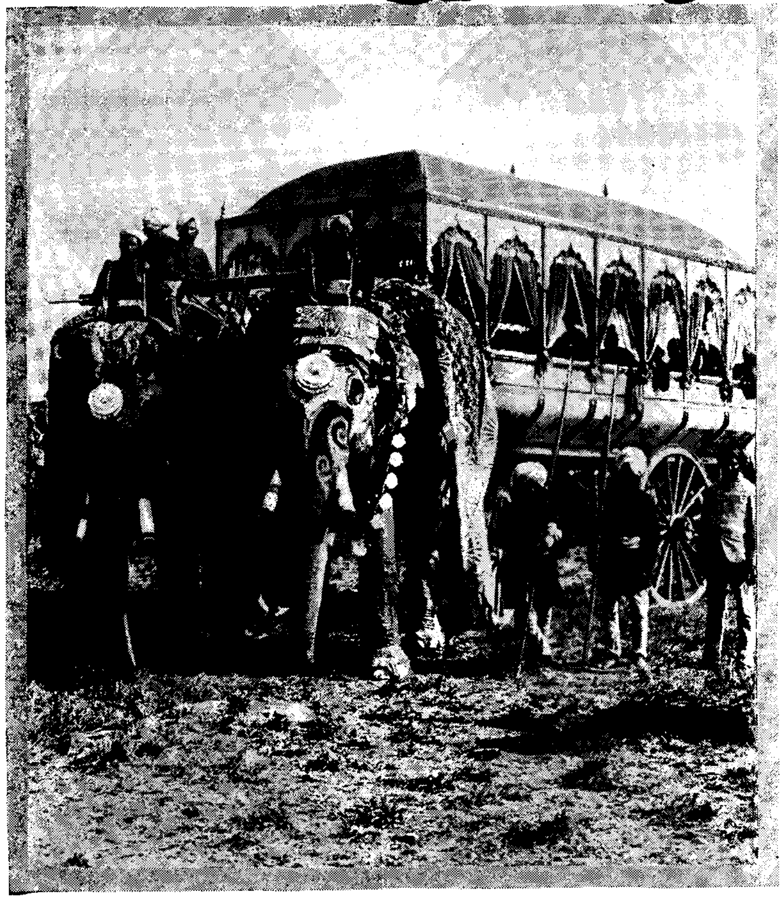
© Pub. Photo Service

Left: A couple of Americans a long way from home, James. They could have stayed in Philadelphia and had the same ride at the zoo for a quarter. But you know how alluring these travel booklets are. Goozi-Goozi Ghanda, the chauffeur, is no slouch



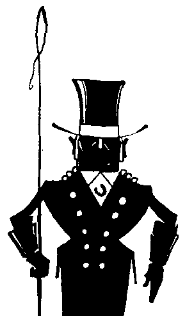
Herbert Photos

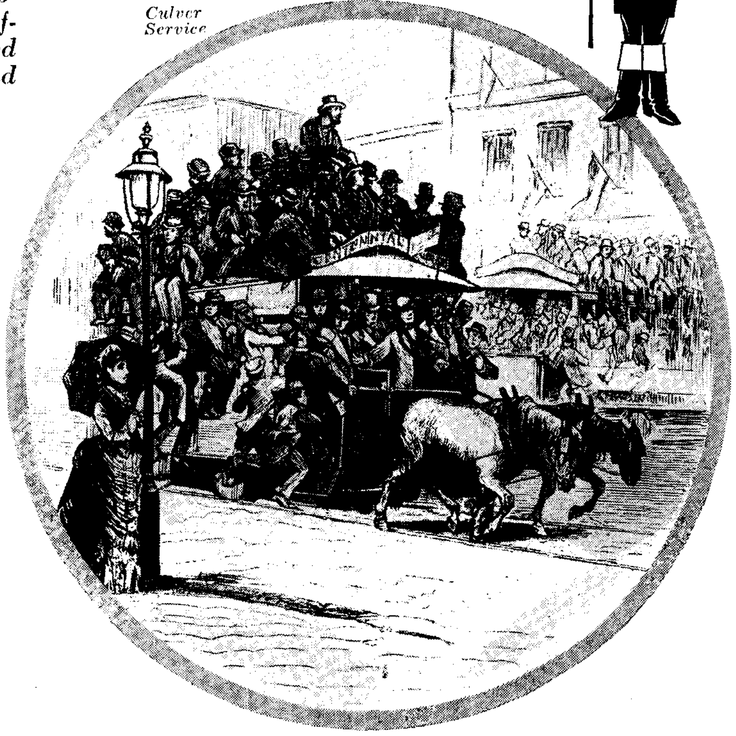
Left: If you want to get an idea of how camels feel about tourists you can make notes from the supercilious expressions on these two desert ships. The one on the left is a sedan model



U. & U.

*Left: A lumbering, creaking vehicle is the elephant-drawn Pullman coach, but luxuriously appointed inside. (*** Buffet and club car carried between Bombay and Delhi.) And when the locomotives stop to take water the passengers have plenty of time to get out and stretch their legs*

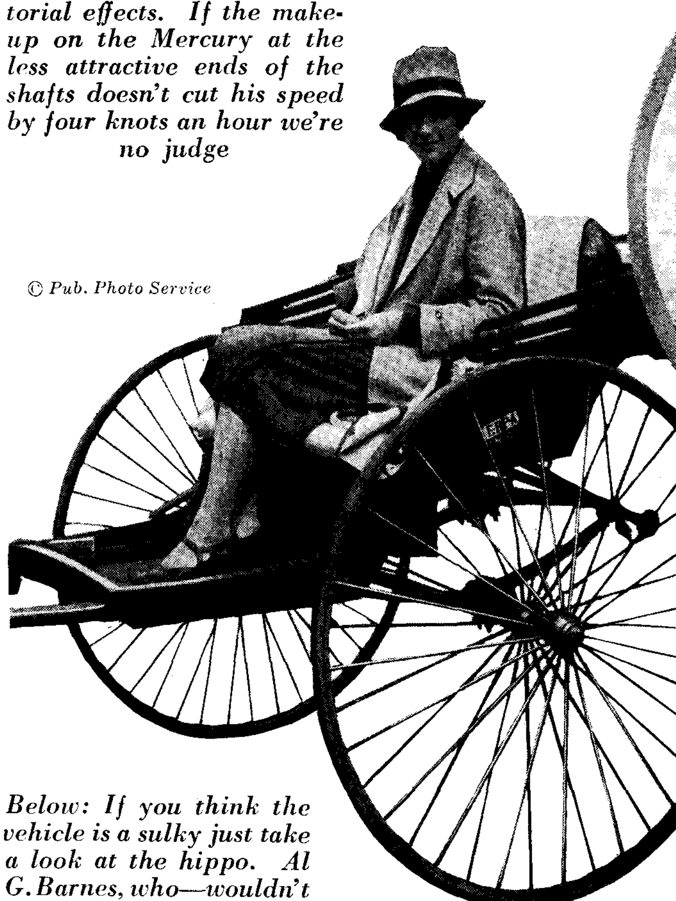




Culver Service

Right: The derbied pilot of the Centennial Special had a tough job on his hands when the lads and lassies began to turn homeward from the 1876 Exposition. Parking space was at a premium—and the motor car hadn't even been invented

Below: In South Africa, the lads who trot you there and back go in for elaborate sartorial effects. If the make-up on the Mercury at the less attractive ends of the shafts doesn't cut his speed by four knots an hour we're no judge



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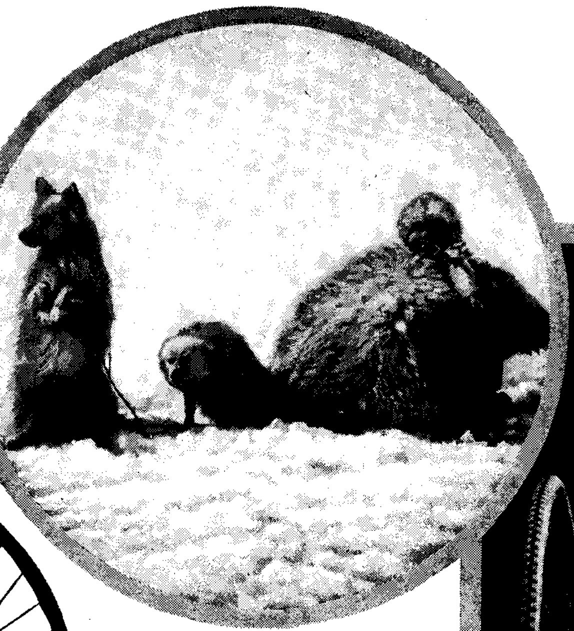
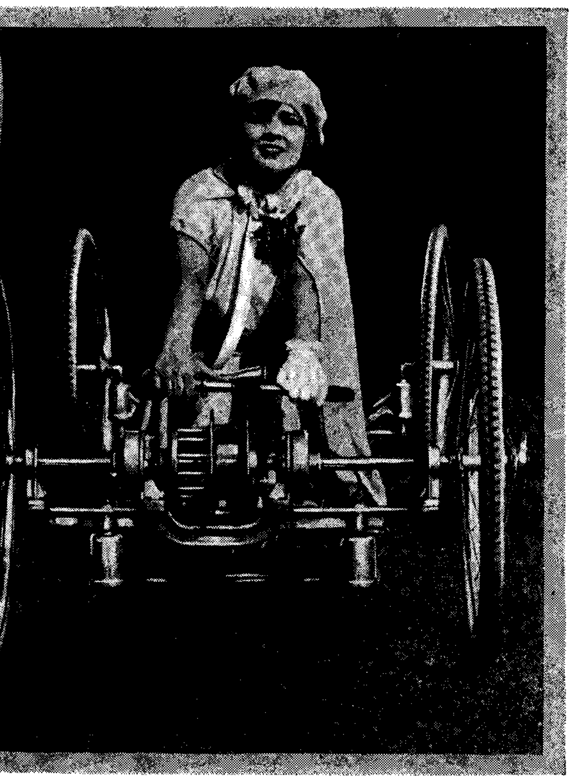


Above: There's a certain un-arctic air about the "huskie" who's learned to sit up and beg. Ah, just as we thought. Miles Custer (under the robes) is no Eskimo but a native of Terry, Montana

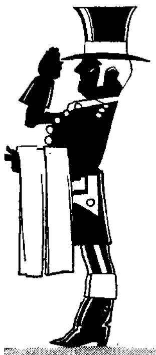
Below: When Kathleen Martyn's ready to dash from the tea and home to dress for dinner she needs neither chauffeur nor motor. She makes the hop in her land-skiff

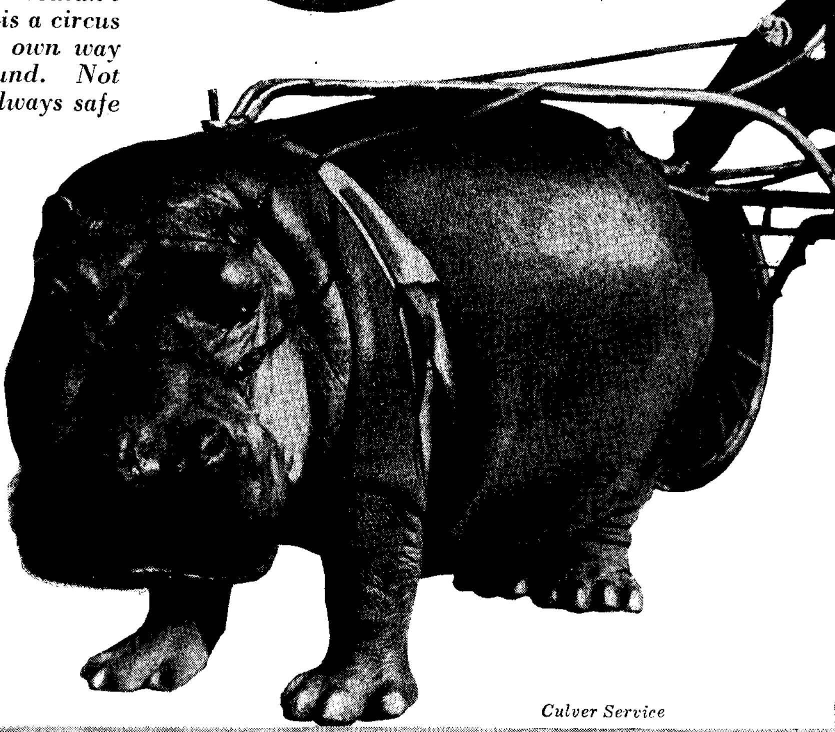


International Newsreel

Below: If you think the vehicle is a sulky just take a look at the hippo. Al G. Barnes, who—wouldn't you know it?—is a circus owner, has his own way of getting around. Not very fast but always safe

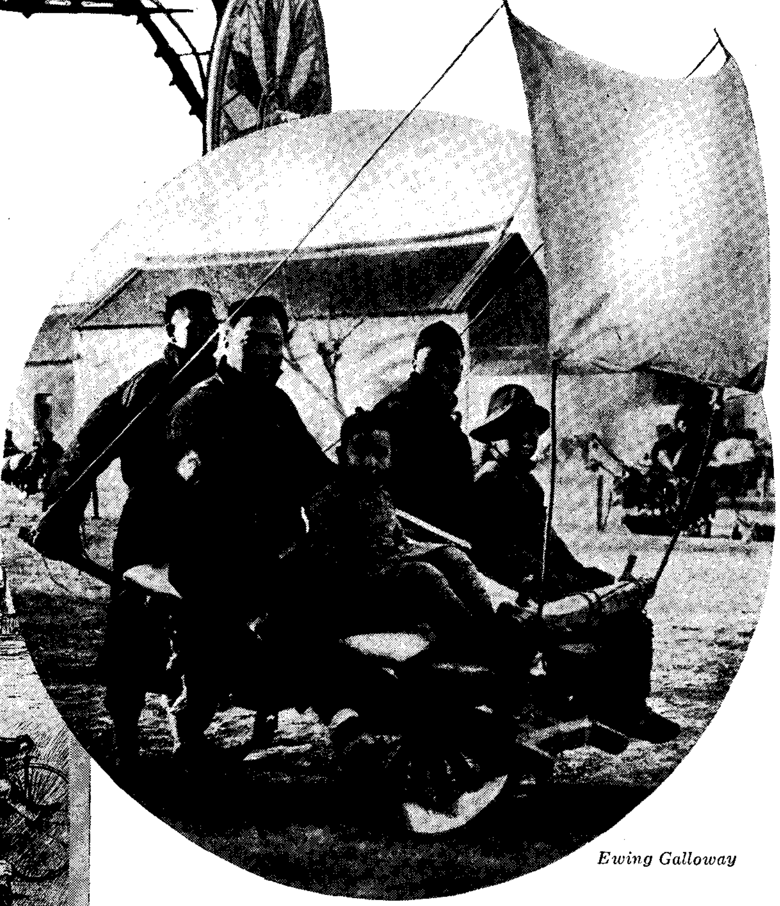
International Newsreel



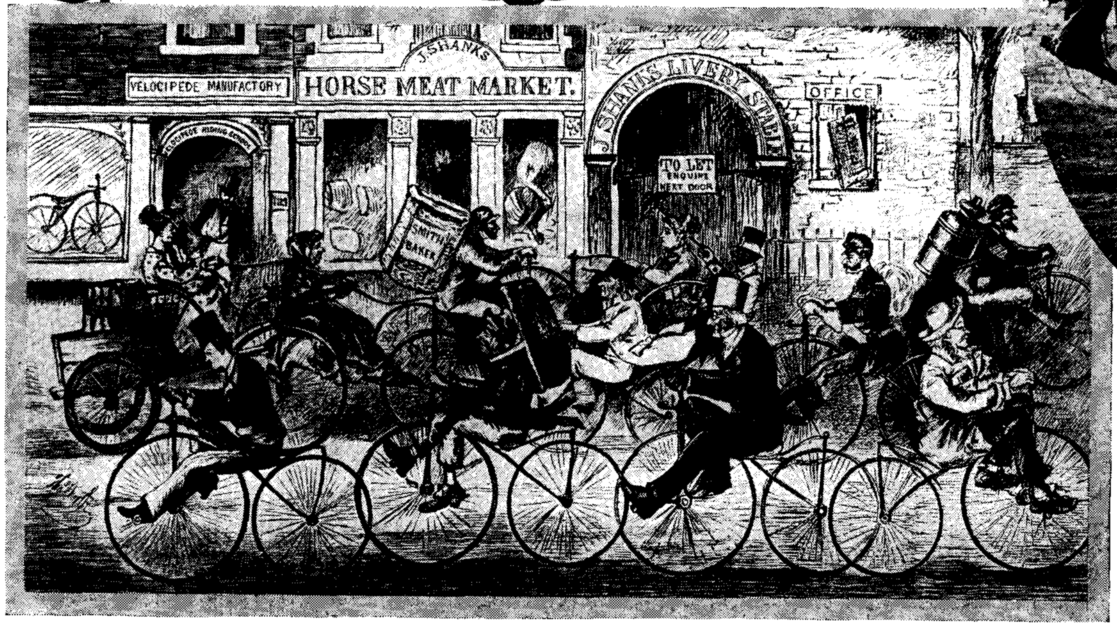


Culver Service

Below: A fifteen-and-five in Soochow. The taxi pusher uses a sail to help him over the highways. And when you look at the generous load of customers you can't blame him. Home, Yung Fung Lee!



Ewing Galloway

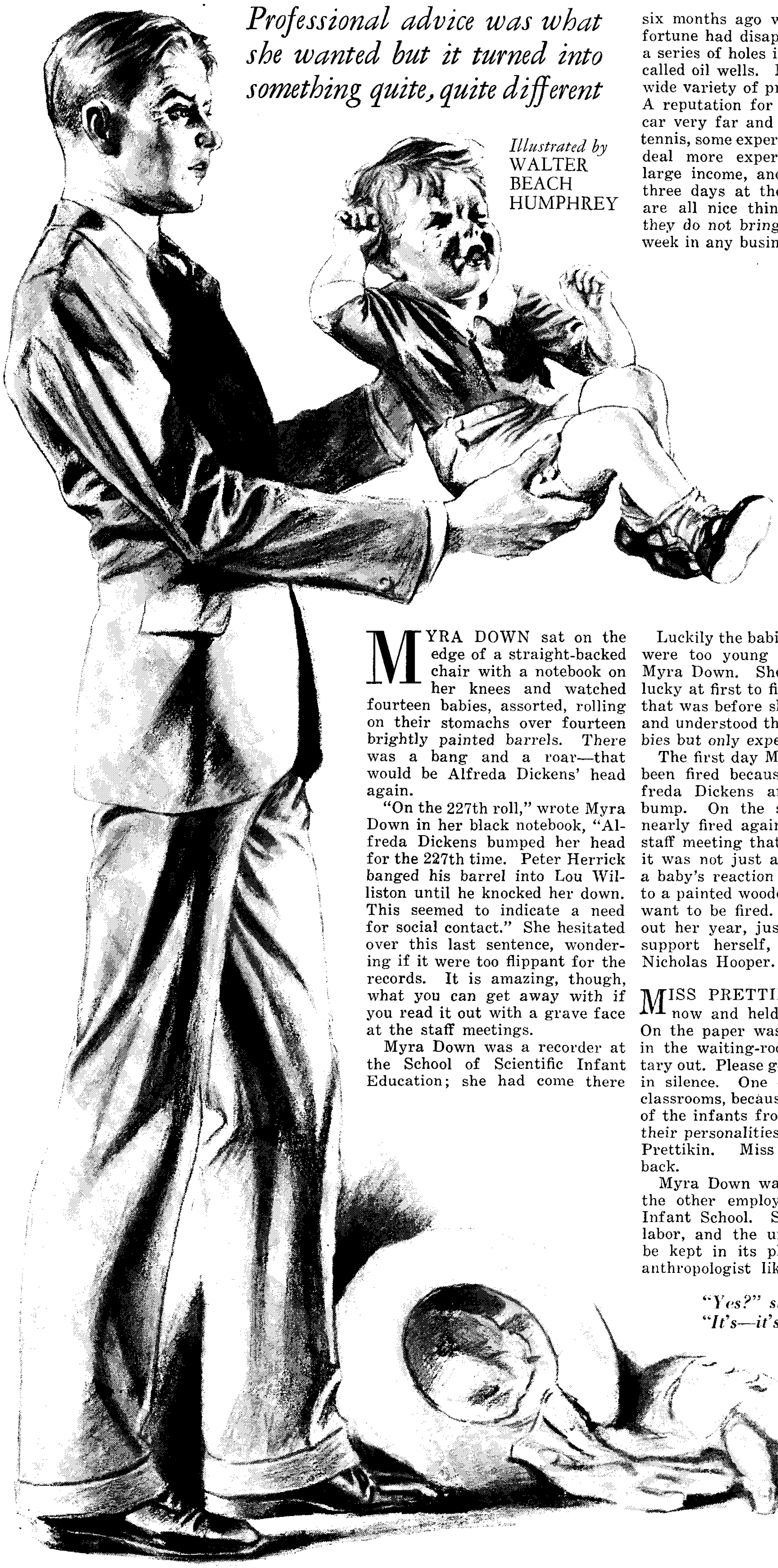


Left: Has the bicycle come to stay? It would seem so, judging from this artist's conception of what highways of the future will look like. And apparently he thinks that the horse is doomed—if there's anything in signs

A Nursemaid for Marcus

Professional advice was what she wanted but it turned into something quite, quite different

Illustrated by
WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY



MYRA DOWN sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair with a notebook on her knees and watched fourteen babies, assorted, rolling on their stomachs over fourteen brightly painted barrels. There was a bang and a roar—that would be Alfreda Dickens' head again.

"On the 227th roll," wrote Myra Down in her black notebook, "Alfreda Dickens bumped her head for the 227th time. Peter Herrick banged his barrel into Lou Williston until he knocked her down. This seemed to indicate a need for social contact." She hesitated over this last sentence, wondering if it were too flippant for the records. It is amazing, though, what you can get away with if you read it out with a grave face at the staff meetings.

Myra Down was a recorder at the School of Scientific Infant Education; she had come there six months ago when the entire Down fortune had disappeared overnight into a series of holes in the ground jokingly called oil wells. Myra had not found a wide variety of professions open to her. A reputation for being able to drive a car very far and fast, a silver cup for tennis, some experience in flying, a great deal more experience in spending a large income, and eleven proposals in three days at the Riviera last winter are all nice things to have had—but they do not bring you thirty dollars a week in any business office.

A little black windblown bob and very clear, blue eyes and a way of holding up her chin as if you were all ready for the next trick fate had to play on you are pretty nice things too in their way. But one employment manager had told Myra Down right out that he wouldn't hire anyone as good-looking as she was, because he couldn't afford to pay the rest of the office force for sitting around and staring at her.

Luckily the babies at the infant school were too young to be upset even by Myra Down. She had thought herself lucky at first to find a place there—but that was before she met Miss Prettikin and understood that infants are not babies but only experimental material.

The first day Myra Down had almost been fired because she picked up Alfreda Dickens and kissed her latest bump. On the second she had been nearly fired again because she said in staff meeting that she did not see why it was not just as valuable to observe a baby's reaction to a human being as to a painted wooden keg. Myra did not want to be fired. She wanted to stay out her year, just to prove she *could* support herself, before she married Nicholas Hooper.

MISS PRETTIKIN approached her now and held out a slip of paper. On the paper was written: "Applicant in the waiting-room. Reception secretary out. Please go down." Myra nodded in silence. One did not speak in the classrooms, because it took the attention of the infants from the development of their personalities. She smiled at Miss Prettikin. Miss Prettikin frowned back.

Myra Down was never pampered by the other employees of the Scientific Infant School. She was the unskilled labor, and the unskilled labor had to be kept in its place. She wasn't an anthropologist like Miss Prettikin, to measure the infants' heads with calipers and take pictures of their bones on every second Monday. She wasn't a rhythmatist, like Miss Georgiana Lulu Long, to play jig tunes and dirges, and write monographs about the tempo of stomach-rolling over painted barrels. She wasn't even a psychologist, like Miss Todd, to give tests in block building and the appreciation of sweet milk.

BESIDES, Myra was obviously too little and too young and too awfully much alive to be an addition to science. And her clothes had too obviously come from Rebaud's—even though they had come from there several months ago.

Myra Down gave a flirt to her brief red Rebaud skirts, and a toss to her dark head, and opened the door into the waiting-room. There was a very loud, unpleasant sound coming from inside. Just offhand, Myra Down could not have said which was the redder in the face, the baby or the man. The man, she decided presently, because there was more of him to be red. He stood erect on the far side of the waiting-room, and he was a very tall man—so that meant something—and held the baby at arm's length before him: it was seated precariously on the palm of his hand, and he kept it from flying off into space by a double hitch somewhere in the rear. Myra Down did not laugh. One does not laugh immoderately after six months of science.

"Yes?" she said in her most businesslike tone, whipping out a packet of enrollment cards from the reception secretary's desk. "What is it, please?"

"It's—it's a baby," said the man.

"Ah," said Myra, poising her pen above the first blank, "so it is. And you wish me to—"

"Take it," said the man in desperation. "Take it." He suddenly made two long strides across the room and thrust the baby at Myra Down over the top of the desk. "Take it," he repeated urgently.

Myra was so surprised that she took it, and the baby was so surprised that it stopped crying. It had red hair and a perfect joke of a nose with one freckle on the end.

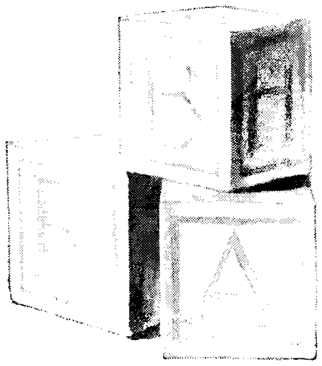
"You wanted to enroll him?" inquired Myra, setting the baby on the floor beside her and unscientifically giving him a pair of bangles to play with. "You want to leave him here."

"Oh, yes," cried the young man. "Oh, yes. I want to leave him, all right." And he began to pace up and down the room at a furious gait, mopping his forehead as he went and wheeling very suddenly at the turns. It was not a large waiting-room, and he could make only four paces of it at the best and sometimes only three and a half.

"Your baby's name?" inquired Myra Down, poising her pen again.

"*My* baby!" cried the young man. "It isn't *my* baby. *I* haven't got a baby.

"Yes?" she said. "What is it, please?" "It's—it's a baby," said the man



Aurelius By RUTH BURR SANBORN

How'd *I* get a baby? . . ." He was plainly unnerved at the thought. He mopped his forehead harder than ever. He paced faster up and down.

"It's my sister's baby," he explained. "My sister's dead." He spoke with a certain animus, unbecoming in the circumstances. "My sister died in Oklahoma, and I had to go 'way out there and bring it east."

Myra was suddenly sorry for him. She had a vision of a tall young man, very red in the face, carrying a baby in the palm of his hand all the way from Oklahoma. She spoke to him more kindly than she was accustomed to speak to parents and guardians at the infant school. She smiled. Myra Down had a smile that young men had traveled three times round the world to see. And then they had not always seen it. It made a little crease over the top of her nose and another one in her chin.

"Won't you sit down?" said Myra. And her gesture was that of a very gracious hostess, seating a very welcome guest in one of the real Heppelwhite chairs.

The young man collapsed in the chair indicated, as if the invitation had come just barely in time to prevent his falling right over at Myra's feet. He wasn't a bad young man, really. Myra put him down as rather an old dear.

"And what is your sister's baby's name?" she began again on the enrollment blank.

"Marcus Aurelius Rollins," said the young man, growing furiously red once more. He added abruptly, as if to indicate that there was one respectable name in the family; "Mine is Alan Bradshaw."

"Mine is Myra Down," said Myra, matter-of-factly, filling in the blank. "*Marcus Aurelius Rollins.* And how old is he?"

"Old?" said Mr. Alan Bradshaw vaguely. "Old? How should I know? Couldn't you measure him, or something, and find out?"

AND upon that suddenly Mr. Alan Bradshaw looked at Miss Myra Down, and Miss Myra Down looked at Mr. Alan Bradshaw, and they both laughed. Mr. Bradshaw had a wide, engaging way of laughing that showed white teeth in a thin brown face.

It happened oddly enough after that that Myra Down did not ask any more questions about Marcus Aurelius Rollins. When Miss Prettikin saw the blank spaces on his enrollment card Myra Down was nearly fired for the third time.

"But, look here," Mr. Bradshaw was saying, "I don't know anything about a baby. I never saw one near to before. I need some advice. I . . . well, hang it all, what I mean is . . . you have to go to lunch anyway, don't you?"

"Yes," said Myra Down.

"Well," said Mr. Bradshaw. "Well, hang it all, what I mean is . . . so do I."

Even after Miss Prettikin had measured him and had taken a picture of his bones, no one at the Scientific Infant School could decide how old Marcus Aurelius Rollins was. He seemed a little long for the Two-year-olds and a little short for the Threes. In the end they put him with the Threes.

MARCUS AURELIUS was a young man of brief but telling phrases. He stood for a moment on the threshold of the Threes' classroom, a small round person in a blue jersey that was not quite round enough to hold him, and a flame of red hair.

"Pound," announced Marcus Aurelius.

He marched across the room and pulled down the hammer with which the school janitor last night had been nailing new pictures to the wall.

"Pound," repeated Marcus Aurelius, for emphasis, and he pounded the piano on which Miss Georgiana Lulu Long was playing a little dirge.

Miss Georgiana Lulu Long cried out sharply, which was very wrong for her because it diverted the infants from their little egos. They all stopped rolling on the painted barrels and came and looked at Miss Long. This was very bad indeed.

"Slide," Marcus Aurelius was announcing.

Marcus Aurelius was the first child ever to go down the Threes' slide head first. Alfreda Dickens was the second. Marcus Aurelius held his head up and struck smartly in the position known as belly bump, but Alfreda Dickens lay so still at the foot of the slide that Miss Prettikin herself ignored a rule and picked her up. At first they thought her neck must be broken. Miss Prettikin spoke sharply at Marcus Aurelius. "Don't you do that again," she said. "*Don't you do that again.*" She was terribly annoyed because she was making a series of pictures of Alfreda's neck and she did not want it broken.

Nevertheless this was a flagrant example of the suppression of natural impulses in the child, and afterward, when Alfreda Dickens was recovered, Myra Down whispered to Miss Todd and said so. Unluckily she said so with a twinkle, and Miss Prettikin saw her twinkling. That was why Myra Down was almost fired a fourth time.

Myra outlined these events to Alan Bradshaw over the luncheon table. He took her to Pattie's, which was a place where Myra had not often been during the last six months, and the lunch was a very good lunch indeed.

Alan Bradshaw, as Myra had suspected, turned out to be rather an old dear. He was tall and very spare, with that wiry kind of spareness that comes from hard work and worry and determination and never keeping still. He had a thin, keen face and brown hair a little tumbled and very straight-looking gray eyes. There was about him none of that air of lazy nonchalance, that assumption of bored indifference, that marked the average young collegian whom Myra knew. Alan Bradshaw wasn't ashamed of being eager and keen and young. He told Myra Down that he was a rising young lawyer—only he hadn't risen very far yet—and he must be back at the office at two o'clock if they had to go without their cigarettes. This should have annoyed Myra. But it didn't.

At first they talked dutifully about Marcus Aurelius Rollins, but somehow they kept getting off the subject.

"Miss Todd gave him a block-building examination," Myra told Alan Bradshaw, "and he flunked."

"How many subjects does an infant have to flunk," inquired Alan, "before he gets dropped from his class?"

"You've got a sense of humor, haven't you?" said Myra irrelevantly. "I hate a man who hasn't."

They came back again to Marcus Aurelius.

"Marcus Aurelius has been riding the kiddie car all morning. Miss Todd says he has a motor complex, but I think he's going to be a truck driver."

"Like enough," said Alan Bradshaw absently. His eyes were on Myra's pert little red hat with the gold buckle on the side that matched the buckle on the red wool dress from Rebaud's.

"It was white once," said Myra, "and then it was gray, and now it's red, and they tell me I can't have it dyed anything else but black. And then I'll have to marry to get some more clothes."

"When will that be?" asked Alan Bradshaw.

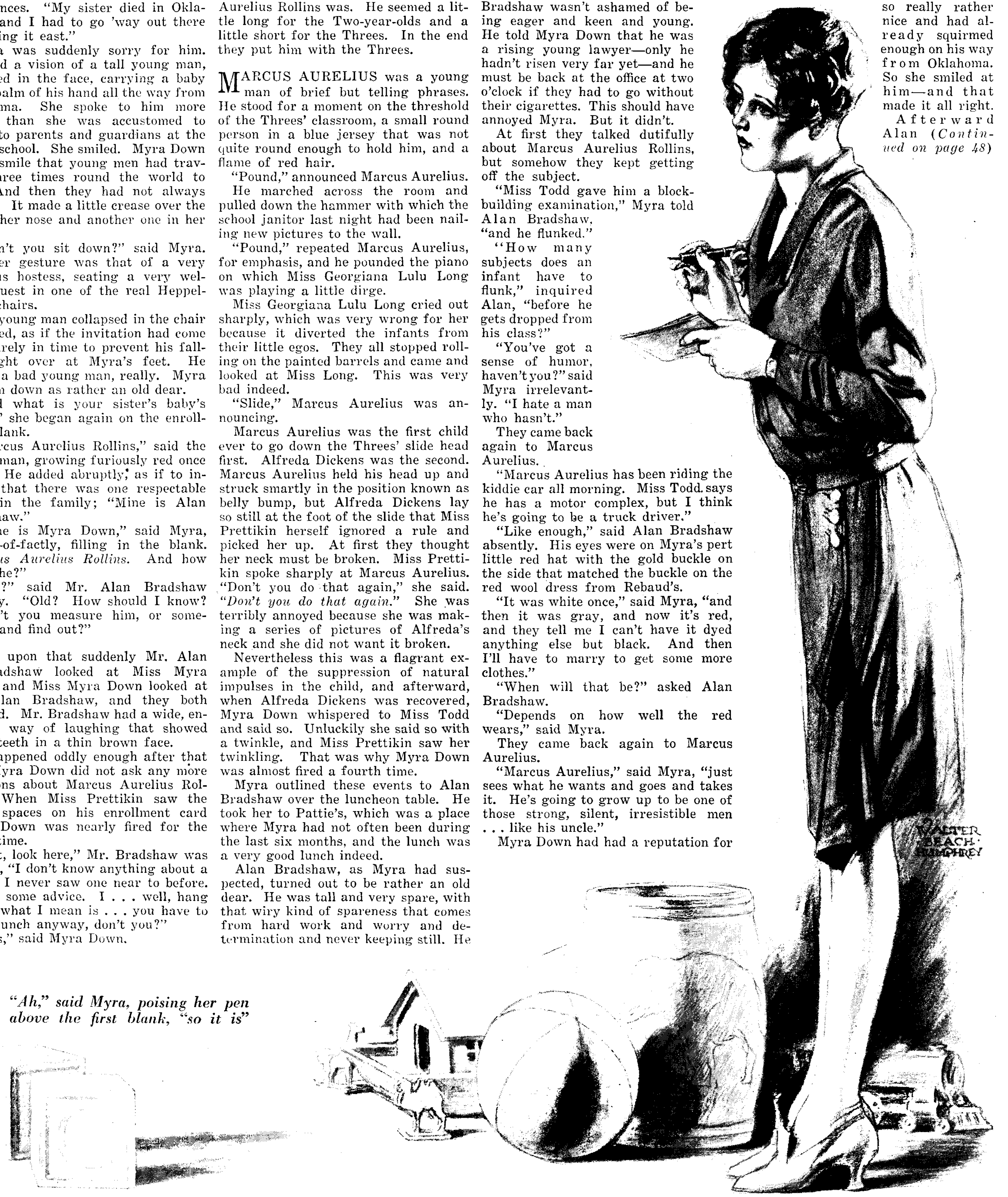
"Depends on how well the red wears," said Myra.

They came back again to Marcus Aurelius.

"Marcus Aurelius," said Myra, "just sees what he wants and goes and takes it. He's going to grow up to be one of those strong, silent, irresistible men . . . like his uncle."

Myra Down had had a reputation for being able to make the most self-assured young man in Cambridge or New Haven squirm like a stuck beetle on a pin. But all of a sudden she had no special wish to see Mr. Alan Bradshaw squirming, because he seemed so really rather nice and had already squirmed enough on his way from Oklahoma. So she smiled at him—and that made it all right.

Afterward Alan (*Continued on page 48*)

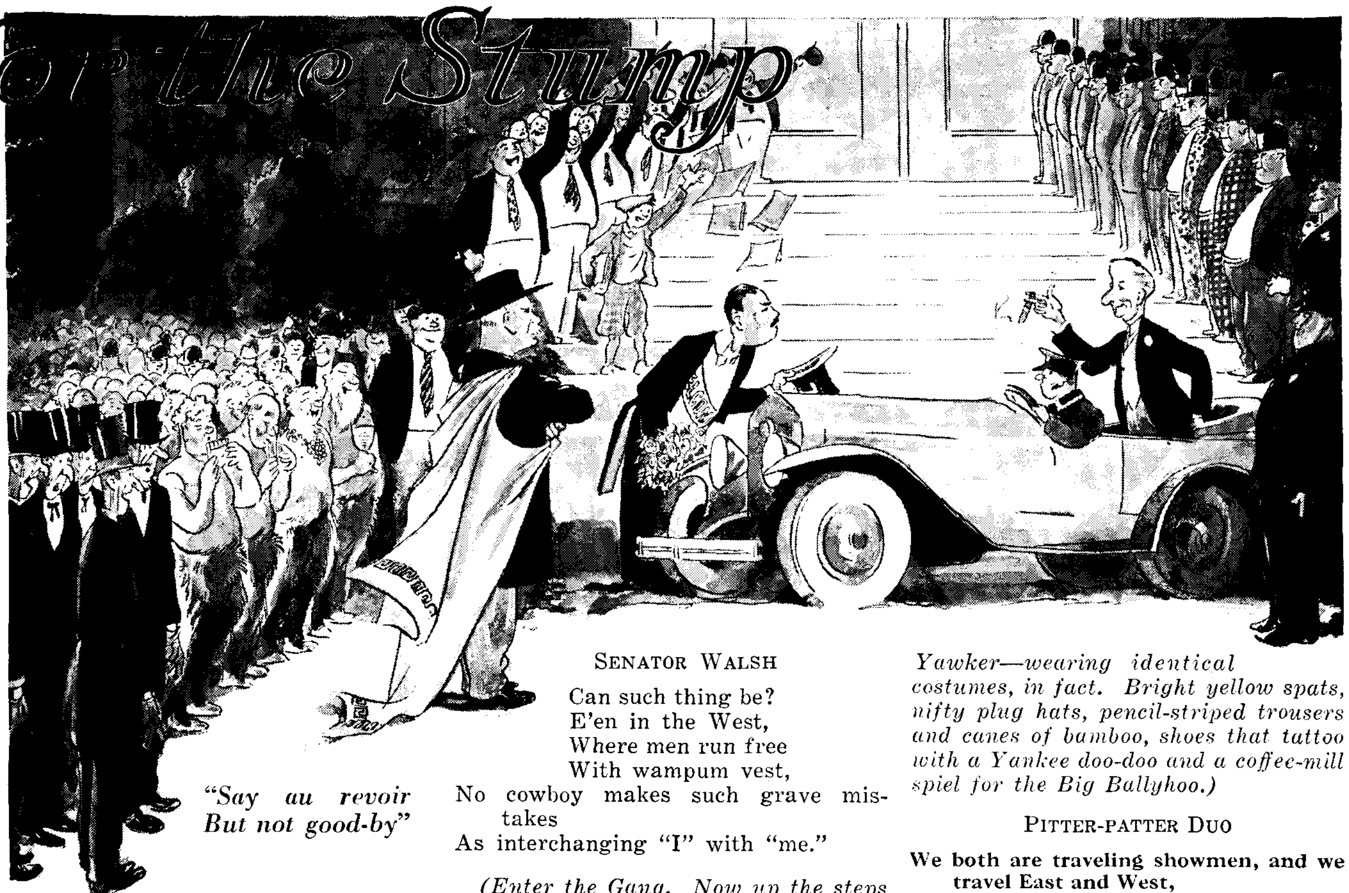


"Ah," said Myra, poising her pen above the first blank, "so it is"

Songs for the Stump

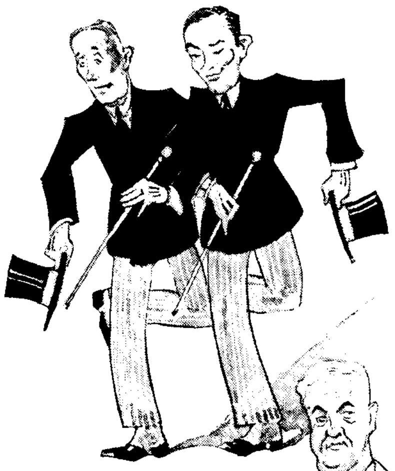
A Miracle Play

By WALLACE IRWIN

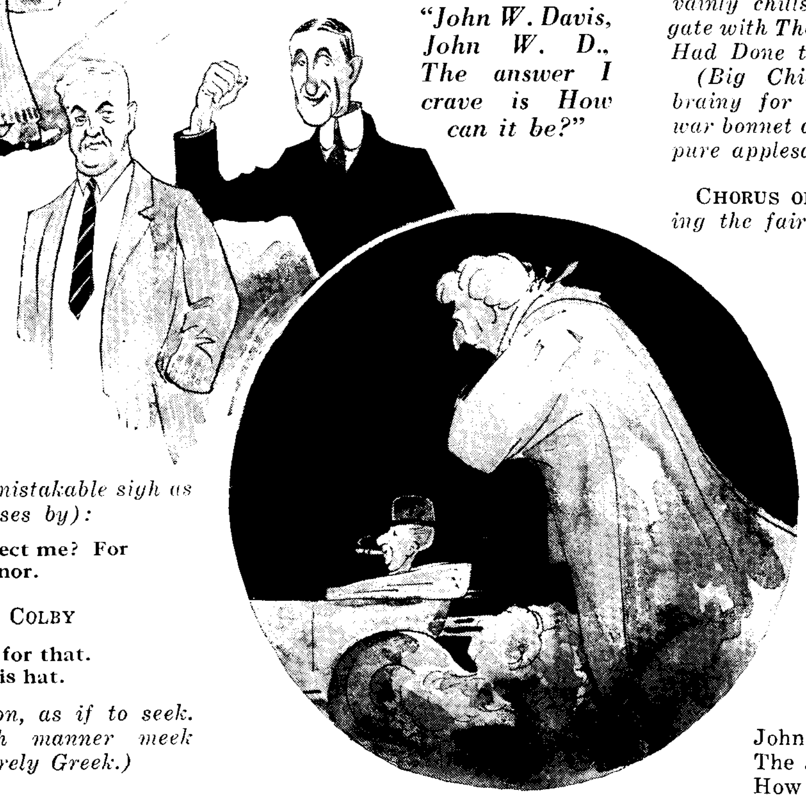


"Say au revoir
But not good-by"

(Some high and stately marble steps at Albany, N. Y. A Throng is there with weary air, so tired they want to cry. The cohorts swell while newsboys yell a heading—true or myth: "It's Going to Be a Walkaway for A. Emanuel Smith." Both Party Heads and Party Tails have come from street and alley to cry, "Al, Al! The Gang's all here!" a regular old Al Rally. But Al is neither here nor there. They've sent out scouts to find him.)



(Behind a post a dim, gray ghost—and no one seems to mind him—sits waiting on an old white nag and swings an ancient saddle-bag.)



"John W. Davis,
John W. D.,
The answer I
crave is How
can it be?"

Ghost *(with an unmistakable sigh as Bainbridge Colby passes by)*:

Good sir, could you direct me? For
I wish to see the Governor.

Bainbridge Colby

We all are waiting just for that.
He keeps his office in his hat.

(The Ghost rides on, as if to seek. Senator Walsh with manner meek strides up in toga purely Greek.)

Senator Walsh

All night I've stood outside his office door.
Only to get the message, "Wait some more."

Bainbridge Colby

He vanishes down fire-escapes, through doors,
He meets committees underneath the floors.
The only thing he doesn't need is sleep.

Senator Walsh *(deadly Volsteadly)*

We know the Evil by the hours they keep.
But hearken, Bainbridge. Why dost hand around
This proletarian,
Semi-barbarian
Hero mound?
How canst thou woo this Smith, an earthly type,
When brows like thine for loftier things are ripe,
Thou who the Intellectual Bloc doth wield
With "Vote for Plato" blazoned on thy shield? . . .

Colby *(emphatic, dramatic)*

List! Hist!! *(Grabs Walsh's wrist.)*
I have been told— *(The wind blows cold.)*
I have been told
His Ex-cellency
Is quite unfit
For Pres-i-dency;
For he doth split—

Walsh *(jolted, revolted)*

Doth split?

Colby

Doth split his infinitives into shreds ungainly
And with the personal pronoun struggles vainly,
Says "Between you and I" in speech spectacular
And often sinks to very low vernacular.

Senator Walsh

Can such thing be?
E'en in the West,
Where men run free
With wampum vest,
No cowboy makes such grave mistakes
As interchanging "I" with "me."

(Enter the Gang. Now up the steps a double-faced platoon, all clean-cut braves with clean-cut shaves, toot on the loud bassoon while Ogden Mills quite vainly chills by crashing through the gate with Thoughts on What the G. O. P. Had Done to Save the State.)

(Big Chief Olvany, looking quite brainy for Tammany's boss, ties his war bonnet and whoops a war sonnet of pure applesauce.)

Chorus of Tammany Braves *(holding the fairway up the stairway)*:

We're called little Tammany, dear little Tammany;
What will they name us next fall?
Still we'll be Tammany, sweet little Tammany,
Tough little Tammany Hall!

Olvany

We've contracts for sewers and soft drinks for brewers,
So still we're called Tammany, dear little Tammany,
Sweet little Tammany Hall.

William G. McAdoo *(addressing that bankerlike, calm rara avis, John Davis)*:

John W. Davis, John W. D.,
The answer I crave is
How can it be?
The song they sing is whacking,
But Dignity is lacking.
Democratic Dig, Democratic Dig,
Democratic Dignity is lacking.

John W. Davis *(nicely dressed, but quite depressed)*:

If Dignity could win
With nothing else to back it,
I wouldn't now be in
My very private bracket.
If Dignity alone
Could bring me votes, I vow
That I'd be in the White House—

Chorus

You'd be in the White House.

John W. Davis

I'd be in the White House now.

(Georgie M. Cohan and Mayor Jim Walker clog on the stage in a brotherly act; each is attired as a Perfect New Yawker—wearing identical costumes, in fact. Bright yellow spats, nifty plug hats, pencil-striped trousers and canes of bamboo, shoes that tattoo with a Yankee doo-doo and a coffee-mill spiel for the Big Ballyhoo.)

Pitter-patter Duo

We both are traveling showmen, and we travel East and West,
We know by heart the actor's part and always do our best.
Our evening dress we don.

Jimmy

But I'm the chief of all the guys
Who know it pays to advertise—
I keep the President waiting
When I'm in Washing-ton.

Both

Our secret of success can you guess, yes-yes?
It's Pop. It's Pop.
It's Popularitee.
(Clickety-click, clickey-click,
CLICK! Boom-BOOM!)
But this we'd like to say: No more we're gonna stray.
For the Center of the Universe, we'll tell you, goils, it ain't so worse,
Is the cornera Foity-second Street and Ole Broad-way.

(A double shuffle, single scuffle, tip-tap-toe.)

Alas, New Yorrick,
We know it well, hooray.
It's made historic
By us, the people say.
East Side, West Side, all around the place,
Day club, night club, we love the human race.
Snap a padlock here and there,
But you should care and we should care,
For after three A. M., we swear. . . .

Male Quartette

They dance the light fantastic on
The sidewalks OF New York! ! ! ! !

(A crash from offside and F. Scott McBride, General Supe of the Anti-Salooners, disguised as a Dervish from Dryest Sahara, bounces along like the rubber of Para.)

F. Scott McBride

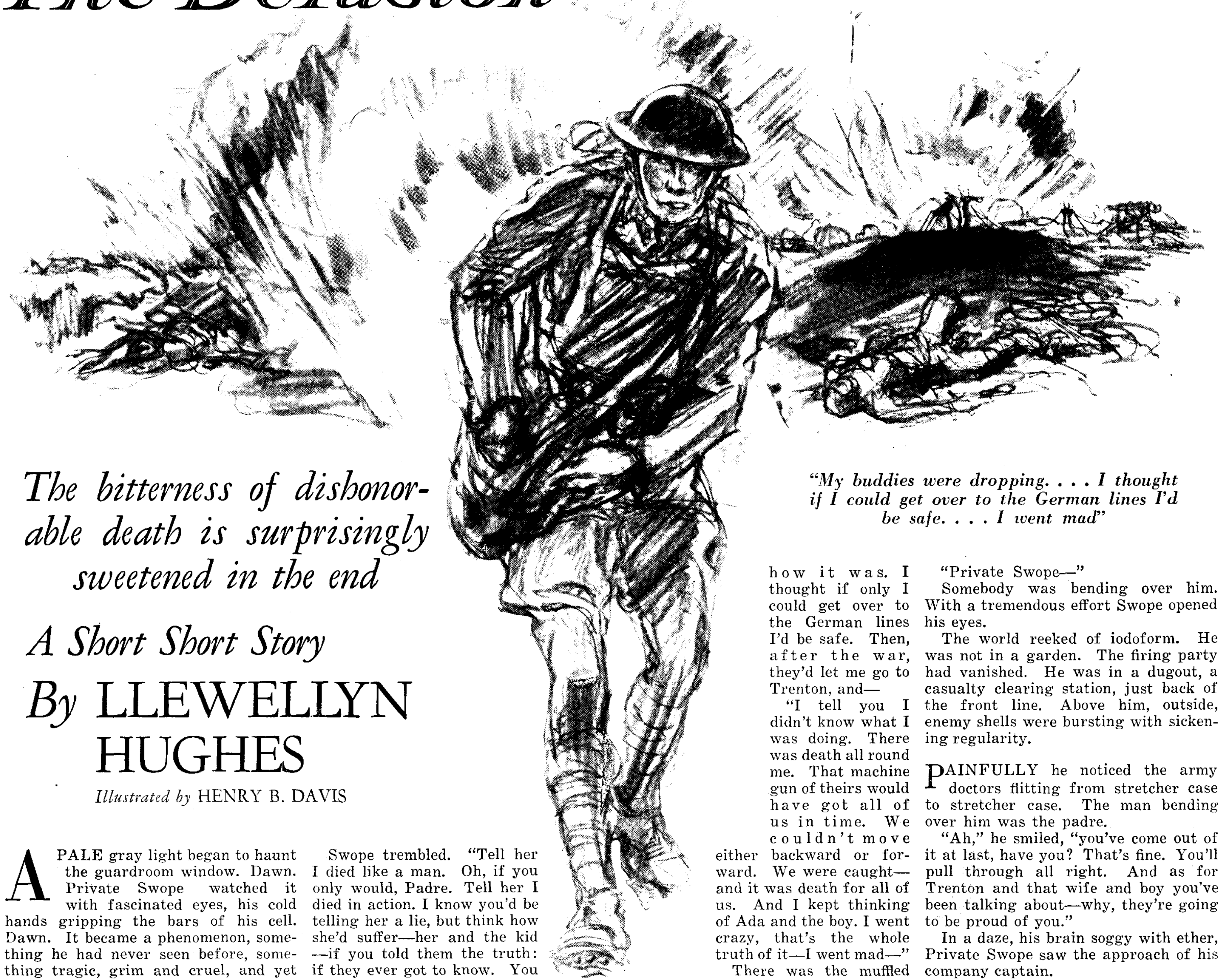
Allah il Allah!
Sheik Al Ispahim!
Sheik Al Smith!
Come out of your lair if you dare-dare-dare
And face the true foes of the jug.
When in Houston you're shown you'll be blown-blown-blown
Like the froth on the Würzburger mug.

Dry Candidates *(looks of rigidity, hyper-acidity)*:

Drink to us even with thine eyes,

(Continued on page 37)

The Delusion



"My buddies were dropping. . . . I thought if I could get over to the German lines I'd be safe. . . . I went mad"

The bitterness of dishonorable death is surprisingly sweetened in the end

A Short Short Story

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Illustrated by HENRY B. DAVIS

A PALE gray light began to haunt the guardroom window. Dawn. Private Swope watched it with fascinated eyes, his cold hands gripping the bars of his cell. Dawn. It became a phenomenon, something he had never seen before, something tragic, grim and cruel, and yet something promising and beautiful; something to live for and see again and again and again.

Up ahead, somewhere in the Argonne, his regiment was still fighting. He could hear the sound of gunfire. Even as far back as here the ground shook with the bursting of gigantic shells. He could feel the tremors running through his body.

Quite suddenly he was aware of someone just outside the bars. At the same moment a strange smell of iodoform flooded the guardhouse. Dimly he saw the outline of the padre. Evidently he had been attending the wounded, administering the last rites, and now he had come here to— It was kind of him.

"Private Swope, your captain is here. Come now, it is almost time for you to—" The padre spoke kindly, sympathetically. His large, staring eyes were full of compassion. "Is there anything I can—"

"My wife, Padre—my wife and boy. They live in Trenton, New Jersey. It's the little store at the corner of York Street. You can't fail to find it. You'll see the name, Swope, over the door. I worked for years to make that name count for something. I'm a cabinet-maker by profession, and I—"

"What message shall I send to your wife?"

Swope trembled. "Tell her I died like a man. Oh, if you only would, Padre. Tell her I died in action. I know you'd be telling her a lie, but think how she'd suffer—her and the kid—if you told them the truth: if they ever got to know. You can't tell them that, Padre. You're a man of God. Well, I'm sure God forgives a lie—if it helps a little."

The padre continued to stare at him.

"Please, Padre—don't tell her the truth!" Swope had become frantic. "It'll be hard enough on her knowing I died in battle. But she'll be proud after a while and bring up the kid to think well of me. But—God!—if you tell her all about this, it'll kill her with shame. Listen, Padre! I'm not afraid to die. I'm ready to pay the penalty. I'll take what's coming to me. But I don't want Ada and the boy to know how I died."

ANOTHER dull boom shook the roof of the guardhouse. The padre, pungent with iodoform, reached through the bars and took the prisoner's hand.

"Now come," he said quietly; "you mustn't talk like that."

"I don't know why I did it, Padre—I don't know what came over me. Everything went black. I didn't care what happened. I kept thinking of Ada and the boy. Something was telling me I'd never see them again. I didn't want to get killed. All around me my buddies were dropping—pitching forward—dying like flies. I lost all control over myself. I kept thinking of Ada, and I didn't care what happened so long as I'd see her again. I went crazy—that's how it was. I thought if only I could get over to the German lines I'd be safe. Then, after the war, they'd let me go to Trenton, and—

"I tell you I didn't know what I was doing. There was death all round me. That machine gun of theirs would have got all of us in time. We couldn't move either backward or forward. We were caught—and it was death for all of us. And I kept thinking of Ada and the boy. I went crazy, that's the whole truth of it—I went mad—"

There was the muffled sound of marching men. They filed into the guardhouse. The noncom in charge unlocked the door of the cell, and Private Swope was led out into the dawn.

It was bitter cold. The squad marched down a lane and into a deserted garden.

Private Swope was placed against a brick wall. The padre stood near him, holding in his pale, thin hands a silver crucifix.

"Private Swope—"

He lifted his ashen face. Facing him, their rifles ready, were seven of his buddies. He knew them all. The noncom in command was one of his best friends. That seemed cruel and—wrong.

"Private Swope—"

Somebody put a bandage around his eyes. He stiffened, murmured a prayer, and waited for the order to fire. It was not uttered. Instead the noncom must have lowered his arm, for, without warning, the rifles cracked simultaneously, making a fearful explosion that shook the universe.

Instantly he felt a terrific pain in his left shoulder. They had failed to kill him!

He was on the ground, writhing, twisting, struggling and tortured with pain. Bullets had struck his left shoulder and his arm and his leg—

"Private Swope—"

Somebody was bending over him. With a tremendous effort Swope opened his eyes.

The world reeked of iodoform. He was not in a garden. The firing party had vanished. He was in a dugout, a casualty clearing station, just back of the front line. Above him, outside, enemy shells were bursting with sickening regularity.

PAINFULLY he noticed the army doctors flitting from stretcher case to stretcher case. The man bending over him was the padre.

"Ah," he smiled, "you've come out of it at last, have you? That's fine. You'll pull through all right. And as for Trenton and that wife and boy you've been talking about—why, they're going to be proud of you."

In a daze, his brain soggy with ether, Private Swope saw the approach of his company captain.

The officer came to the foot of the stretcher, stood stiffly at attention, and gravely saluted.

"Bravest deed I ever saw," he said.

"What was?" murmured Swope.

"His head isn't quite clear yet," explained the padre. "For the last hour he's been raving about a guardhouse—thinking he had to face a firing squad. He got hold of the notion he was a deserter."

The captain smiled.

"Private Swope," he said, "I have the honor to inform you that you have been recommended for the highest distinction in return for your exceptional conduct and bravery."

Things began to swim before Private Swope's aching eyes. His leg, arm and shoulder were on fire. "What," he asked feebly—"what's it all mean? I don't get you."

The captain nodded.

"While your company was being held up by the most damaging fire, you went out all on your own, and, although severely wounded, you succeeded in demolishing their machine gun and all its crew."

"How you ever did it, I don't know," smiled the padre.

"Huh!" Private Swope was grinning. "I didn't care to get killed. That's how it happened, I guess. . . ."

The Prairie Prince

By W. B. COURTNEY

GOOD-BY to old comrades—Sheridan gives Buffalo Bill a dangerous mission—Giving the Grand Duke Alexis some thrills—Fêted in Chicago—Lionized in New York—Back to the Buckskins—On the stage — Saved by Milligan — Dream days in Rochester—A terrible blow—The Sioux are on the warpath!—Custer's last fight—Yellow Hand and Bill start a duel to the death.

FOR nearly four years, crowded chock-a-block with the adventures that try men's souls, Bill Cody had scouted the danger trails for the Fighting Fifth Cavalry.

To the "bluecoats," as the regular army soldiers were called by the Indians, Bill was an idol. He had never failed them in an extremity. With his glossy brown hair tumbling about his shoulders in the wind as he rode out ahead of a column on Buckskin Joe or Powder Face, Bill was a warrant to the men in the ranks of a march safe from ambush, certain of its destination.

To the officers of the Fifth Bill had become greatly attached and they to him. General Carr, in particular, had formed a deep and abiding affection for his handsome young chief of scouts. And the friendship of men who have fought shoulder to shoulder, suffered side by side, drunk elbow to elbow, is as no other friendship on earth.

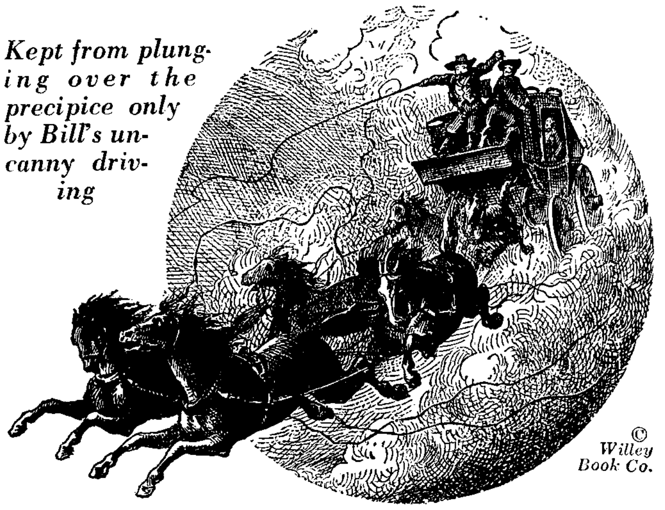
Thus it was a disconsolate scout who bade his old friends adieu as they clambered into the cars that were to roll them on their long way to Arizona.

"Cheer up, Bill," was General Carr's parting word. "I've a notion that Sheridan has better things in mind for you than swallowing alkali dust and Apache lead. Perhaps he's fetching some more nabobs out to hunt, and wants you to guide them. You know, he likes to show you off."

Bill Won't Risk New York

GENERAL CARR'S prediction harked back to a glamorous event that autumn in which Bill had played a main part.

In September General Sheridan had brought out a distinguished party of wealthy sportsmen to enjoy the fine and exciting hunting around Fort McPherson—fine, because the post was in the center of the best Western big-game country; exciting because it was girded by hostile Indians to whom a sportsman's scalp was as desirable as a soldier's.



Kept from plunging over the precipice only by Bill's uncanny driving

© Willey Book Co.

Sheridan had told off Bill to guide the hunt because he wanted to thrill his friends with authentic frontier character and life. The general knew Bill not only best typified the romantic Wild West that the railroads were erasing, but that, more, he marked the last of the line of great scouts from Daniel Boone, through Lewis and Clark, to Kit Carson.

Then, too, no living leather pounder could run down the shaggy herds as well as Bill; nor smell redskins so far as he. This latter ability was all-important because of the value collectively and per scalp, of Sheridan's party: James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald; General Anson Stager of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Charles Wilson, editor of the Chicago Evening Journal; Lawrence R. and Leonard W. Jerome; Carroll Livingston; Major J. G. Hecksher; General Fitzhugh; General H. E. Davies; Captain M. Edwards Rogers; Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby; Samuel Johnson; General Rucker, and Dr. Asch.

General Sheridan gave Bill a glowing introduction to the party—nearly every name of which was prominent in the social halls and financial marts of the East.

With the first notes of the bugle at five on the opening morn of the great hunt Bill rose eagerly. He was to guide a "nobby and high-toned outfit." So he pridefully put on a little Western style—a new suit of light buckskin, trimmed along the seams with fringes of the same material; a crimson shirt, handsomely ornamented on the bosom, and a dashing sombrero. Then, mounted on a gallant-stepping horse, as white as north prairie snowdrifts, and with his rifle, old Lucretia Borgia, in the crook of one arm, Bill presented himself to the hunters.

"You look first rate, Bill," said General Sheridan.

"I feel first rate," grinned Bill.

For ten grand days Bill gave those sporty slickers the show and the time of their lives. O' days he led them to thrilling chases of buffalo and antelope, jackass rabbit and wild turkey. He showed them prairie dog villages. He showed them squaw men. He gave them brave chills by pointing out the blanket-punctuated war signals of distant redskin camp fires. O' nights around the blazing deadwood logs he regaled them with yarns of his earlier adventures, before the steel came.

The huntsmen were enchanted. They had not only found their guide to be a mild, agreeable, well-mannered man, quiet and retiring in disposition, but a veritable picture of romantic manhood as well.

James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald knew the value of color in character. He invited Bill to visit him in the East.

"Not on your life!" said Bill in dismay.

Brown Bros.

Bill puts on style to meet grand dukes and such

"Why not?"

"If I ever got broke in New York, I'd never make the westward trail!"

Bennett chuckled—and went off home, cherishing an enthusiasm that took shape in the pages of the Herald in descriptions of the hunt and, in particular, of its dashing guide.

Then, a few weeks later, had come the shift of the Fifth Cavalry, with Bill Cody the sorrowing guide they left behind them.

It was New Year's Day of 1872 before Bill definitely found out that General Carr's surmise was accurate. General Forsythe and Dr. Asch of Sheridan's staff then suddenly turned up at McPherson, and there was a stir about the post, for it was rumored that something big was afoot.

Bill was promptly summoned and told that the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was visiting the United States and had expressed a wish to hunt buffalo.

"The general figured," said Surgeon Asch, "that the old Fifth didn't need you half as much to chase Apaches as we need you here to whoop things up for his highness. *He must kill some buffaloes*—with the grace of God and Buffalo Bill, if not his own marksmanship!"

"I see," laughed Bill. "Well, there's plenty of buffalo running hereabouts lately. Along the Red Willow, sixty miles yonder, they're a black blizzard, sir. If you'd like, I'll take you over there and we can settle on a place for a camp."

Bill had in mind a pleasant little knoll in the valley of the Red Willow. The commissioners approved it on sight.

"Now, Bill," said General Forsythe, "there's something else that General Sheridan wants you to do. It'll be as dangerous and tricky a job as ever you've tackled."

"Out with it, sir."

"Well-l-l-l—the general wants his royal guest to see as much as possible of the real wild life of the West. So he wants you to go to the camp of Spotted Tail, chief of the Sioux, and try to induce him not only to remain peaceable while the grand duke is hereabouts—but to come to the duke's camp with about one hundred of his braves to exhibit war dances and buffalo hunting."

"The devil you say, sir! The Sioux make dangerous playfellows!"

"The general is counting on your help to keep them in line. Furthermore, Spotted Tail has permission this winter for his tribe to hunt buffalo up the Republican River country—"

"I know. I reckon they're somewhere on Frenchman's Fork, about a hundred and fifty miles from McPherson."

"They ought to be well disposed."

"Spotted Tail, yes. He is one of my friends. But I have many enemies among the Sioux, and I'm afraid it would be impossible for me to get through to Spotted Tail's tepee before his young men would kill me."

"Will you try!"

"Yes!"

A Wild West Show for Alexis

GENERAL FORSYTHE and Surgeon Asch turned back to the post, while Bill Cody headed deeper into the wilderness winter, with nothing but a saddle blanket to protect him from the sub-zero cold at night.

In two days of bitter going Bill located Spotted Tail's camp. Not daring to show himself in the daytime, he hid in the brush until nightfall. Then, wrapping a blanket around his head so that the lynx-eyed braves could not tell him from an Indian, he managed to ride into the camp unhalted. He loafed around until he found the chief's lodge, which he hastily entered.

Old Spotted Tail, lying on some robes, recognized Bill instantly and bade him welcome. When Bill confessed that he had entered the camp by stealth the

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chief praised his wisdom and ordered squaws to prepare food and a sleeping robe for the guest.

In the morning Spotted Tail strode with Bill into the tribal council circle, amid dark looks and ominous mutterings.

"Do you know who this is?" Spotted Tail asked his people.

"Yes, we know him well," growled a brave, fingering his tomahawk. "That is Pa-he-haska, our old enemy."

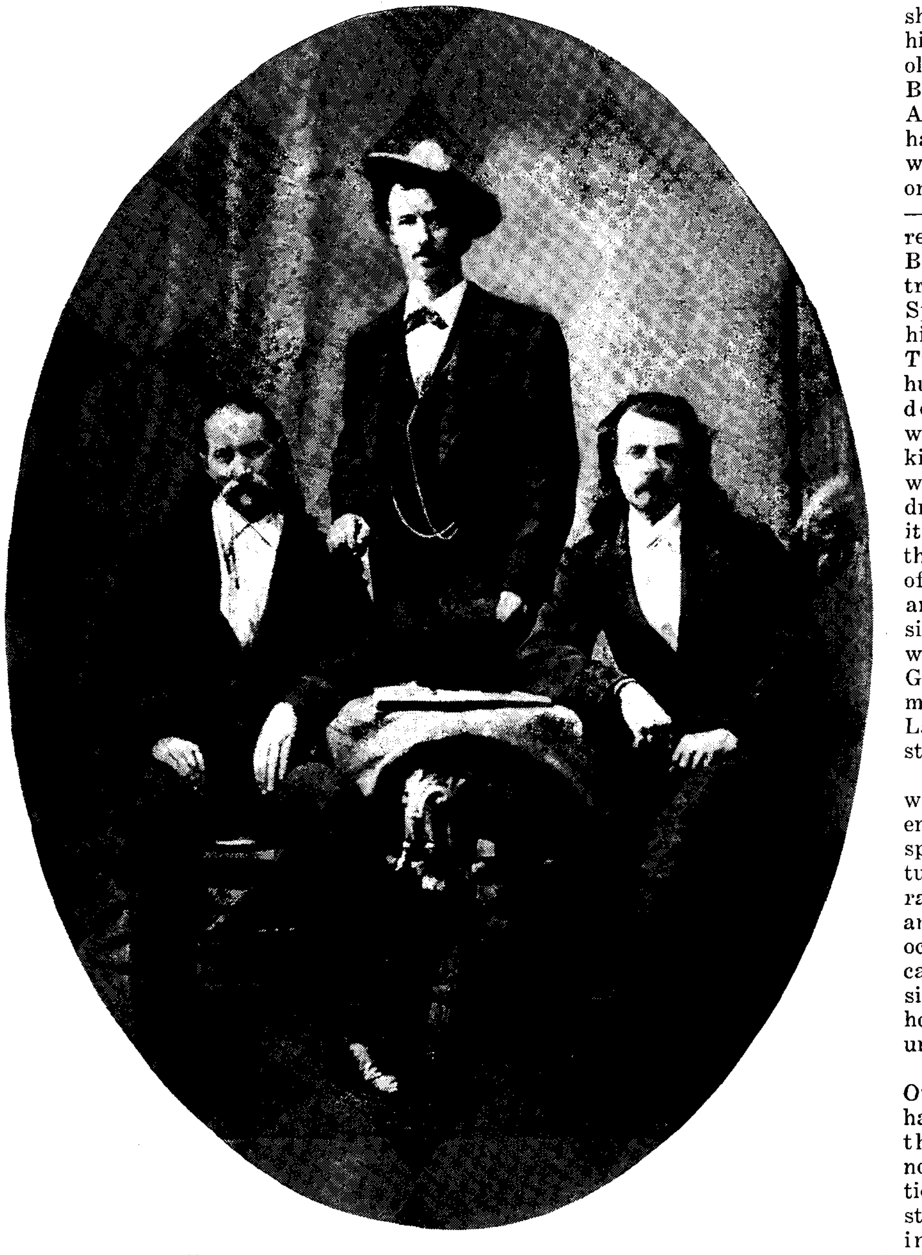
"That is he," replied Spotted Tail calmly, "and I want all my people to be kind to him and treat him as my friend. He brings word of a great chief from across the Big Sea Water who comes to meet me and my people ten sleeps hence at the Red Willow. We will greet the stranger."

On the morning of January 12, 1872, a special train rolled up to North Platte and was greeted with such fanfare as the bleak prairies provided—in this case a company of United States cavalry, a handful of officers and Bill Cody in his best buckskins.

General Sheridan at once presented Bill to the grand duke.

"Your Highness, this is the famous scout I have been telling you about, whom we all know as Buffalo Bill because of the great number of buffaloes he has killed. He is to take charge of you and show you how to kill buffaloes."

The poor little boy who had grown up under bull wagons on the American plains met the boy who had grown up in a gilded palace eye to eye and was not abashed.



Wild Westerners: Wild Bill Hickok, Wild Texas Jack, Wild Bill Cody

The grand duke and his impressive entourage and General Sheridan with his staff then were swept rapidly in army buckboards to the camp prepared on the Red Willow.

The trip to Camp Alexis was made the more enjoyable for Bill—who was always thrilled by a wild rush against prairie winds—because of his reunion with General Custer, who had come with Sheridan.

Bill, knowing his Indian, had no qualms about the Sioux keeping their word—but Sheridan was on edge until, upon arrival at the Red Willow, Spotted Tail and a hundred of his finest warriors were found already on hand.

That night the Sioux gave the great war dance for which Bill had arranged.

Foreordained Bull's-eyes

IT AFFORDED a thrilling spectacle not only to the visitors from the Old World but to the American officers and soldiers as well—many of whom in the past had traded bullets with these selfsame braves—and many of whose scalps were still fated to adorn Sioux lodge poles.

But there was no thought of bloodshed this night. The Grand Duke Alexis, ably piloted by Bill Cody, enjoyed a mild flirtation with a coppery beauty—one of Spotted Tail's daughters, who had accompanied her father.

However, the thoughts of the duke, who had hunted big game all over the world, kept straying to the buffalo hunt of the morrow. He asked Bill numberless questions about buffalo running—and Bill patiently explained his method.

Bill described the sagacity of old Brigham, his celebrated buffalo horse, as only a doting master could. When the grand duke expressed his amazement, Bill said graciously:

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a horse now that's almost as good as Brigham—Buckskin Joe. I'll let you ride him tomorrow. Then, when we dip into a herd, all you'll have to do will be sit on his back and blaze away."

Early morning found the entire party galloping in search of buffalo. Bill soon spotted a herd, whereupon the duke became greatly excited and wanted to charge directly. Bill cautioned him to take things easy and led him to windward of the bisons, which they approached gradually behind a spur of sand hills.

Coming out at length close upon the tail of the rushing black storm, Bill shouted:

"Now's your time. Give Buckskin Joe his head, and don't shoot until you've got a good opportunity."

But Alexis, carried away by excitement, fired too soon and missed. Bill spurred to his side and shouted: "Come now, don't fire again until we're right on the flanks of a buffalo. The real sport's in the chase."

Bill then coursed stirrup to stirrup with the grand duke, egging him along to the side of a charging bull; whereupon, sharply coached by Bill, the grand duke thrust the muzzle of his rifle dead against the bull's flank and fired a fatal shot.

This was only the beginning of Bill Cody's success in showing his royal highness a grand old American time. Bill deftly led Alexis to believe he had killed a buffalo with a revolver at one hundred paces—when it was really old Lucretia Borgia that did the trick. Then he had Spotted Tail send his famous warrior, Two Lance, on a hunt with Alexis to demonstrate his wonderful feat of killing a buffalo with a single arrow driven so hard that it passed entirely through the body of the great beast and out on the other side. The arrow was given to the Grand Duke as a memento of Two Lance's skill and strength.

The day came when Alexis had enough of plains' sport. On the return trip to the railroad Sheridan and the grand duke occupied an open carriage drawn by six spirited cavalry horses that were unused to harness.

Bill Reed, an Overland veteran, had the reins—and the grand duke noted with admiration the proud old stage driver's skill in handling so many very, very frisky horses.

General Sheridan hereupon explained the history and difficulties of Western stage driving and ended by telling Alexis that Bill Cody had done some stage driving on the hardest stretches of all—in the Rocky Mountains. The grand duke instantly expressed a desire to see Bill handle the reins, and Sheridan sang out:

"Bill, come back here and show the duke how you can drive. Mr. Reed will exchange places with you and ride Buckskin Joe."

The Grand Duke Cries Enough

A FEW minutes later the coach rattled along, with Bill pushing on the reins. General Sheridan slyly nudged him and whispered:

"Shake 'em up a little, Bill; give us some old-time stage driving!"

With a whoop Bill threw the beeswax into the skittish cavalry sextette. They jumped away with a suddenness that almost snapped the royal neck. Nor was the first danger the last or the least! The high-tempered cavalry mounts, indignant at the whoops and the whip, breasted their full magnificent strength against the traces and fairly lifted the light wagon from the ground.

While the rest of the cavalcade streamed out behind in astonishment and horror Bill guided the bolting horses over the crest of a divide and down a long hill toward Medicine Creek at breakneck speed. There was no brake on the wagon, and the flying horses made no attempt to hold back on the grade.

Down—down—down—with the grand duke and the general clinging now to the seats and now to each other, and sometimes both ways—with Bill howling and bouncing on the seat like a stark crazy Comanche—and with the maddened horses running away, kept from plunging over the roadside precipice only by uncanny driving!

It was three miles from the top of that hill to the foot. The coach plunged down it in little more than as many minutes.

Bill was unable to stop the horses until they arrived at the relay camp, where fresh horses were to be obtained. Then, grinning, he turned to General Sheridan and the grand duke. The general sat back—game, but punished. And the grand duke, white and breathless, said he had enjoyed the driving very much—but couldn't Bill "please go a little slower for the rest of the trip!"

The Bowery; the Bowery—

REACHING North Platte, Bill was summoned into the royal car, where Grand Duke Alexis thanked him personally for his services and presented him with a coat of Russian fur, some valuable jewels and a cordial invitation to visit Russia.

That invitation at least served to remind Bill that Bennett had invited him to New York. Sheridan pressed Bill to go. With uncertain heartbeats, he did—stopping over in Chicago, where he was a guest in General Sheridan's house.

Discarding his buckskins for the first time in favor of swallowtails and stiff bosoms, Bill Cody scouted the best drawing-rooms of the city—a social triumph climaxed by a ball at Riverside, the aristocratic suburb, where Bill found more difficulty in facing the adoring feminine eyes than he ever had in facing Sioux arrows.

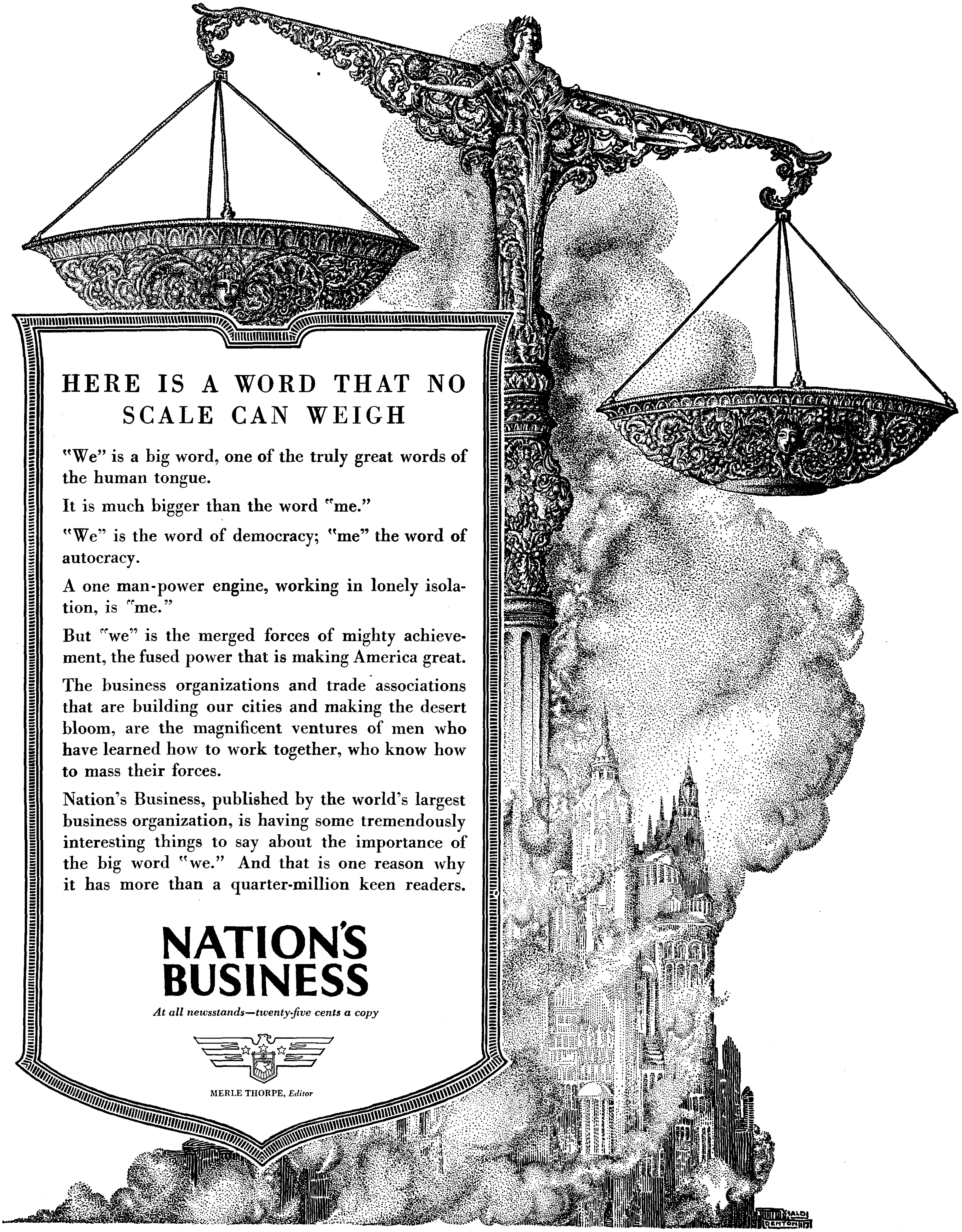
Here, indeed, was a pinnacle of fame of which the tattered little roughneck riding cavayard for Lew Simpson's bull trains had never dreamed. Only twenty-six years old, Bill Cody had endured five ordinary men's careers—lived a hundred lives, escaped a hundred deaths. Now, in the salons of the high and mighty, his manly poise and his adventures were the admiration of the men; his baby skin and the well-formed ears, of which he was always vain, were the despair of the beauties who fluttered around him.

On to New York, then; with Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Rochester scouted en route.

When Bill Cody set foot in the "depot" in the metropolis of the New World it was as much a treat to the city as to the plainsman. Buffalo Bill was the first visible link that city people had ever seen with that dark and mysterious frontier at the country's back door, which they knew of chiefly through the tall tales of travelers and fiction writers.

Bill was put up at the Union Club, at the Brevoort, at Buntline's—at so many places that he gave up in despair trying to find out where he was staying. He was dined at the Union Club, at August Belmont's, at other fine places, accepting each and every invitation in his hearty Western fashion, even though he had perhaps accepted a dozen other invitations for the same day and hour!

He enjoyed watching the actor J. B. Studley impersonate him in Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men. But he did not enjoy (*Continued on page 59*)



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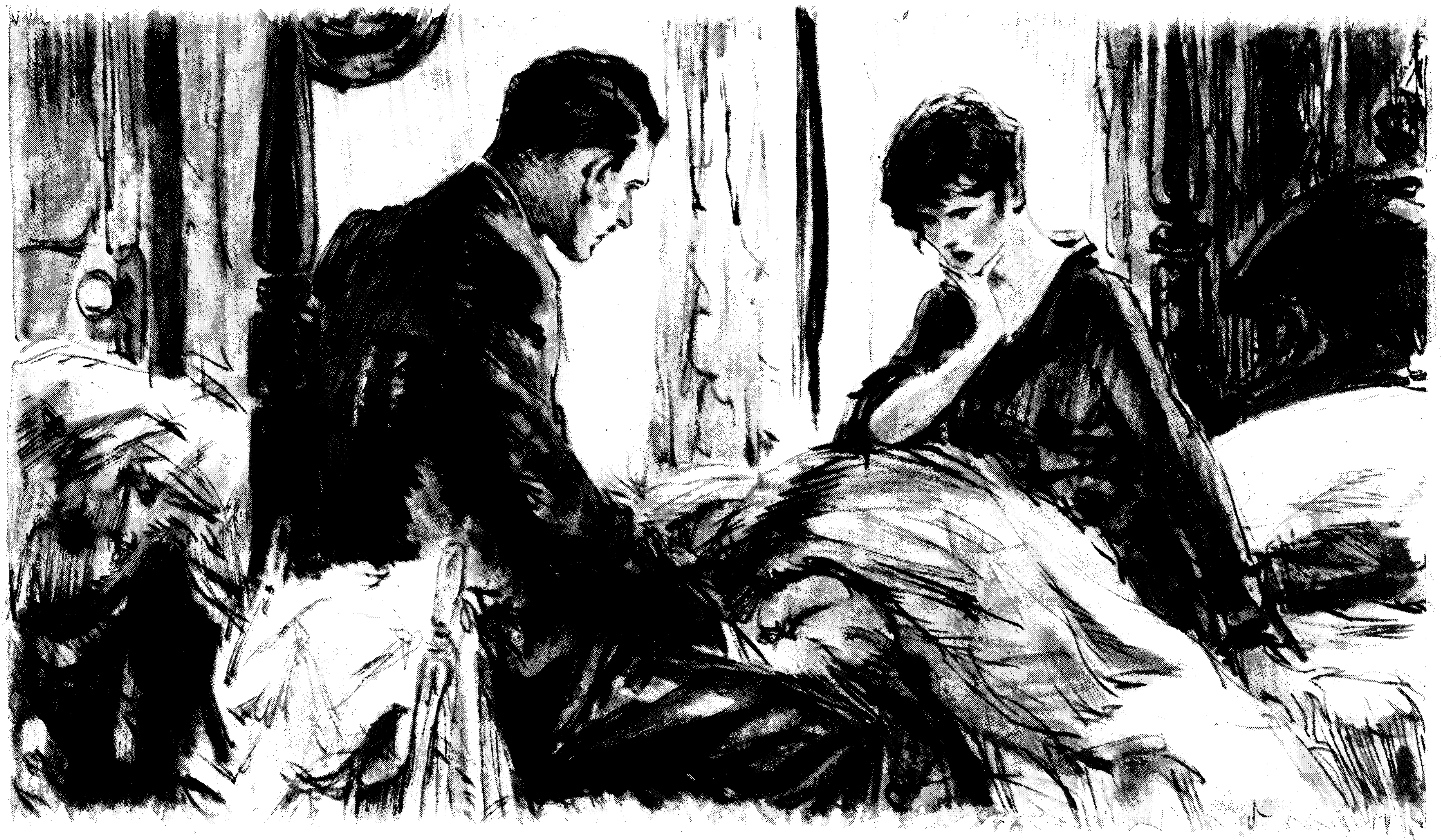

"I heard you getting in—that's why I was ready for you. Why did you make so much noise?"

The Escaping Burglar

You can't smoke cigarettes in bed, any more than you can eat crackers, without unpleasant results

By DON MARQUIS

THERE was the click of an electric light switch, and, almost before the sudden brilliance flooded the room, the burglar realized he had been trapped. He turned from the bureau drawer where he had been fumbling by the cautious, intermittent gleam of his pocket flash, and confronted a very determined lady with steady, cool, gray eyes.

Her left hand was holding a beautiful flowered dressing gown more closely together over her bosom, her right hand was pointing at him a small pearl-handled revolver. He stared at the revolver as if he knew it; and then he stared at the lady, and gulped, with a perceptible movement of his Adam's apple. The revolver was a silly-looking little weapon, but there was nothing silly in the attitude of the handsome woman who pointed it. She was not at at all nervous nor hysterical, nor even excited.

"Put your hands up over your head," said she.

The burglar did so. There was something in his manner of doing so which indicated that he might have obeyed the lady even if she had not been pointing the pretty little pistol at him.

"I suppose you have a gun," she said.

The burglar moved his head from side to side with a negative motion, without speaking.

"I thought all burglars carried guns," said the lady severely. "How does it happen that you don't carry a gun?"

Her manner implied criticism of his efficiency as a burglar; it was easy to see that already she rated him as a second- or third-class burglar; possibly even a fourth- or fifth-class burglar.

"Sit down in that chair there," continued the handsome lady, "but keep your hands over your head. I don't believe for one minute that you haven't got a gun. A man who would break into an apartment to steal would think nothing of telling a lie! And take that mask off."

The burglar sat down in the chair which she indicated, but he did not take the mask off at once. He continued to hold his hands above his head.

"Why don't you take the mask off," said the lady, "as I told you to?"

"Because," mumbled the burglar, with irrefutable logic, "I can't take the mask off and at the same time keep my hands over my head, can I?"

There was something about the burglar's voice which seemed to startle the lady. She said nothing for the moment, but stared at the mask. She stared at it in a very condemnatory sort of way. It was evident that there was something about this particular mask which displeased her greatly. It was an irregular slice of black silk, and the right eyehole was twice as large as the left one. There was no symmetry about it. Moreover it was tied to the burglar's head in a very unsymmetrical fashion. The general effect was one of untidiness, even of uncouthness.

"I should think," said the lady severely, "that even a burglar would care more about his appearance than to wear a thing like that!"

The man in the chair mumbled something inarticulate; inarticulate, but apologetic.

"Of course," went on the lady, "the moral disintegration which would result in a man's becoming a criminal would also make him untidy in his habits. Or, more likely, your downfall started with untidiness."

There was another apologetic mumble from the burglar.

"You may let the left hand down far enough to remove the mask," said the lady, "but keep your right hand up in the air, and put your left hand up in the air again as soon as you have removed the mask."

THE burglar dejectedly performed this maneuver; dejectedly, but promptly.

"William!" said the handsome lady when his face came into view.

"Yes, Miranda," said the burglar meekly, "it's me!"

There was a half minute's silence. Miranda recovered herself first. She said severely: "William, do not say, 'It's *me*.' Say, 'It is *I*.'"

William, the burglar, who had permitted his hands to drop into his lap and was now nervously drawing the mask between his fingers, mildly repeated after her: "It is I."

"How long have you been a burglar," asked Miranda, "and what brought you down to this?"

"I have been a criminal about two years, Miranda," said William, "and I don't know that I can tell you just exactly what it was that started me on the downward path. I think it was a combination of things, Miranda. I think it started with smoking cigarettes in bed."

A look of sad satisfaction passed over the severe lady's handsome face.

"I told you twelve years ago," she said, "that any man who persisted in smoking cigarettes in bed was taking his first step towards a complete mental and moral dissolution."

"Yes, Miranda," said William, "you used to tell me that pretty often."

"You never heeded what I told you," said she, "*never*, at any time, during the five years that we were married! You used to scatter ashes and burn holes everywhere—always!"

"Not always," protested William feebly.

"*Always!*" said his former wife, finally. "And now look at you—a burglar! Carelessness and untidiness and disorder and neglect led you into vice, and vice has led you into crime!"

She put her pistol under the pillow again and got (*Continued on page 58*)

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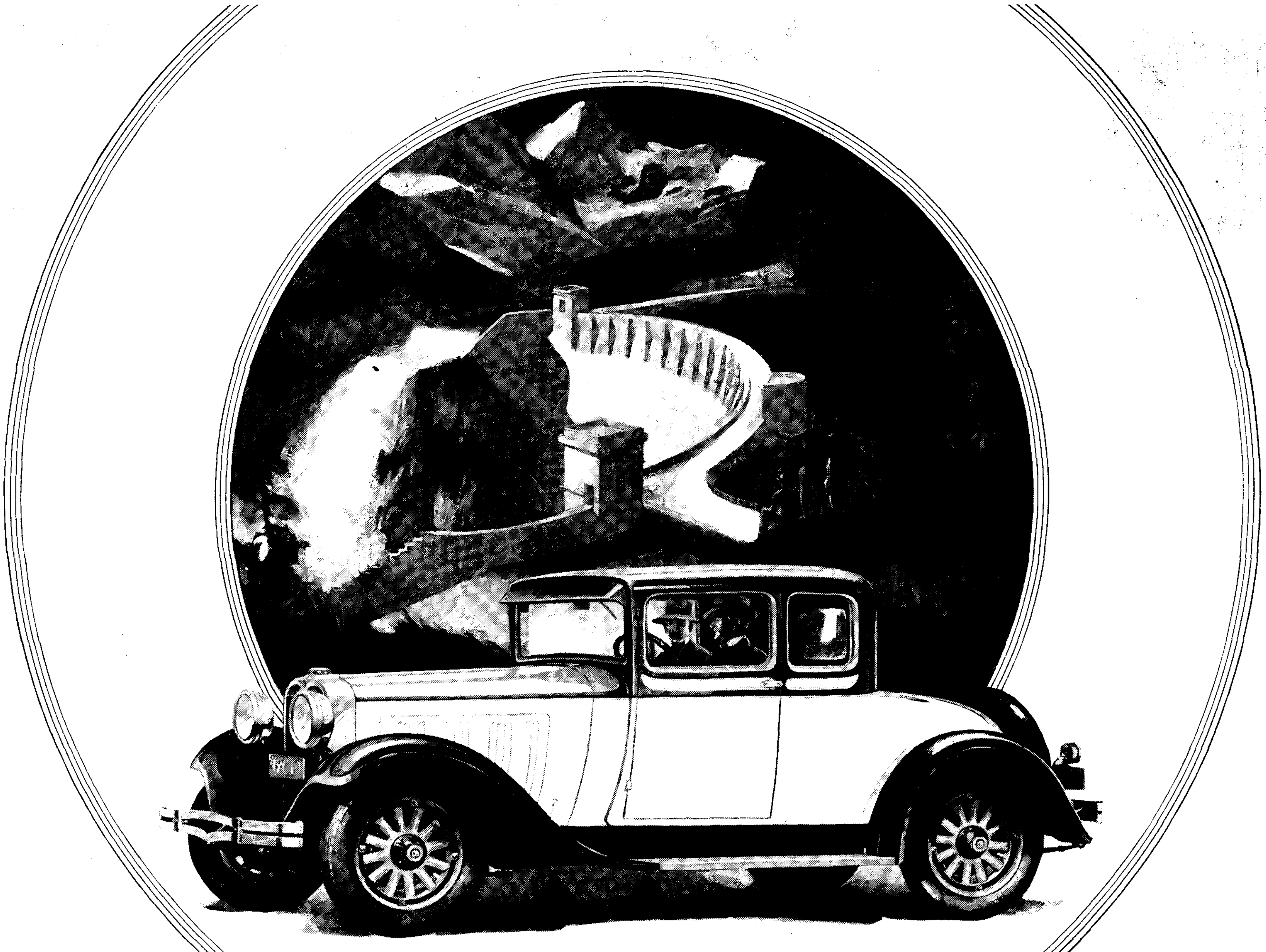

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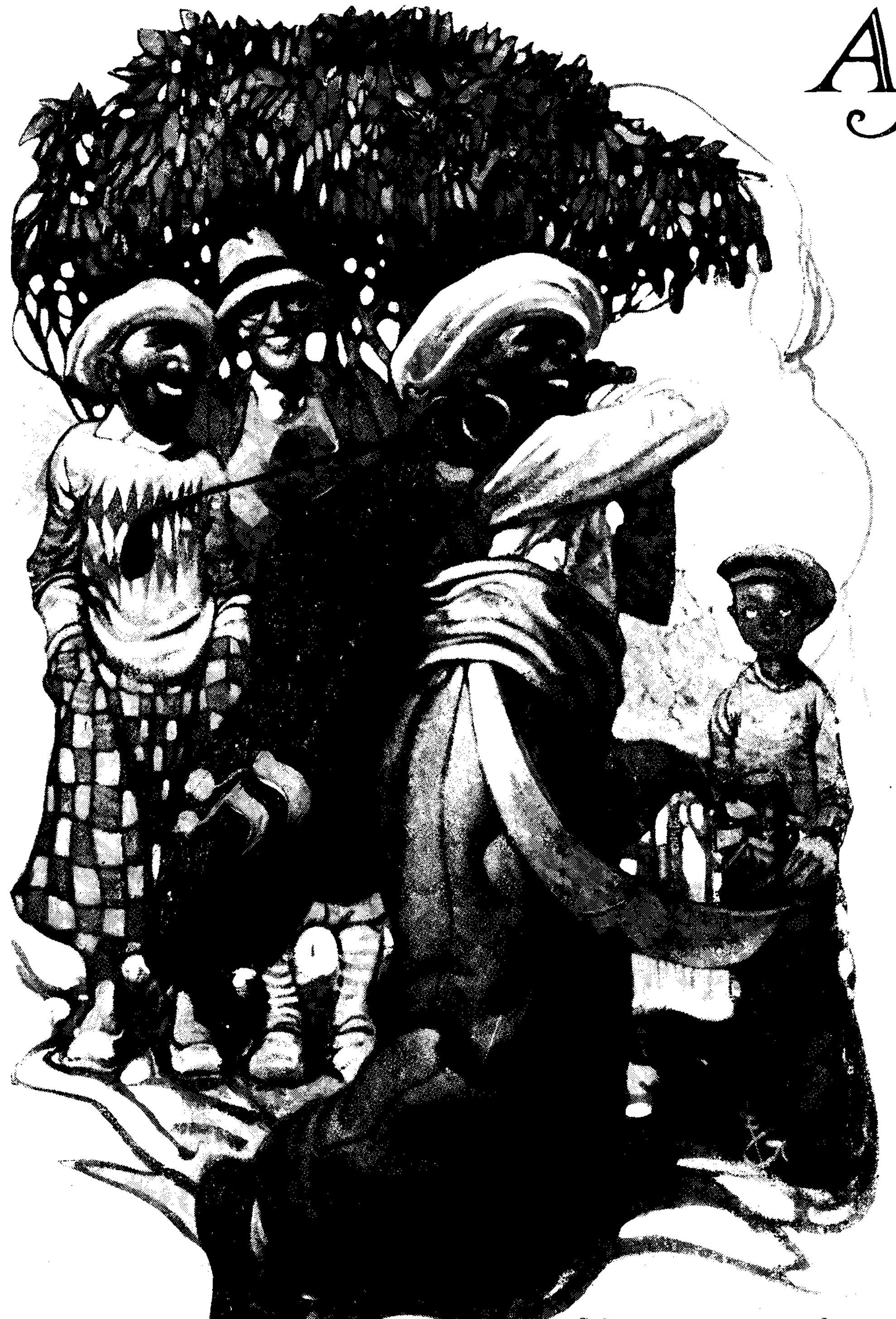
After the Ball

One of his hirelings had routed the Caliph through the industrial centers, when he desired to learn of American institutions. But the sage knew he'd learn more on the golf course

By SINBAD



Scimitar practice gave him a tremendous follow-through

TOWARD the end of his first week in New York the Commander of the Faithful declared that he had had enough of holiday making.

"Sinbad," he said, dropping into the vernacular, "I am crazy to get to work on my intensive study of American institutions. What think you of the itinerary which the Counsel on Public Relations has drawn up?"

He drew forth a typewritten memorandum in which nothing of the original text survived.

The C. P. R. had mapped out a tour of industrial centers starting with Schenectady. He had then moved on by way of Niagara, Pittsburgh, Dayton, Ohio, and Gary, Ill., to Chicago. I read only far enough to see that the Caliph had begun by striking out Schenectady and substituting Miami. Then I glanced at the royal golf bag, caught a wink from Mesrour the Sword Bearer, and thought quickly.

"Successor," I said, "your approach to the problems of American democracy is most excellently planned and revised."

"My game, Sinbad," said His Majesty, wistfully, "is better than when you knew it at Bagdad back in 1918. But it still leaves much to be desired. We have had our share of post-war reconstruction at home. I have had the old course on this side of the Tigris entirely reconstructed and have laid out two new eighteen holes across the river. But what with currency inflation and the new woman suffrage and the unassimilated minorities in Armenia I have never been able to get in enough practice."

Thus it was that early in January the Caliph began his inquiry into American democracy in Miami. It was not an easy course, and there were times when His Majesty doubted whether we should ever cope successfully with agricultural discontent in the West. We did much better at Biloxi. There the Descendant made two successive rounds under 95 and expressed the firm conviction that our Federal Reserve System had splendidly justified itself. At Atlanta, where deviations from the fairway are heavily penalized, our Caribbean policy did not look so good. But by the second day at Pinehurst the Nicaraguan situation had virtually adjusted itself. In this manner we moved north with the calendar, via Asheville and White Sulphur Springs, studying one problem of American democracy after another, until early April found us as guests of a well-known country club in one of the great states of the Middle West.

On the fifteenth tee we were held up by an elderly foursome which we had been trailing the greater part of the morning. But the Caliph was not unhappy. He had done well on his own account and his partner, Mesrour, had surpassed himself. Years of practice with the two-handed scimitar in cases of high treason had given Mesrour a perfect stance and a tremendous follow-through.

"The grounds seem to be exceptionally congested today," said His Majesty.

"Crown of Irak," said the Counsel on Public Relations, "the reason is obvious. In approximately seven months from today the American people will elect a new Supreme Mufti for a term of four years. The choice of a Supreme Mufti is made, as Your Majesty is aware, out of two aspirants put forward by the two great Religious Orders into which the American people is divided. These are the Republicans and the Democrats. Today the members of these two orders in this great state gather in their places of congregation to designate their standard bearers for next November. It is called Primary Day. And even though it is not a holiday it forms an excuse for sneaking away from the office. And on all well-managed golf courses, both on Primary Day and Election Day, there is a three-minute limit on lost balls."

"Then why, on such a day of solemn obligation, do the free-born electors throng to the links—for I gather that the issues are vital?"

"Exalted One, they are," said C. P. R. "Should the wrong man be elected Supreme Mufti next November, the things that will happen may be easily ascertained from this large bundle of clippings from the leading Republican and Democratic papers. The sun will be blotted out. The crops will wither on the stalk. Gold dollars will be offered at fifty cents apiece and no takers. The American family will break up. Unemployment will be rife. Throughout the land men will rend their garments and rub ashes on their heads."

50 Per Cent Americans

THE Caliph smiled and turned to me. "C. P. R. has quoted from the oracle of the clippings," he said. "Does it always come true, Sinbad?"

"Majesty, no," I said. "In practice it has been usually found that on the day after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November the sun continues to shine; that is, unless the Weather Bureau has predicted fair and warmer. The crops manage to get by. The stock market, as usual, opens weak but rallies at closing time. Tickets for the first twelve rows are still impossible to obtain at the box office. In other words, the country survives. Nevertheless, up to Election Day the country totters on the edge of the abyss, and strong men tremble for tomorrow."

"Then, once more, why do the people crowd to the links on these two days of high moment?"

"Bright one," I responded, "not all of the people. Only 50 per cent of the American electorate play golf on Primary Day or Election Day. The other 50 per cent do go to the polls. This compares with 93 per cent in Czechoslovakia." I saw the question in his eyes and hastened on. "Our greens committees have a saying: You must take care of all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but it is not necessary to worry about all of the people all of the time. Some of them do vote."

A Line on It

THE Caliph spoke out sternly: "Are your citizens, then, without a sense of responsibility?"

"If the Luminous One will permit," I said, "it is not quite so bad as that. In most of our states it happens that one or the other of our two Religious Orders has a decisive numerical preponderance. In this very commonwealth, for instance, the Order of Republicans is so powerful that there can be no question of how the state will cast its vote next November."

"You mean," said the Caliph, "the state is safely Republican even if 50 per cent of the Republicans play golf and all the Democrats vote?"

I looked up in astonishment.

"Dedicated One," I said, "how can that be? Democrats too are human. In the South there are usually four Democrats for one Republican on the links on Election Day without the country's being in the slightest degree imperiled."

"I fail to see," said the Caliph, "what the preponderance of Republicans or Democrats has to do with it on Primary Day. You have said it is a question of selecting the standard bearer within each Sacred Order. Republicans or Democrats who absent themselves from the polls have thus failed to help designate the best man on either side."

"Highness, to some extent it is true," I said. "But on Primary Day too there are automatic safeguards. Glittering One, we have in this country a natural phenomenon known as the Mason and Dixon Line. A correlated law of nature provides that north of this line there can be no such thing as an undesirable Republican. South of the line the same virtue inheres in Democratic vital statistics, so why should good men omit an opportunity to improve their handicaps on a legal holiday?"

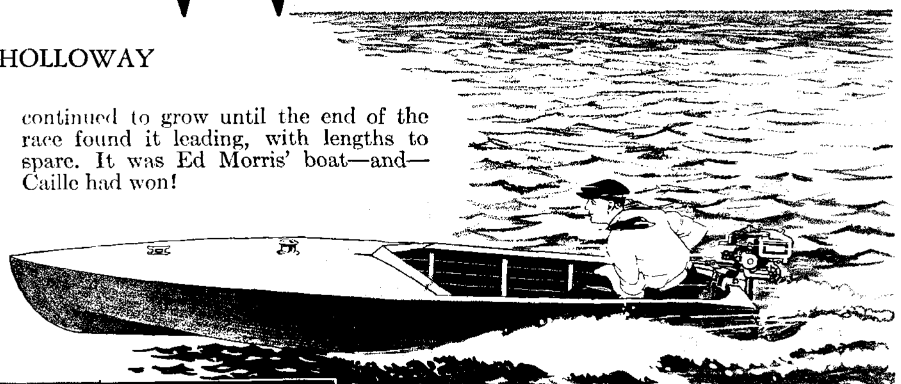
The Caliph shook his head.

"It is puzzling," he said, "but no doubt I shall begin to see more clearly with time. We shall continue our inquiry into the subject at Baltusrol, Oakmont, Wykagyl and Ekwanok."

An Outboard Motor Short Story

Caille WINS

By NELSON G. HOLLOWAY



THE day of the big outboard motor race arrived. The entrants were tuning up their motors—skimming their fast little craft over cool, even waters, in keen anticipation of the coming event. All were enthusiastic—many were confident—some were hopeful—a few were skeptical.

Of the confident pilots Ed Morris was the leader. He felt he just couldn't lose. He knew motors from A to Z, and had just given his own a thorough and painstaking test. Nothing could stop him, he was sure. His little boat was neat and graceful. His motor was running like a clock. His long experience and unerring skill would undoubtedly prove the deciding factor in the event that he was pressed.

The gun went off—the motors roared—the race was on! Ed's smile was broad as he took the lead. It lessened when another entrant drew up beside him. And it faded completely when he found himself two boats behind. Try as he would he could not gain, and the end of the race saw him tearing along, a poor third.

That night Ed held a session with himself in an effort to learn what lost him the race. But he came to no decision—it simply must have been fate. He would try again.

He entered his craft in the next race that was staged—confident as usual. But again he found himself lagging behind—and again he came in third.

Something was wrong—there were no two ways about it. So he decided once and for all to learn what it was. There was no denying his own knowledge and skill—experience had made him an A-1 driver. He couldn't have asked for a better boat—it was sturdy, trim and specially designed for racing. Then the cause must be in the motor.

Ed walked into an outboard motor dealer's store and the first thing that met his eyes was a great glowing sign, "Watch Caille This Year."

"What does that sign mean?" he asked the dealer.

"Just what it says — and it sure says a lot," replied the dealer. "Haven't you been watching the Caille this year?"

"Not particularly," answered Ed. "But if the Caille has anything my motor hasn't, I want to know what it is."

"Step over here," invited the dealer, "and we'll get the facts first hand. Here's the new Caille Racer itself. Now in the first place................." Ed's eyes opened wide.

"And second ....," Ed's mouth opened wider.

"Third....................," Ed was astonished!

"And look here ....," Ed was speechless!!

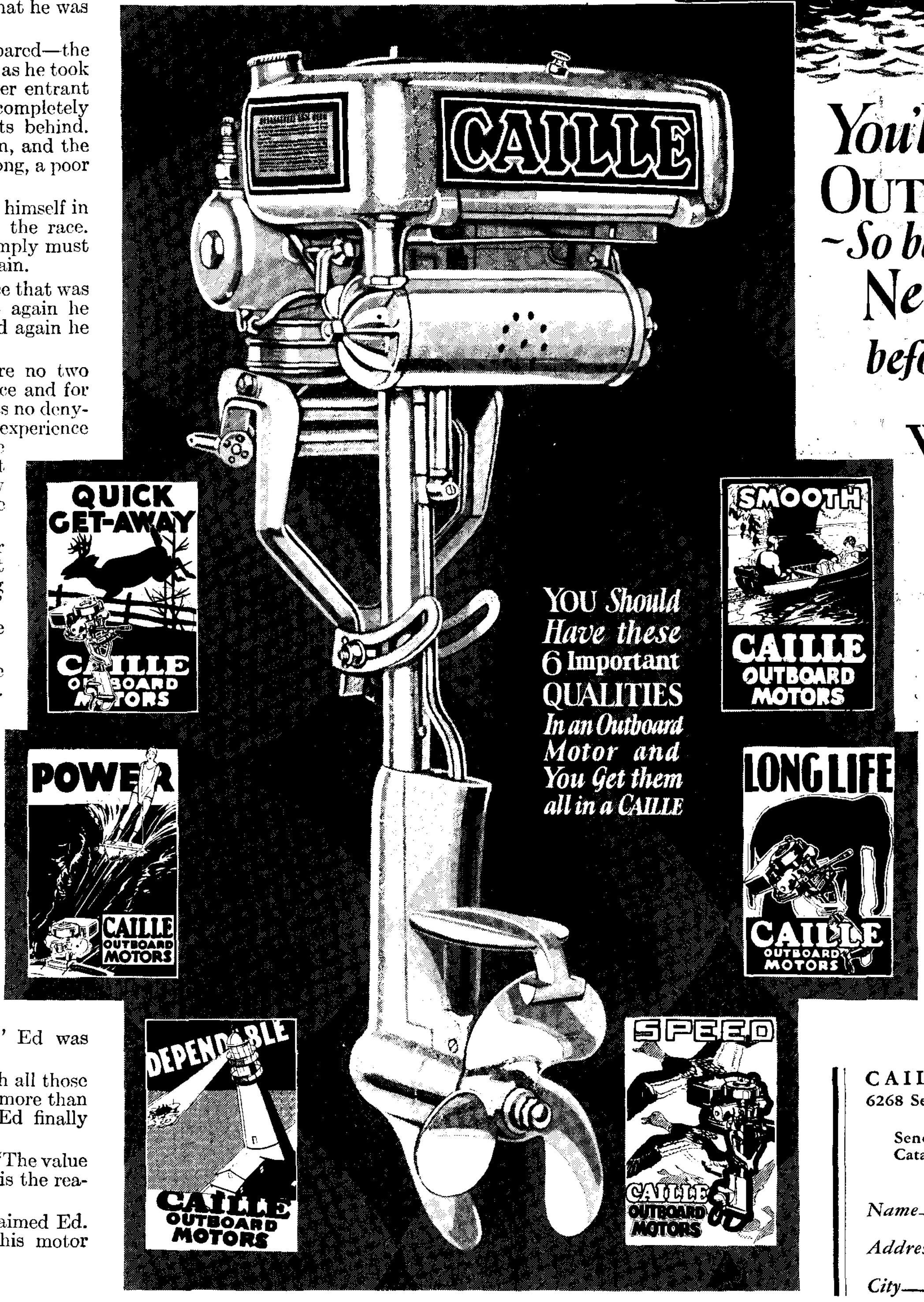
"Do you mean to tell me that with all those features the Caille Racer costs no more than the average outboard motor?" Ed finally managed to ask.

"Absolutely!" replied the dealer. "The value you get for the money in a Caille is the reason why I sell so many of them."

"Well, you've sold another!" exclaimed Ed. "I only wish I had examined this motor before."

When the next race came around Ed was ready. His new Caille Racer had replaced his old motor, and he experienced a new thrill as he awaited the gun.

A shot—a humming of motors—and the third race was in full swing! Neck and neck the boats sped on, no one gaining, no one losing. Then, like a shot, a sleek red racer leaped out in front, widening the gap between it and the rest — setting a pace that continued to grow until the end of the race found it leading, with lengths to spare. It was Ed Morris' boat—and—Caille had won!



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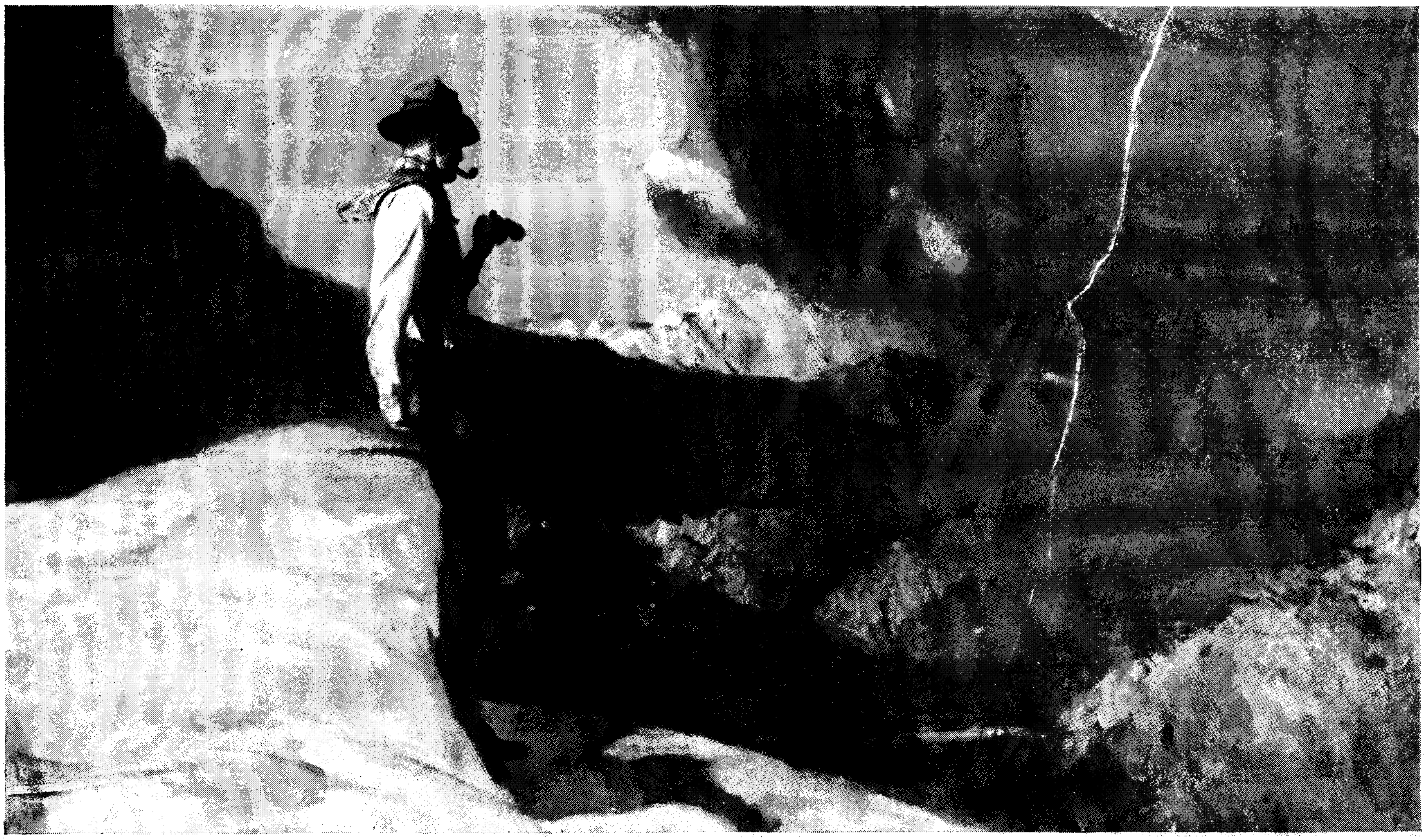


"I've even photographed lightning, discovered the why and wherefore of it, where it comes from, the directions in which it travels"

The Thunder God

A selfish and deceitful woman almost spills the beans

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIA JUSTIN and Julian Grannis, a brilliant young engineer, loved each other in college but, because Julian felt he had so little to offer, no word was spoken. Afterward Julian meets Mercedes Lindberg in France, whom he later marries. Gloria's father dies after financial disaster and Gloria becomes secretary to Ben Whitton, college friend and war comrade of Julian's.

Julian, realizing his wife's extravagance, decides not to tell her of an unexpected legacy so he can make some electrical experiments. He goes with Mercedes to San Francisco to get Ben's aid. In Ben's office he sees Gloria again. Ben is persuaded to make Julian his fake partner so Mercedes will not suspect her husband's source of income.

Ben then joins Gloria for a ride in the park and Julian returns to the hotel to dress for dinner with the Branders, friends of Mercedes' he does not know. He finds Mercedes hysterical and realizes she has discovered his secret, but for the first time such an outburst leaves him unmoved. As a last resort she locks herself in the bathroom, but Julian goes down to the lobby. He decides to ask Gloria to dinner, but she is not home.

IT WAS nine o'clock before Julian Grannis decided the lobby of the Palace Hotel was not a good place in which to spend the night. It occurred to him about this time too that he was hungry, which realization naturally reminded him of the dinner engagement which Mercedes had made for him with her friends from Los Angeles.

He was vaguely distressed to think that he might have been guilty of a discourtesy; he remembered now that in the state of mental chaos in which he had left Mercedes it was probable she had been unable to think of a satisfactory last-minute excuse to escape her guests . . . perhaps it had been gross of him not to have kept his own temper and performed her thinking for her . . . he hated to humiliate her . . . he wondered if she was still a prisoner, self-committed, in the bathroom; wished he could forget quickly the picture of the undignified spectacle she had presented, lying on the floor and beating it with furious alternate thumps of her heels.

Of course he had seen her weep often enough, but she had not hitherto been undignified to the point of hysteria. . . . Well, he'd suffer for her suffering, that was certain. Not that Mercedes would nag him, of course, for she was far from being a nagger, but she would be certain to indicate gently and politely how deeply he had hurt her and how heroically she would have to struggle with her better nature to eradicate the memory of his transgression. No, he had no fear that he would be treated impolitely upon his return to the hotel; the devil of it was he would be greeted too politely!

FROM an adjacent dining-room the strains of an orchestra reached him. Jazz! He loathed brasses in an orchestra. They made him nervous. Now, a quintet playing a Strauss waltz . . . he watched flappers and their callow escorts hurrying down the lobby to that most dreadful of modern institutions, the dinner dance. . . . What were those youths going to do with their lives, anyhow? Not a great deal, he feared. They didn't look like lads into whose soul the iron had ever entered . . . they knew not the competition of existence. He wished he could be free, tonight, of his profound thoughts, of his serious attitude toward life. He wanted to be lighthearted and care-free, a little bit silly. . . .

Standing a little apart from him two elderly gentlemen were discussing a hydroelectric promotion: "There's a man named Grannis, formerly with the Western Sierra people . . . we should get him at any price. He knows more about lightning arresters than any half dozen of the so-called experts. . . ."

"Try and get me," Julie murmured at their broad backs, and fled to obviate any such effort on the part of the interested pair. A little old shabby-genteel man sidled toward him and begged for a match, remarked on the beauty of the evening and seemed disinclined to be on his way.

Poor old chap! Lonely perhaps, lonely as all the world is, even in the very moments when it strives to prove it is happiest. Julie wished he wouldn't talk to him; the old fellow had the sickly sweetish breath of a diabetic . . . unpleasant . . . strange how all the queer people in the world seemed to pick on him; he had a feeling that the little old shabby-genteel man was screwing his courage up to the point of soliciting a "loan."

Well, he could have some money, of course, but why the devil didn't he ask for it and be on his way? . . . Terrible to be old and poor and diabetic and unable to avoid a preponderance of starch in one's diet. . . .

A fattish man with a cold face touched the little old shabby-genteel man on the shoulder; he said no word, but jerked his thumb authoritatively toward the exit. Julie understood. House detective, protecting the guests. The old man flushed, and Julie said:

"Mr. Twombly, here is that five dollars you were good enough to loan me yesterday. Thanks a thousand times."

The alleged Mr. Twombly's hands closed over the bill eagerly. "Oh, no hurry, Mr. Jackson," he protested, "no hurry. Still, since you insist—"

HE PROFFERED a hand which Julie shook heartily; then the other, mustering the fragments of a lost dignity, obeyed the house detective, who looked at Julie grimly.

"An' that little panhandler's name ain't Twombly neither," the former declared. "He's an old broken-down jockey, and his name's Benny Vries."

"Well, what of it." Julie grinned mischievously. "I ride a hobby horse of my own occasionally."

The house detective turned away. He couldn't understand such people. Julie moved toward a smart and very expensive coupé parked just off the main lobby between two pillars. A neat placard on the bonnet informed him that the car was the first prize offered by a local newspaper in a subscription campaign, which explained sufficiently why it was on exhibition in the hotel. To Julie, who had never known luxury in the matter of automobiles, his employers having furnished him with cheap but sturdy four-cylinder cars, this coupé suggested the apotheosis of automotive delight. So he commenced an interested inspection of it, which wavered when he became aware, subconsciously, that somebody was staring at his shoulder blades. He turned and looked into the face of Gloria Justin.

"Oh, hello, Gloria," he cried enthusiastically. "I wish I'd met you a couple of hours ago. I telephoned your home, but received no answer." He shook hands.

"I'm sorry, Julie. I dined tonight with some friends in their suite upstairs. I was about to go home early—rode with Ben today, and I'm tired." She noted a faint shadow of disappointment flit across his features, and added: "But not too tired to avoid a little visit with you, Julie. I suppose we can find a seat in the lounge."

"I HAVEN'T had any dinner, Gloria. Suppose you sit with me in that dining-room yonder while I eat. You might have an ice or a small cup of coffee, or something." His objection to brasses in an orchestra had vanished instantly, and dancing between bites appeared to be a most desirable form of exercise. "One little dance, perhaps," he pleaded. "It's been so long, Gloria. I'll not keep you up late, and I'll take you home in a taxi."

She smiled her acceptance, and they checked his hat and her cloak. At the entrance to the dining-room the head waiter met them. "I'm very sorry, sir, but every table is occupied. If you will, perhaps, wait fifteen or twenty minutes—"

Julie's gaze wandered over the room, appraising the situation, hoping the head waiter might be in error. Suddenly Gloria saw his glance focused along the wall and following the direction of his gaze saw Mercedes Grannis seated with a man at a table for two. Even as they looked, Mercedes' calm, faintly superior gaze met theirs. Gloria nodded, but Mrs. Grannis ignored the nod; she had eyes only for her husband.

Julie flushed, "Apparently," he said, "we are in the wrong church, and there are no pews. Thank you, Captain, but I'm much too hungry to wait. Suppose, Gloria, we go over to Narciso's restaurant. We were accustomed to patronize it in the old days. It will be quite deserted at this hour."

"I think that's a splendid idea," she urged, and they retreated as casually as they had entered. At the new Montgomery Street exit they took a taxi, rolled up and over Market Street and down deserted Montgomery Street through the heart of the financial district. On the edge of the Latin Quarter they alighted at Narciso's, one of those unpretentious Italian restaurants for which San Francisco is famous.

"After all," said Julie (throughout the short ride he had not spoken), "I think I prefer restaurants dedicated solely to food. The old place looks as grimy as ever."

They entered and were recognized instantly by Signor Narciso, despite the years that had intervened since last they had patronized him. He shook their hands cordially.

"And old Joe too," Julie declared with enthusiasm, and shook hands with a fat waiter. He gazed a moment around the walls, decorated with terrible mural paintings of scenes in and around the Bay of Naples, then followed the beaming Joseph to a little private box, with Narciso bringing up the rear.

"A cocktail?" Narciso knew the customers he could trust.

"I'll chance it, Narciso. I'm back in San Francisco for good, so I know you wouldn't risk ruining an old customer *and, henceforth, a steady one.*"

Narciso gazed questioningly at Gloria. "I have already dined, Narciso."

"Ah, a liqueur and a demi-tasse?" the boniface suggested. Gloria nodded.

"Bring me, please," Julie ordered, "a field salad with hearts of artichokes. French dressing and garnished with anchovies. Then I'll have an order of your incomparable sole Meunière, with some shoe-string potatoes. After that a crêpe suzette and a pot of black coffee."

"With brandy, no?" Narciso was very hopeful. "It is but two-year-old California brandy, but very good. I make it myself at my ranch in Napa Valley."

"With brandy, Narciso. And a pint of sauterne."

"Ah-hah! I have it," their host declared with all the enthusiasm of one to whom there can be neither risk nor illegality in dispensing liquids forbidden by law. He hurried away on his joyous errand, followed by the perspiring Joe.

Then, for the first time, Julie and Gloria looked at each other.

"Did you see what I saw, Gloria?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Well," he rejoined philosophically, "perhaps the cocktail will give me strength to face my impending troubles. I often think, Gloria, that the Lord created me a perennial Tumble Tom."

"I do hope, Julie," Gloria answered, faintly cool, "that you do not feel guilty because your wife saw you with me."

"No, no, Gloria, not that. But you *met the situation so splendidly.* You nodded to her—and she gave you the dead face. That hurt."

"It didn't hurt me. I anticipated it. Nine women out of ten would have acted similarly."

"Thank God, you're the tenth. But it hurt me. I couldn't help wishing my wife had been a bit more sporting. She might have known I would not have been ungraceful toward her. I wonder who that big, fat, rosy fellow with her is?"

"You did not, then, anticipate meeting Mercedes when you asked me to sit with you?"

"Good Lord, no. I wouldn't embarrass a mouse."

"I can well believe that, Julie. I was a witness to your extraordinary and expensive efforts to save Mr. Twombly from embarrassment." She laughed heartily. "Ah, Julie, you're such a queer creature. God only made one Julie and then the devil destroyed the mold."

Joe appeared with the cocktail and Julie raised the glass. "I drink to liberty," he toasted. "To confusion to all swanks, frauds, deceivers, pretenders and boneheads. And now," he added, "having exorcised that lot from our party, Gloria, I drink to your beautiful eyes and your beautiful soul."

HE BLUSHED at his own effrontery, and the little-boy look was in his eyes again. And for that she wanted to kiss him!

"If it wasn't so late to tuck away a heavy *dinner, I do believe I'd have* some stewed tripe, Spanish, with risotto," he decided.

"You would, of course, you vulgarian." Their eyes held each other; they laughed and, lo, Julie was no longer burdened with his vague distress, the girl no longer fatigued.

He gazed around the little booth with dawning wonder in his eyes. "In this very booth I kissed you good-by, Gloria, the night before I sailed for Peru. That was a long time ago."

"And considerable water has flowed under the bridges since, Julie."

"Life is terrible, Gloria. It does things to some of us—and some of us do things to it. It's a game in which the cards are stacked against us from the beginning."

"You aren't developing into a misanthrope, Julie?"

"No, but occasionally I grow weary. Too many things to think about; too much to do and only one little lifetime in which to do it. So many futile, useless, heart-breaking interruptions to a game that will always be left undecided—called on account of darkness."

She felt a swift pang of pity for him. "I suppose the world *is* hard on the dreamers, the men and women with constructive ideas they are so anxious to develop into vigorous brain children."

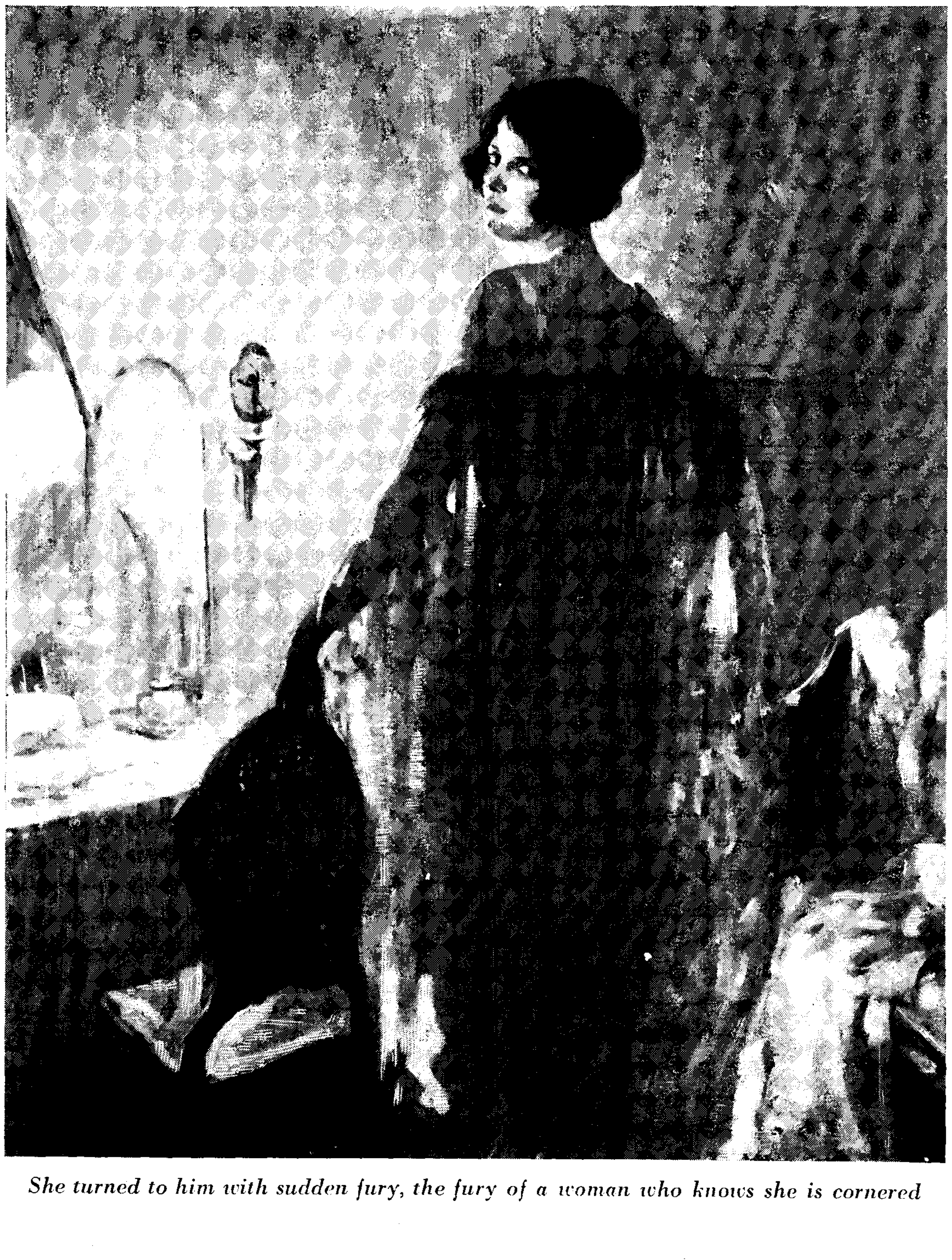
He ignored her observation, sensing only her sympathy, for he reached across the table and patted her hand. With great deliberation and enjoyment he drank his cocktail. "I was never much of a drinking man; a night out always means, to me, a day spoiled or lost. Bad for thinking. But I have enjoyed this drink; it soothes me."

A sudden humor now seized him. "Well," he ruminated, "this is certainly a huge joke on Mercedes. You know, Gloria, she isn't so different from others of her sex. She will have the last word. But tonight, when she gets home, she'll be tongue-tied. Keno! The two goats met on the foot log over the brawly stream, but, contrary to Mr. Æsop's version, we're not going to butt each other off. I have a notion that such discussion as will occur will be calm, orderly and free from prejudice, with a degree of mutual understanding remarkable for its clarity and charity."

"Well, whatever happens, you're not the goat, Julie."

"Neither is Mercedes. It's just a bully joke on both."

(*Continued on page 40*)



She turned to him with sudden fury, the fury of a woman who knows she is cornered

Workers in Ivory

A gallery of the master minds of big-league benches—you know them all

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

John J. McGraw, still forceful and ambitious, will fight for his eleventh flag

Wide World

TWENTY-SIX years ago, dating back to the season of 1902, a comparatively young fellow by the name of Connie Mack stepped out and won his first American League pennant for the Philadelphia Athletics.

Now, more than a quarter of a century after his first pennant victory, the same Connie Mack—tall, angular, lean-faced, solemn-looking, gray-haired—is still leading one of his legions.

Two years after Mack won his first Philadelphia pennant a shorter, heavier-set, more combustible manager by the name of John J. McGraw landed his first pennant for the New York Giants. McGraw has added nine other banners to his flock since that long-ago time when Matty was still young.

Now, twenty-four years later, the same John J. McGraw, round and gray, not quite so combustible but still full of fire, is leading another combat division into action in pursuit of his eleventh flag.

These two head the list of contending managers this season who in their careers have captured twenty-nine major-league pennants, and this doesn't include two other pennants that have been won by players who are now in the ranks—Speaker and Hornsby.

As they marched to the post in April, McGraw led the list with 10 pennants; Mack, 6; Huggins, 5; Carrigan, 2; Harris, 2; Robinson, 2; McKechnie, 1; and Bush, 1.

But a long, long line of leaders has come and gone since the willowy Mack and the fiery McGraw captured their first gonfalonic trophies. Frank Chance, Pat Moran, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Wild Bill Donovan, Dave Bancroft, Art Fletcher, Johnny Evers, Stuffy McInnis, George Stallings, Eddie Collins and Kid Gleason are among those who have retired, died or dropped back to the ranks.

Two Grand Old Warriors

THE marvel of Mack and McGraw is that for twenty-eight and twenty-six years respectively they have been with the same ball clubs—Mack in Philadelphia and McGraw in New York.

Knowing baseball is only part of the job. They must know how and where to pick and trade, how to build, how to teach, how to direct and how to handle. Some stars must be led and encouraged. Others must be driven. Morale is almost as essential for a winning team as material.

International

Connie Mack, 14 years out, won't give up

In 1914 Connie Mack had won six pennants. He was at the head of a great machine. He scattered this machine, and now for fourteen years he has been facing rebuffs and reverses without any sign of lagging interest or any touch of discouragement. In these fourteen years of struggling up he has collected nearly 700 ball players, only to see promising youngsters fade out, or break, and promising teams crumble up after a good start.

Last year he gathered a team good enough to run up a pennant-winning average in normal times, only to have it finish nineteen games back of an abnormal team that broke all league records in the wake of a wild barrage of home runs and triples. But although well past sixty, he continued to build by adding Speaker to his outfield in another year's dependence on such stars as Cobb, Speaker and Collins.

Mack intends to fight it out until he has whiskers longer than Trader Horn's and whiter than the snows of Everest. On his march through the 60's he has just begun to fight.

Mack and McGraw were tied with six pennants each until John J. assembled another brilliant cast in 1921 that brought him four more pennants in a row, putting him well in front of them all. Then as McGraw was planning to take a less active part St. Louis jumped into the lead in 1926, so he decided to bag at least one more pennant before he stopped. He came close to his wish last fall in a final headlong drive that almost nipped the Pirates a few jumps from the wire. And this year Hornsby is missing.

McGraw has naturally lost some of the fire of his earlier years. His aggressiveness isn't as pronounced and as harsh as it used to be. But the old qualities of direct and forceful leadership are still with him. No other man has done as much for old-time players who have come up on rougher days.

Miller Huggins, the midget mandarin of the Yankees, is a different type from either McGraw or Mack. In many ways he lacks the personal or impersonal magnetism which these two veterans have always had. But he has always been a shrewd tactician, smart in the inside ways of the game, and he has proved his ability at handling men by controlling an all-star cast that at times has been none too easy to handle.

He had his battle with Ruth, and Ruth finished second. There has been no trouble since. He had his battles with other members of the team, but he has led them to five pennants in seven years, and he isn't through.

Two of the most interesting types are Joe McCarthy of Chicago's Cubs and Donie Bush of the Pirates.

McCarthy came up from a minor league to take over a somewhat disorganized club, and within two months he had them out hustling the league. You might take this Cub leader with a strong, pleasant face and a reserved manner for some banker or for the head of some corporation. He has his full share of poise and directness and smoothness of speech. He also knows a ball player, and he knows how to make his teams play all the baseball they know.

Old Solons Can't Pinch-hit

MCCARTHY believed that team discipline was even more important than Grover Cleveland Alexander, one of the greatest pitchers that ever threw dust in a batting eye. He had a young team coming on, and it was necessary for that young team to know he meant what he said.

As a result he had this young team hustling and fighting and scrambling along five games in front of the field late last August until lack of infield experience and the need of one more good pitcher broke up his drive.

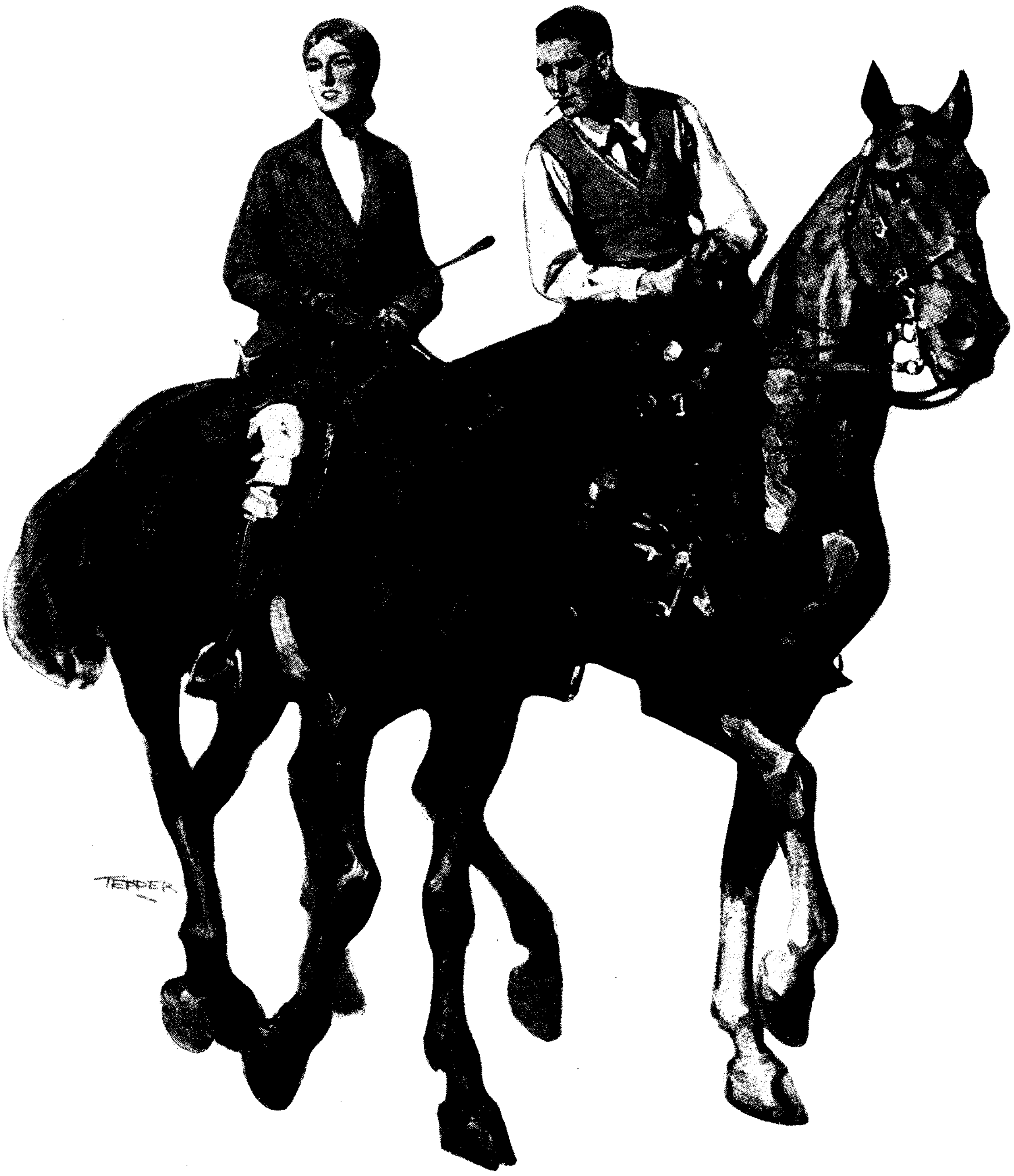
McCarthy in no respect resembles Mack, McGraw, or Huggins, which shows again that results come from more than one set mold.

Donie Bush, now of Pittsburgh, preceded Buck Harris at Washington and helped to start a pennant-winning machine on its way. Bush, an ex-Detroit infield star, had a tough job when he came from Indianapolis to Pittsburgh, for he fell into the middle of internal trouble that finally led to the benching of Kiki Cuyler, one of his outstanding stars. He had to fight his way down the stretch with Cuyler on the bench and the howls of an indignant home mob thundering across the field each day, but he finally pulled them through.

Bush is keen, eager and likable. He is another great believer in hustling to the last out, but he knows how to lead and drive, plead and rave in turn. They must play baseball for Donie or step into a war. He is as dynamic a type as baseball knows today.

Then there is Your Uncle Wilbert Robinson of Brooklyn, the great pacifier, guide, philosopher, friend, teacher and student. Robby is the great salver, the "Come on, kid, you've got everything," and one of the greatest instructors baseball has yet seen. Baseball has never had another as good at developing and handling pitchers or at salvaging wrecks.

Give either Robinson or Bill Carrigan of the Boston Red Sox an even break in talent, and no home fan will have to worry about his share of victories. But not even a Robinson or a Carrigan, who have won their pennants, can sit on a bench and make base hits in a pinch.



"That poster reminds me . . . a horseback scene like this would make a good cigarette advertisement . . ."

"Sure, call it *'Thoroughbreds'* and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"

Chesterfield
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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
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THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

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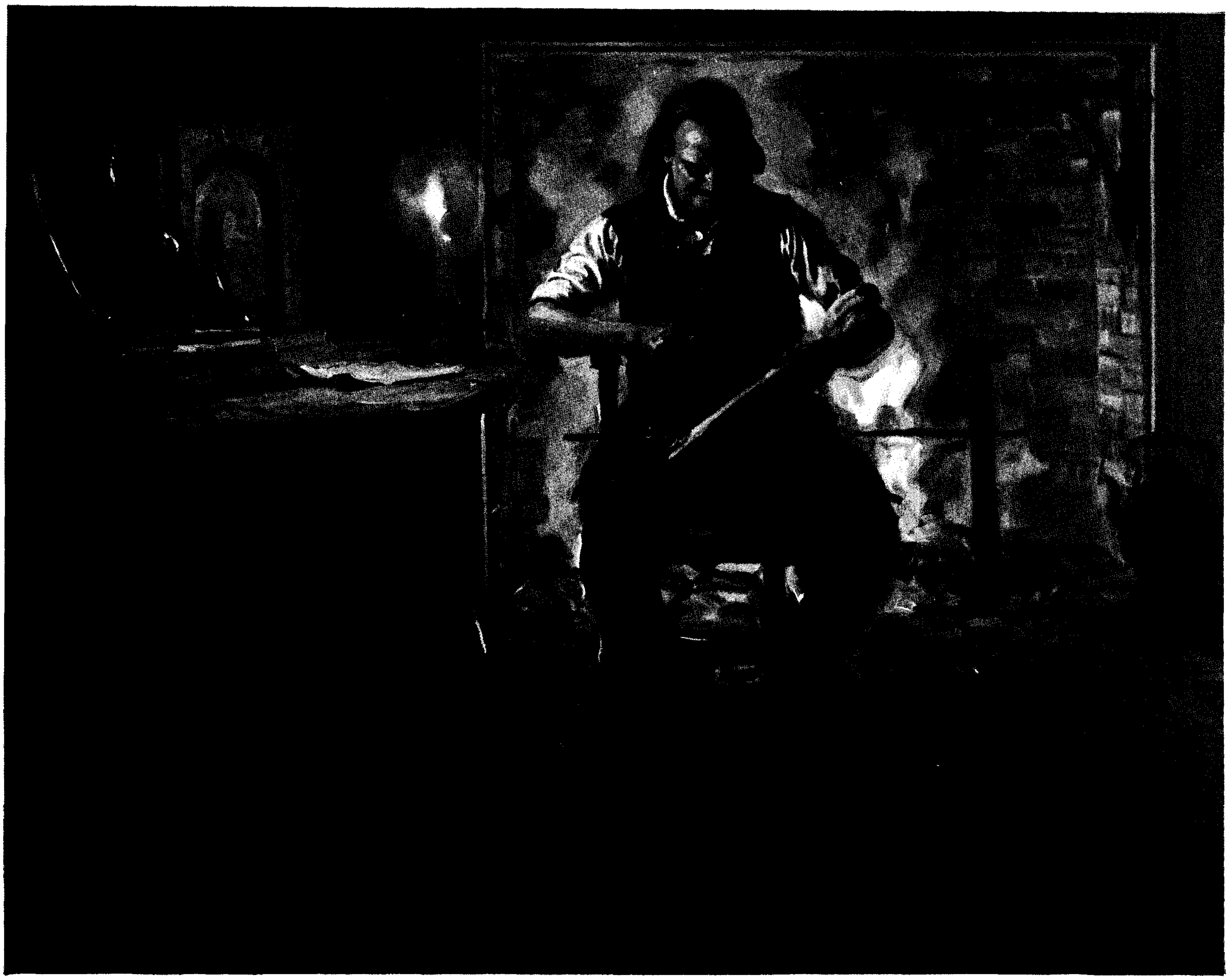
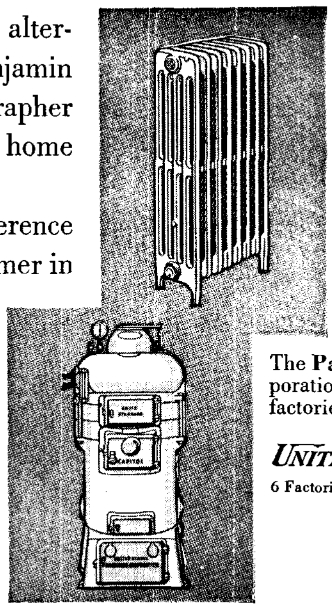


Ben Franklin's back was cold

TIRED of scorching his face and freezing his heels and alternately warming his back and chilling his front, Benjamin Franklin in 1742 invented his Pennsylvania stove. A biographer calls it one of the first contrivances to give the American home the civilizing comfort marvelled at by the world.

But comfort was not all that Franklin aimed at. The difference in economy alone, he pointed out, "between the English farmer in America who makes great fires in open chimneys . . . and the German who burns his fuel in a stove . . . shall in a course of years enable the German to buy out the Englishman and take possession of his plantation."



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Great Grief!

By CHARLES BRACKETT

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

The Story Thus Far:

VICKY BOND returns to Chatfield from Paris to find that Mrs. Edith Viereck, prospective divorcée, whom she detests, has wormed her way into Vicky's own circle and that Dolly Tillinghast has been nice to her. Dolly and Vicky are intense but not inseparable lovers, for Vicky wants her own way. Vicky teases Dolly about Edith till, in a rage, he calls Vicky the most exasperating woman in the world and goes on a yachting trip. Next day the papers announce his marriage.

Smarting under the sympathy of Edith and others, Vicky says she was married first—to a master bootlegger, Clovis d'Auvergnat, alias Frederick Brown. It turns out that it was another Tillinghast who got married, but Vicky must see her lies through.

She therefore announces that Clovis is dead—died in some mysterious bootlegging way, so there can be no funeral. Dolly Tillinghast returns, tells Vicky that she can't get away with it with him, so, bound to make him believe her, she announces that Clovis' body is coming on.

Then Vicky in desperation writes Gennery Bond, her cousin, the truth and says he must have a wax figure sent on in a coffin.

Then arrives a note from her absent maid, Hester, saying she is returning and a telegram from Alice Campbell Higgins, Bloomington, Illinois, announcing that she is coming on to discover what Frederick Brown Vicky married. In answer to a previous message Helen Vaughn, friend of Vicky's, had written that it was not any Frederick Brown whom Miss Higgins could have known. Vicky reads the telegram and hands it to Helen.

"IT IS for you," Vicky said humbly. Helen read it.

"Why, that's the woman who wrote the letter to you!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, this comes from Bloomington, Illinois. She's coming on."

"Well a lot of good it will do her," Vicky said.

"It may relieve her mind to see him."

"She's certainly not going to see him."

"Vicky! I should think, after you've been through so much, you'd feel sorry for her."

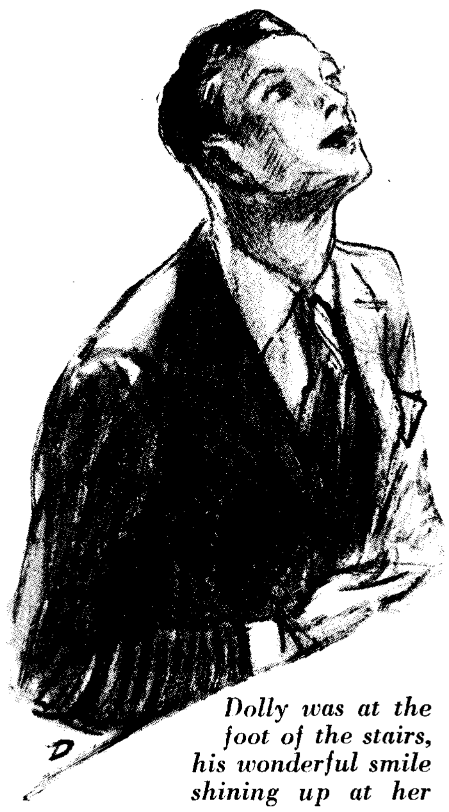
"She should take my word," Vicky sniffed. "See him, indeed! I don't expect to see him myself."

"You what!"

"I certainly don't expect to have the coffin opened."

"Oh, Vicky!" Helen Vaughn said, and for a moment Vicky thought she was going to cry, and even Lizzie, who was mopping up some coffee which had been spilled when Vicky was grasping for the telegram, paused and said protestingly, "Aw, Miss Bond!"

"Does that seem so very surprising?" Vicky asked. "It seems to me the only civilized thing to do."



Dolly was at the foot of the stairs, his wonderful smile shining up at her

"It doesn't have to be opened at the funeral perhaps," Helen Vaughn began, "but I certainly think it would look very queer—"

"We won't discuss the matter now," Vicky told her grandly, "and I think I'm getting my headache again and will be left alone. The only thing I feel up to today is answering the telephone. Connect my extension, and don't pay any attention if it rings downstairs."

"But I should think that would be the very worst thing for your headache!"

"It won't and I want to feel that I'm doing something. Have you happened to hear what's happened about Edith Viereck's divorce?"

"No, I haven't," Helen confessed. "I've been so busy."

"Well if Edith Viereck should call today I'll see her, and bring me any telegram the instant it arrives."

"I'm afraid you're in a terribly nervous state," Helen fussed affectionately. "I wonder if I oughtn't to have a doctor see you."

Vicky had to shoo her and Lizzie from the room.

She was so tired of bed that she rose, took a tub, put on another of Lucy Faraday's creations, and applied a splendid pallor to her face. She then tried to read a book lying on her chaise longue, but not hearing from Gennery had made her too nervous. After about an hour and a half more Vicky put in a long distance call for him in New York.

WHILE she was waiting for it Helen Vaughn tapped at the door, opened it, said: "There's somebody you said you'd like to see," and produced Edith Viereck from behind her.

"Oh, 'ou poor 'ittle dirl!" Edith Viereck mouthed, coming into the room, and Helen withdrew, beaming at the reunion. Helen loved amity.

"Don't let's talk about my troubles," Vicky said with a look of fugitive saintliness. "Helen told me last night you'd had news, too. Was it about your divorce?"

"Yes, it was," Edith Viereck said, in a perfectly adult voice. "What do you think Walter Viereck has done now? The meanest trick. He's disputing my residence in Pennsylvania."

"I didn't know you lived in Pennsylvania."

"I don't, but I reside there. I go down twice a month, and you know no gentleman disputes a thing like that anyway."

"Was that why you wanted Dolly Tillinghast?"

"Yes, it was. You see Adolphus has been so sweet about my divorce, and I haven't any other great big man to—"

At that moment the telephone rang.

"Pardon me," Vicky said, and seized the receiver. "Yes, this is Miss Bond speaking. Hang up the other receiver, Lizzie. I'm answering as I said I would."

"Your New York call," Central told her.

"If you'll wait in my dressing-room," Vicky suggested to Edith Viereck.

Edith went into the dressing-room but failed to shut the door.

Gennery's voice came at last, rather grumpy.

"Hello, Gennery," Vicky said.

" 'Lo, Vicky."

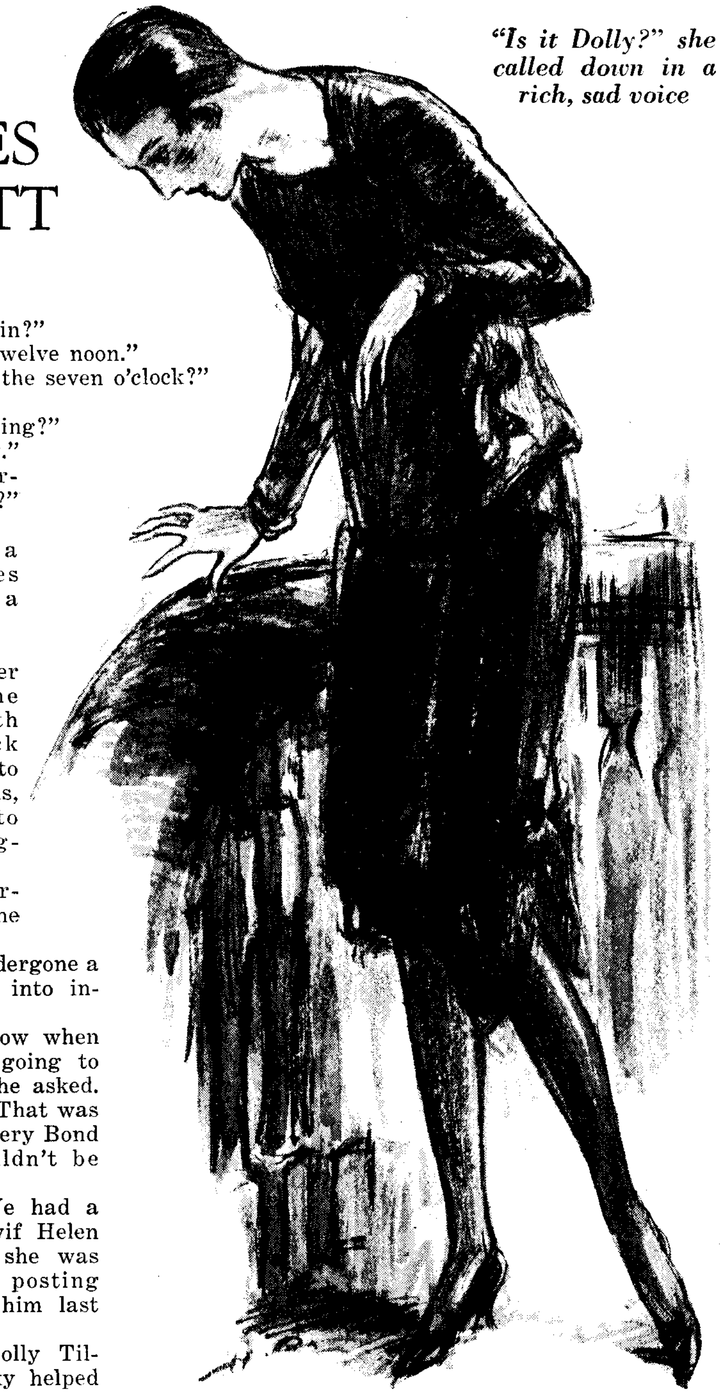
"You got my letter?"

"Yep."

It was just like Gennery not to help out.

"Is it all right?"

"Yep."



"Is it Dolly?" she called down in a rich, sad voice

"On what train?"

"Shipped at twelve noon."

"That means the seven o'clock?"

"Yep."

"Are you coming?"

"Nope. Busy."

"You understood, Gennery?"

"Nope."

"Thank you a thousand times anyway. You're a lamb."

"G'by."

Feeling in her relief, that she could deal with Edith Viereck without danger to her blood vessels, Vicky went into her dressing-room.

"Funeral arrangements," she said.

Edith had undergone a terrific relapse into infantilism.

"Does 'oo know when sad fings are going to happen yet?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. That was my cousin Gennery Bond saying he couldn't be here."

"Oh, yes. We had a 'ittle talkfest wif Helen Vaughn when she was coming from posting your letter to him last night?"

"You and Dolly Tillinghast?" Vicky helped to bring the conversation back to its muttons. "You were just telling me about Dolly Tillinghast and your divorce."

"Well, Adolphus knows Walter Viereck's lawyer, and so I told Adolphus the bad naughty fing I'd been freatened with, and Adolphus offered to go to New York and tell him it wasn't nice to treat poor Edie so."

"Dolly hasn't gone to New York?"

"Yes, he has. And he says with just one big man to man powwow all poor Edie's troubles can be blowed away, puff, puff. Only then she'll be a divorced lady."

"When did Dolly go?"

"On the midnight, and I'll have to telephone him wight away 'tause he said if sad fings were going to be tomorrow he'd take a train back to be here in time."

"Why in the world should he be here?" Vicky asked. "I don't care whether he's here or not."

"But he wants to be here. Adolphus is very, very fond of you, Vicky Bond. He wouldn't not be here for worlds and worlds. Now what can Edie do for 'ou? Edie loves to help."

"I'm afraid the only thing, at present," Vicky said, "is to leave me alone. My headache seems to be coming back."

"Oh poor 'ittle Vicky!" Edith mooed. " 'Ou poor 'ittle fing!"

SHE left, shedding proffers of assistance to the sill of the door.

Dolly Tillinghast in New York and likely to look up Gennery! Vicky flew back to the phone but before she had a chance to get even the long distance operator Helen Vaughn was at her door.

"Edith says it's coming at seven! I'm sorry to disturb you but there are so many arrangements to make."

"Just make them, please, and don't bother me."

"But which undertaker do you want?"

"Do we have to have an undertaker?"

"Oh, yes. They won't send it up from the station on an express wagon, you know."

Vicky had a feeling that Dolly was getting nearer and nearer Gennery's house.

"Get whatever one you want."

"Carroll has nicer chairs," Helen meditated, "but Bloom is really awfully sweet. And about the service? Shall I get Mr. Marshall, or is he a Catholic?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but Dr. Marshall will do. Clovis was nothing if not broadminded."

"Burial in the family plot, I suppose?"

That really was awful. To put a perfect stranger with four generations of Bonds. The Bonds had never been a gregarious family in the least. Still, Vicky supposed it had to be done, and perhaps it would only be a load of stones anyway. Vicky hoped so at the moment.

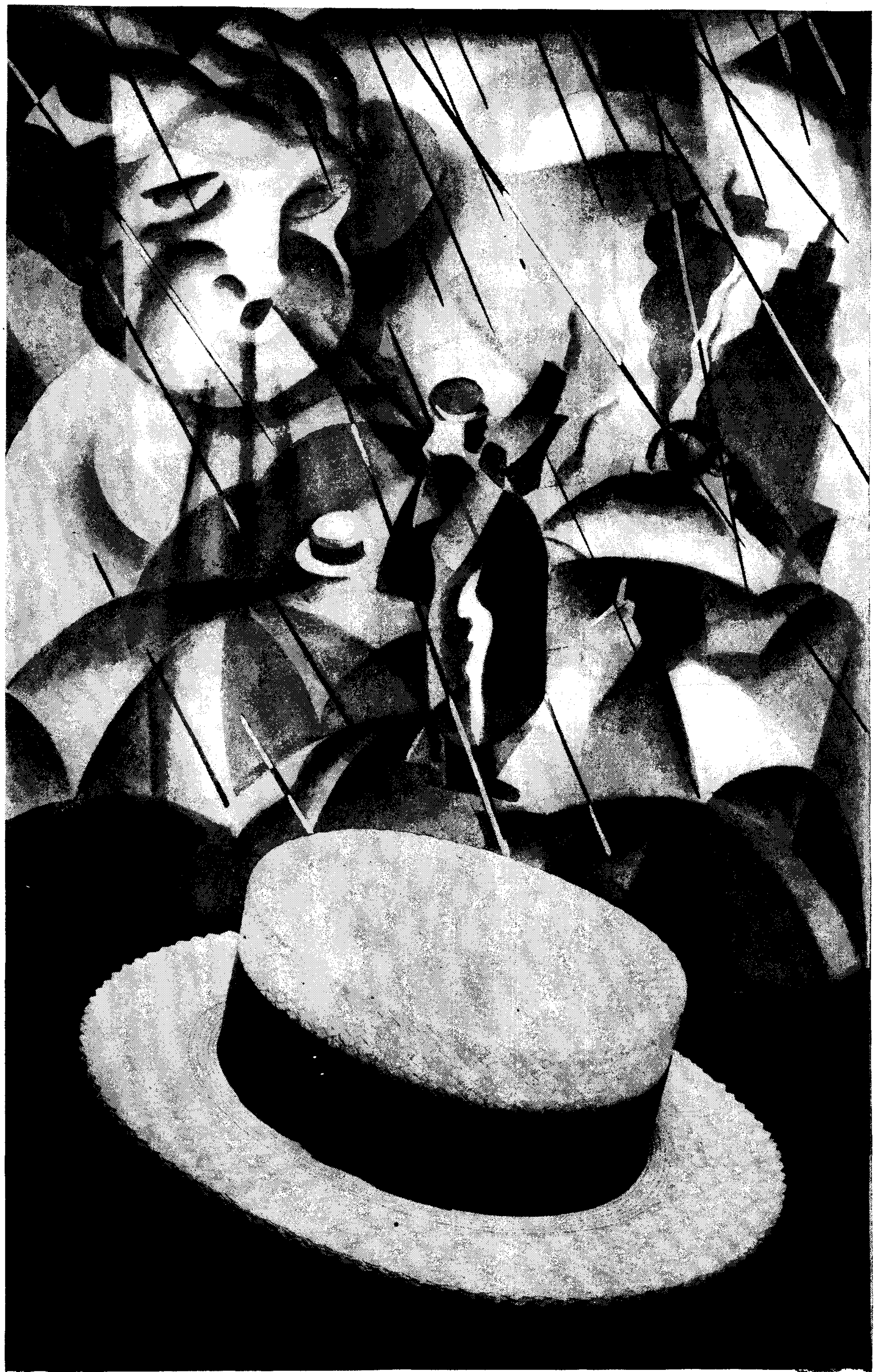
"Oh, yes," Vicky agreed.

"Any choice as to where?"

"If you could find a place near Uncle Edmond."

Uncle Edmond had been a bachelor and quite sociable as Bonds went.

"I guess that's all."



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"And can you use some other telephone?"

"Really, Vicky, you seem to have some kind of an obsession about this telephone. I won't telephone at all. I'll go right downtown and call on Carroll and Dr. Marshall in person. It's much more satisfactory. Any other instructions?"

"No," Vicky said, and at last Helen left.

"PLEASE repeat that call of mine to New York, as quickly as possible," Vicky said to long distance. It would have been simpler to repeat Gennery's name and number at the start, but finally he was on the wire.

"Gennery! Dolly Tillinghast is in New York. If you see him promise me that you won't say a word about my having written anything."

"Oh, Vicky, you're crazy," Gennery grunted.

"Gennery, he's the very person who mustn't know. He's the person for whose benefit I'm doing all this. Promise me you won't tell him a word. I'm almost mad with worry."

"All right."

"No, say it."

"I promise I will not say a word regarding this fool business to Dol' Tillinghast. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, bless you."

"And don't call me up again. I haven't done a stroke of work today because of you."

"I'm sorry," Vicky said.

"Good-by."

She remembered too late another thing she had intended to ask. It was exactly what was in the coffin. Whether it was just weights, or a dummy, or what Vicky referred to, even to herself in a kind of horrified euphuism, as "the real thing."

It speaks volumes for Gennery's character that Vicky did not put in another call. Knowledge would have added to her comfort, but it was not essential as she planned things. She regretted her obedience, however, when Helen came back with a report of her activities.

"I think I've arranged everything so that it will go off beautifully," she said. "I went to Carroll. After all chairs are so important."

"Well, if there's any difficulty about Mr. Carroll's," Vicky said, "I'm sure from what Edith Viereck said that she'd be only too glad to crawl about during the services camouflaged as an entire set. She des' loves to help. Did you tell Carroll the coffin wasn't to be opened."

"I mentioned it to him, but he agrees with me that that would be a great mistake. He says things may have gotten disarranged."

"Nothing will have been disarranged which will matter by Judgment Day," Vicky replied. "And I have made up my mind on the subject."

"You'd better lie down again, darling," Helen advised. "I don't think you're up to attending to all these details."

"I will rest some more now," Vicky agreed, "but I will be downstairs when it arrives. And I will see that my wishes are carried out."

"There are some things on which we have to take the advice of experts." Helen pronounced axiomatically.

It was clear that on this one point Helen was not to be trusted.

Vicky went back to her book. She hadn't read so much in months as in the last two days. She did not have the time until seven entirely to herself however. About half past five Helen announced that Nat Lee was downstairs demanding an interview, and wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Nat Lee!"

What in the world could Zona's husband want?

"Yes, he seems perfectly frantic."

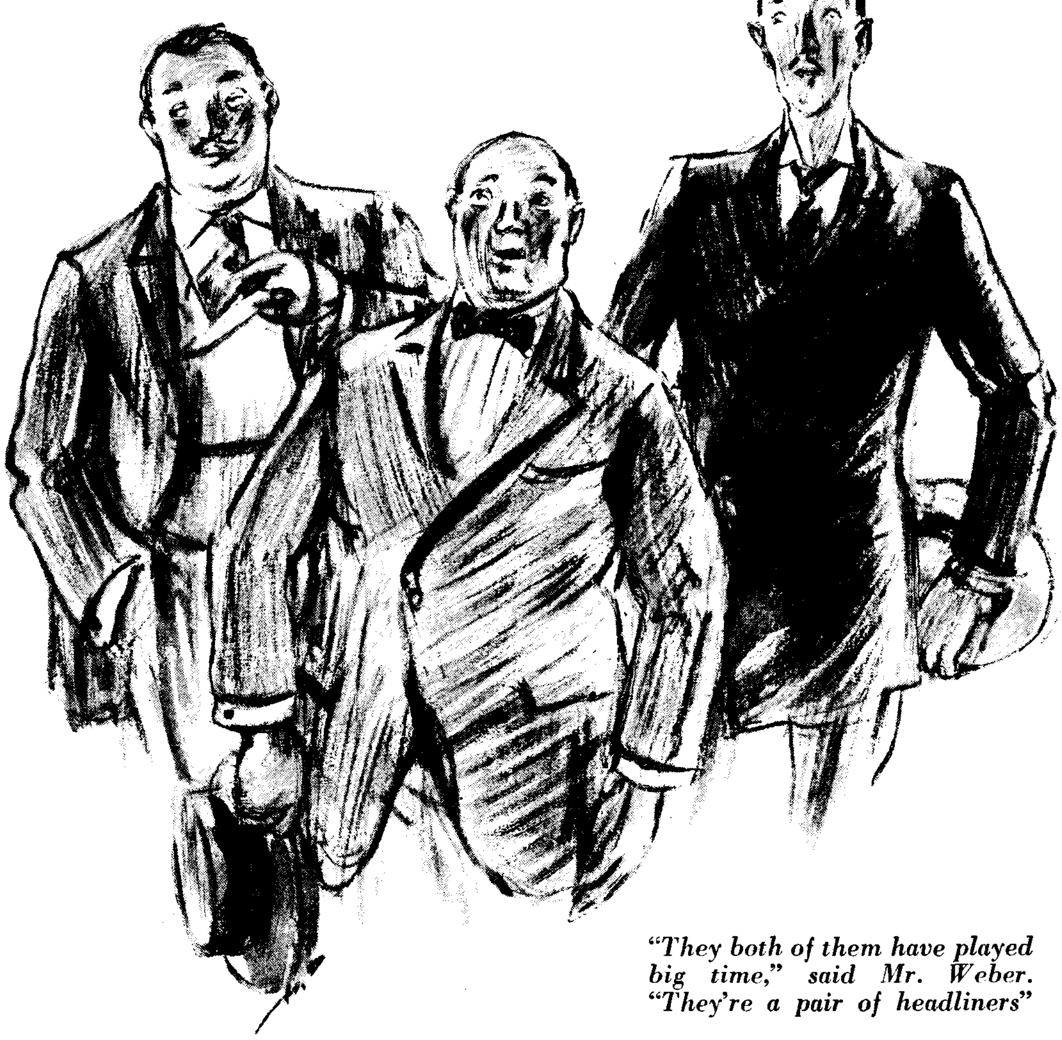
Nat Lee was ordinarily the mildest of pink young men but he entered Vicky's dressing-room with the expression of a baby having a colic pain.

"I just got back in town," he said, "and heard that you're having him shipped on."

"Yes, they're sending him," Vicky said.

"Can you have it stopped?"

"Of course I can't. It arrives on the seven o'clock. It must have left Albany by now. What an extraordinary question!"



"They both of them have played big time," said Mr. Weber. "They're a pair of headliners"

"I suppose there's nothing to do about it then?"

Nat began pacing up and down with an absurd look of a baby walking the floor with itself.

"About what?" Vicky asked.

"Nothing. Only I think it's an awful mistake. I'm in touch with the District Attorney's office and I know how they watch such things."

"What things?" Vicky herself was almost frantic now.

"Maybe it will come out all right."

"But, Nat, what did you mean? What do you know?"

She could extract nothing from him. Seeming scarcely to hear her demands for an explanation, he went away.

THE District Attorney's office! Could there be more alarming words to a person engaged in the most oblique procedure possible?

Did it mean that they'd found she'd never been married?

Somehow Nat's manner didn't suggest that. As a matter of fact it suggested nothing actual but all sorts of unspeakable unpleasantness to come.

Vicky didn't read any more. She sat holding the arms of her chaise longue, telling herself she was a fool to be so frightened when she knew of nothing definite to fear. Gennery Bond might be a grumpy old thing, but one could certainly rely on him not to do anything which would get one into terrible trouble.

Gennery was unquestionably grumpy at times. He had been particularly grumpy that morning at a quarter of eight when Dolly Tillinghast pounded on his bedroom door and woke him up.

"What in the devil are you doing here?" he had inquired.

"I just got off the midnight. I've come up to have breakfast with you."

"Why couldn't you have eaten it at the station and let me have my sleep?"

"I felt the need of a radiant face across the table."

"You go to blazes!"

Groaning with sleep, Gennery, who had operated at two A. M., stumbled into the bathroom for a cold shower.

Dolly knew better than to talk to him till he roused himself for the day, so Dolly studied the telephone directory while Gennery's Jap laid a breakfast table in front of a window.

When Gennery emerged he was shaved, clad and human.

"How are you, old timer?" he inquired, almost apologetically.

"Never better. Read your mail and then we can talk."

Gennery glanced over his letters.

"Nothing important," he grunted.

"That one from Vicky is a special delivery," Dolly observed.

"Oh, what of it? Vicky's are always special delivery. I can wait till tonight to hear her version of her marriage. What's your dope on the subject?"

"Read the letter," Dolly told him.

"Oh, did she send you?"

"No."

Gennery drank his orange juice, slit the envelope and read.

"*Jee*hosaphat!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"You must know if you've seen Vicky lately. Hasn't she been acting queerly? I suppose she's been suffering from some repression I never suspected, but I've got to get up there with a good psychiatrist and I've got to get up there today."

"You're off on the wrong foot, old egg," Dolly told him.

"The deuce I am! If you think poor little Vicky hasn't toppled over the edge of insanity just read that letter. Oh, the devil! Why didn't she come to me and talk things over?"

Dolly read the letter and chuckled.

"That's what I thought it would be," he remarked.

"Well, I'm glad you think it's funny."

"You bet I think it's funny. Now come right out of the laboratory, Gen. There's not a crazy hair in Vicky's head."

"And she's written that letter!" Gennery roared at him.

"Vicky knows what she's about all right and this is just a desperate means toward succeeding."

"You mean to say she's got a sane motive?"

"Sane as women's motives go. Vicky's gentle little purpose is to break my spirit."

"Why?"

"Because I happened to guess that her marriage story was a bluff and laughed at her for it. She almost burst a blood vessel. Now she's going to prove to me that it was true or die in the attempt."

Gennery looked both bored and disgusted.

"Oh, it's sex nonsense, is it?" he said. That took it out of his province. "Well, you needn't have come way down here to warn me not to help her."

"She's a desperate woman, Gen," Dolly said. "I for one could never respect you again if you resisted an appeal like that."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that I, in my turn, would like to break Vicky's spirit a little."

"Whew! You're ambitious."

"And I've got a plan for doing it which involves your complying with Vicky's request."

"It can't be done, Dol. For one thing I haven't an idea where I'd lay my hands on what she asks for."

"I'll take care of that."

"And for another there aren't only you two to be considered. There's the whole of Chatfield that will talk like a tree full of magpies."

"CHATFIELD can't talk any more than it's talking now," Dolly said, "and in fact the only way I can see to put a final end to a lot of the conversation is a funeral, only I want it to be a slightly different funeral."

"Meaning?"

"Well, I've had several ideas, but to see whether I can work the best one I want you to come with me, as soon as we've finished breakfast, to an address I've found in this instructive little volume."

Dolly patted the Red Book Directory.

"I've got a busy day ahead of me," Gennery began.

"You're not too busy for this," Dolly informed him. "You're not a completely dried up old fossil yet, though you give a pretty good imitation of one. This is going to be a circus."

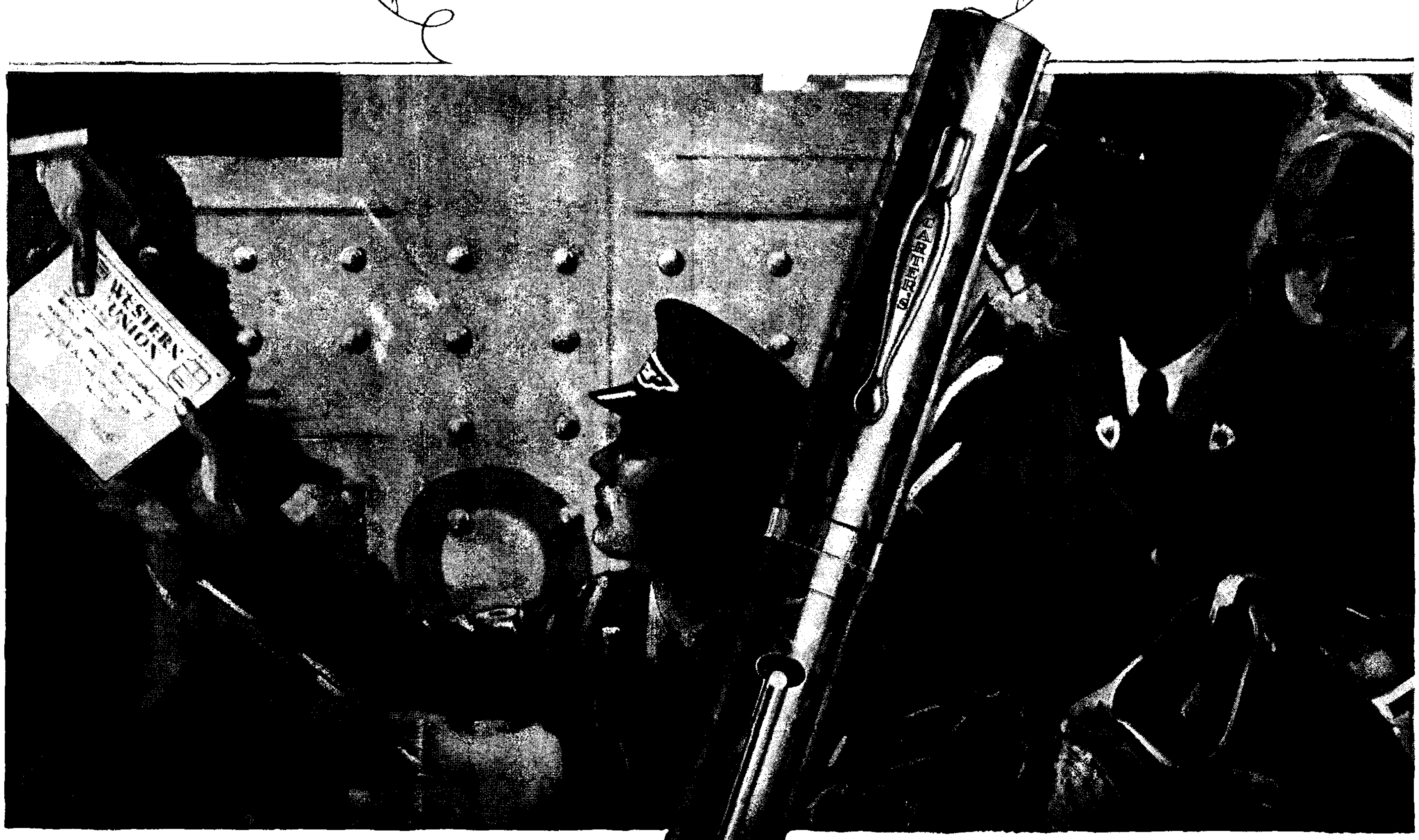
"All right, I'll give you an hour," Gennery growled.

"Good. I honestly need your advice. I suppose you don't keep an unused coffin any place around here, or at your office, convenient as it would be for your practice?"

"No," Gennery replied. "So far I've been able to

(*Continued on page 51*)

LET IT "WRITE ITS OWN TICKET"



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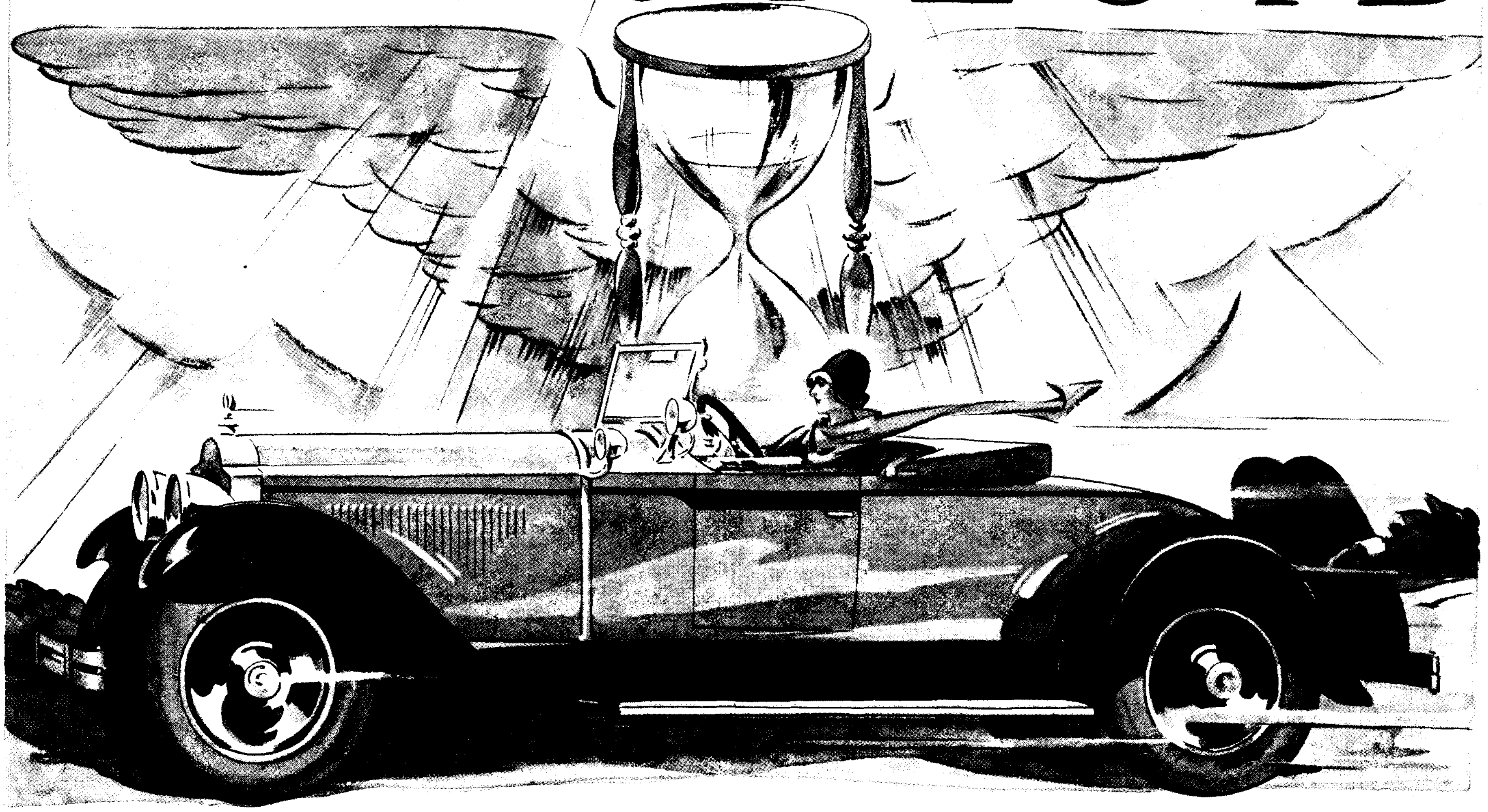

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Songs for the Stump

Continued from page 16

And we'll inform a cop.
Joys that you take in that disguise
Are stronger far than pop.
The Volstead Act is still a fact—
Remember that, Al Smi-hi-hith.
If you forget we'll vote for Walsh
Or even Mer-e-dith.

Wet Candidates *(disguised as Bacchantes or Pan with hair panties. Senator Reed in the garb of Gambrinus, playing he's vinous, carries a keg. Governor Ritchie, pretending he's twitchy, robed as E. Nero, dissolute hero, shakes a mean leg):*

We'll rally round the jag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Scorning the battle cry of Teadom.
We'll gather round the Bourbon
And genu-wine champagne,
Shouting the bottle cry of Freedom.
Up with the taproom,
Down with the bar!
Hurrah for High License!
And so, there you are.
We'll rally round the jag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the bottle cry of Freedom!

Governor Ritchie

Though my habits are rather abstemious,
For personal freedom I'm hot.

Senator Reed

I'd think it was rather blasphem-i-ous
If *I* should be labeled as not.

Both

As our bodies depend on their tissues,
So candidates have to have issues.

(A motorcycle whiffles in. Still is the sweet but clamorous din. Drums ruffle and a trumpet blares. A stylish figure doth dismount in What the Well-Dressed Bridegroom Wears.)

Grover A. Whalen *(for, you see, 'tis nothing less than him or he):*

I, who am His Elegance
Official Greeter of New York;
I who said "Shake" to the Prince of Wales
And introduced Queen Marie to literary circles.
I who rescued Ruth Elder from the Municipal Tugboat
And know, by Heaven, the Olympian Telephone Directory,
Announce that the greatest of the Smiths
Hath been discovered Somewhere
Calling down eleven lawyers and five judges
Concerned in the Mysterious Case of Mrs. Knapp.
So now he comes! ! !
(Thunder and lightning.)
To meet you, greet you—
No fear, ladies, he won't eat you.

(A car whoops in with bound and leap. Inside it Mr. Smith sits scolding. The State Supreme Court's sound asleep, after the session they've been holding. Amidst the shout the Gov. steps out, alert and keen and pert and clean.)

Grover A. Whalen *(presents the mitt with gesture fit):*

Greeting, O Smith! And if it please—

Governor Smith

Cut out the speech, Demosthenes.
(Looks at his watch, turns back the minute hand a notch.)
Somehow my watch is always fast.
Constituents, I'm more than happy
To face this demonstration vast—
But I must make it rather snappy.
At one I lunch with quite a bunch
Of good Rotarians
To make a speech by which to reach
The poor agrarians.
The State Librarians
I met at three.
It's up to me
To sit till six with nine committees
From several important cities.
Then Bank Examiners I'll review
Till one A. M. or maybe two.
Then chat with various commissions—
And some, I fear, are politicians.
Excuse my dust,
For go I must.
I'll have five minutes open soon—
Wednesday at three or Friday noon—
When we can speak of this and that
And have another nice long chat.

All

A nice long chat. Oh, think of that!

Big Chief Olvany

But what's your Platform, noble sire?

Governor Smith

'Tis this—just write it on your tire:
A truckman works from sun to sun—
A statesman's work is never done.

Wets *(brightly, lightly)*

He's ours, you bet.

Drys *(sourly, dourly)*

He sounds all wet.

Governor Smith *(mounting his car, lights a cigar):*

Say au revoir
But not good-by.

(Like café noir, spilled from the sky, Senator Heflin, hatred-wracked, comes cussing down in tattered gown to do the Mad Ophelia act.)

Heflin

Hoo-garoo!
Your goldarned sly religious taint
You try to mix with politix.
You think you're smart, but then you ain't.
We'll match you,
Catch you,
Scratch you.
With eyes, eyes, eyes, spies, spies, spies,
We'll follow you round till you're on edge.

Governor Smith

My friend, is that a campaign pledge?

(Senator Heflin—rousing cheers—swallers himself and disappears. The Governor orders, "Drive on, Jake." His driver eases off the brake, more hostile gates to crash 'em. Admiring hail him cry on cry, save here and there an ancient Dry removes his teeth to gnash 'em.)

(The Ghost, upon his old white nag, all daubed with red Virginia mud, up canters with a thud-thud-thud. None in the Democratic throng notice him when he comes along save two Important Public Men, who whisper, "Gosh, he's here again!")

Ghost

I'm dizzy.
Where izzee?

Bainbridge Colby

See yon cigar in yonder car?

Ghost

By History! I'll overtake him
And by his honest hand I'll shake him.
I've chased him up, I've chased him down,
I've haunted him around the town—

Senator Walsh: Who are you, Ghost?

Ghost: Oh, just a writer.

Colby

Indeed! Then I must talk politer.
That's rather fine.
Now what's your line?
History, fiction, evolution—

Ghost

I'm author of the Constitution.
(A pallid glim falls over him.)
Another document I wrote
Which makes me yearn
Earthward to turn
And give Al Smith my honest vote;
This was my Statute, sternly framed—
Religious Liberty 'twas named.

Senator Walsh

Either I'm blind or dumb or deaf
Or that's the ghost of Thomas Jeff.
(To Heflin) **Did you see it, Heff?**

Senator Heflin

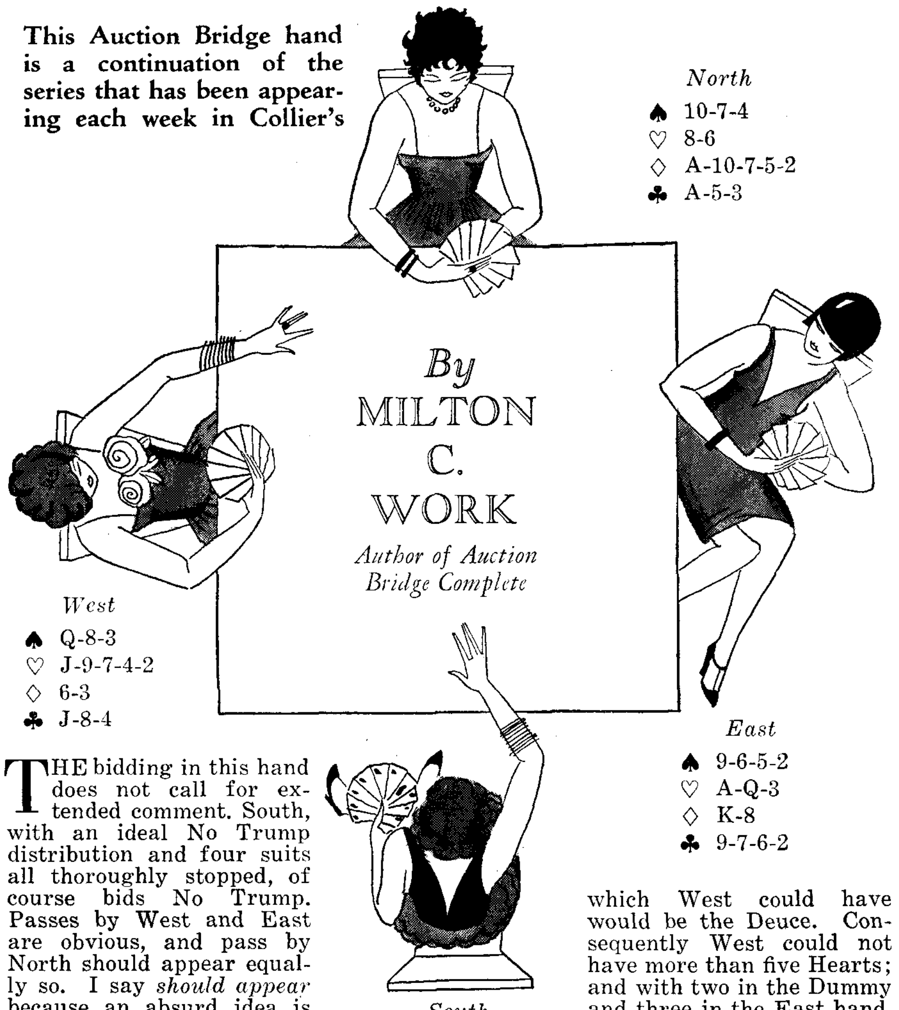
What if I didn't and what if I did?
Jefferson ain't my line.
He may have found the Party, kid,
But he ain't no founder of mine.

(By now the spook has galloped far after the Gubernatorial car. Perhaps he's caught it, but I'll bet he's half a mile behind it yet.) Curtain

---

How would you play it?

This Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's



By
MILTON C. WORK
Author of Auction Bridge Complete

North
♠ 10-7-4
♡ 8-6
♢ A-10-7-5-2
♣ A-5-3

West
♠ Q-8-3
♡ J-9-7-4-2
♢ 6-3
♣ J-8-4

East
♠ 9-6-5-2
♡ A-Q-3
♢ K-8
♣ 9-7-6-2

South
♠ A-K-J
♡ K-10-5
♢ Q-J-9-4
♣ K-Q-10

THE bidding in this hand does not call for extended comment. South, with an ideal No Trump distribution and four suits all thoroughly stopped, of course bids No Trump. Passes by West and East are obvious, and pass by North should appear equally so. I say *should appear* because an absurd idea is more or less prevalent in the country to the effect that it is the duty of the partner of a No Trumper to take him out under any circumstances. No policy could be more unsound; No Trump is bid to be played and, at a love score, should not be taken out with Minor strength unless that strength is unusually great, in which case three of the Minor should be bid.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead against the No Trump was of course from her longest suit, Hearts; she led her fourth best, and the thoughtless play of East would have been the Ace of Hearts. A finesse generally is made with the hope of catching a card in the adverse hand on the right. When Dummy is without a high card, the object that generally accompanies the finesse is lacking and, as a rule, it should not be made. In this case, however, East can see that a finesse against nothing should be made. Noting the high cards in her own hand and Dummy, she could consider it probable—although not absolutely assured—that the King of Hearts (the suit led by East) was held by the Closed Hand. It was also sure that the Closed Hand had at least three Hearts, so that the King was not a singleton and could not be captured by the play of the Ace. East knew that South had at least three Hearts because West's original lead — the Four (West's fourth best) — showed that West held three cards higher than the Four and possibly one lower. East had the Trey, so the only card lower than the Four which West could have would be the Deuce. Consequently West could not have more than five Hearts; and with two in the Dummy and three in the East hand, South must have at least three. Of course West may have opened from a four-card suit and South may have the Deuce; but there is a good chance that West's suit is a five-carder.

If East should take the first Heart trick with the Ace and then lead the Queen, South probably will hold up her King until the third round; and with that happening, if East should win with her King of Diamonds, East would not have a Heart to lead to her partner. East cannot tell that West has no reentry, but there is quite a reasonable chance that she has not. If West has the King of Hearts, the play of the Queen by East on trick 1 would capture that trick and East then would lead the Ace and follow with a small Heart; but if South has the King of Hearts the play of the Queen by West will make South think that the original lead has been from A-J and that her only chance to cash her King is on this trick. Therefore East has everything to gain and nothing to lose by playing the Queen instead of the Ace of Hearts on trick 1.

South, winning this trick with the King, can count that, in addition to the one Heart trick she has won, she is sure of three Clubs, two Spades and one Diamond. To make game two more tricks are needed, and they can easily be obtained if the Diamond finesse succeed, so it is clearly South's duty to try that finesse at trick 2. When it loses, East, to trick 3, leads the Ace of Hearts; and to trick 4 a small Heart, so East and West win four Heart tricks and one Diamond and save the game by East's finesse against nothing—generally an inexcusable play.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

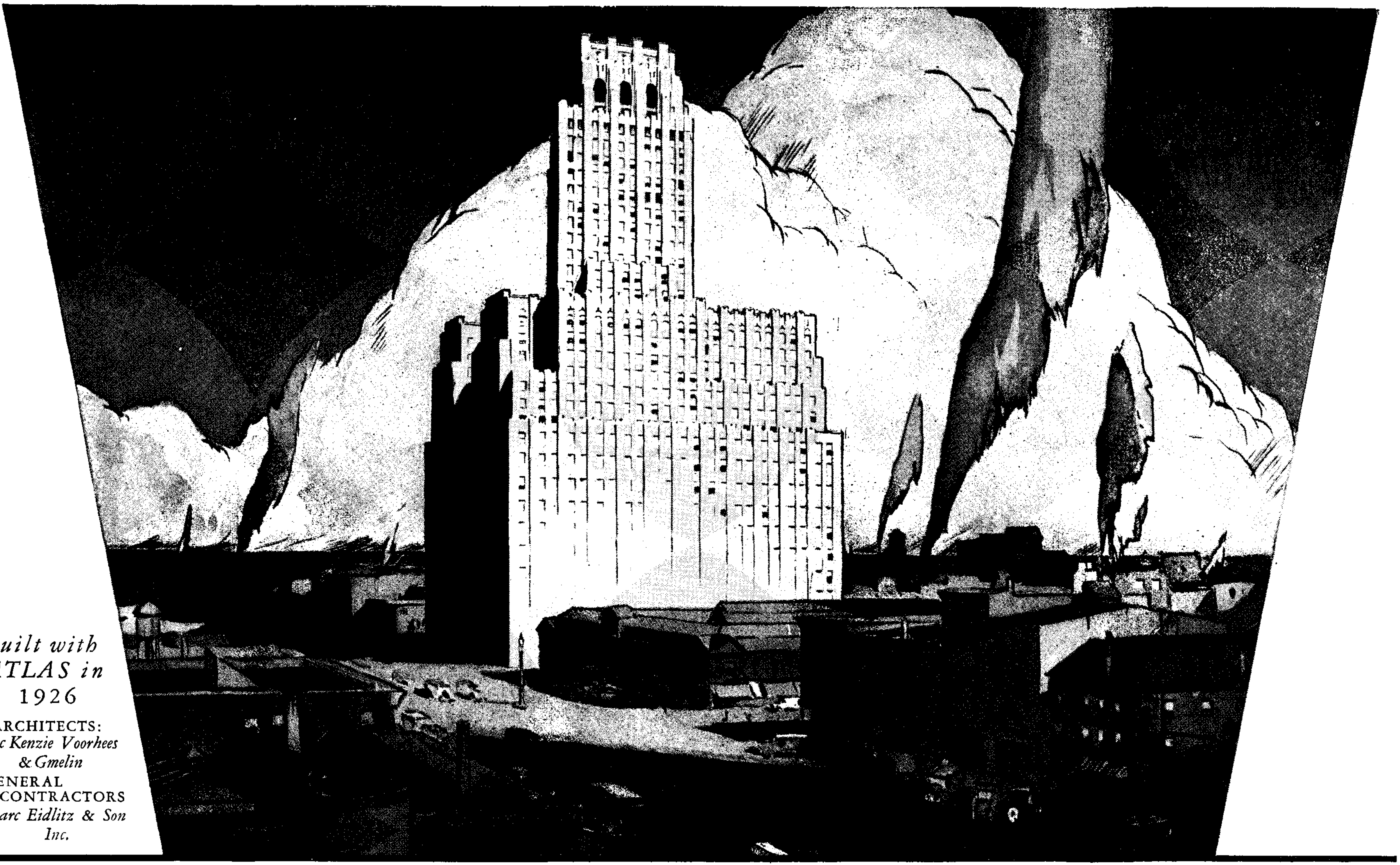
North
S. A-K-J-9-5
H. 10-6
D. 6-4
C. 8-7-3-2

South
S. 10-2
H. A-K-J
D. K-J-7-2
C. A-9-5-4

East
S. Q-4
H. 8-7-3
D. 10-8-5-3
C. K-Q-10-6

West
S. 8-7-6-3
H. Q-9-5-4-2
D. A-Q-9
C. J

"Get the message through" is the spirit in the New York Telephone Company Building. Built with Atlas

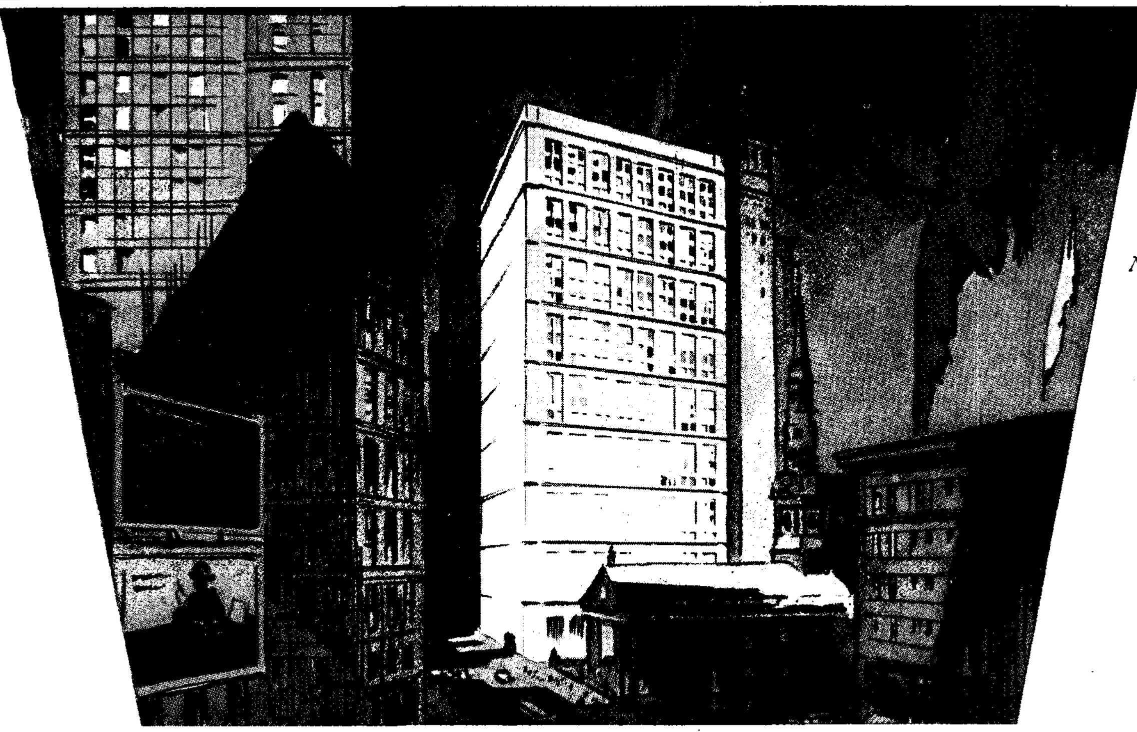


Built with
ATLAS in
1926

ARCHITECTS:
Mc Kenzie Voorhees & Gmelin
GENERAL CONTRACTORS
Marc Eidlitz & Son Inc.

ATLAS

Main Offices: NEW YORK *and* ST. LOUIS · · BIRMINGHAM · DES MOINES · BOSTON



Built with
ATLAS in
1914

ARCHITECTS:
Welles Bosworth

GENERAL CONTRACTORS:
Marc Eidlitz & Son Inc.

American Telephone and Telegraph Building. Built with Atlas

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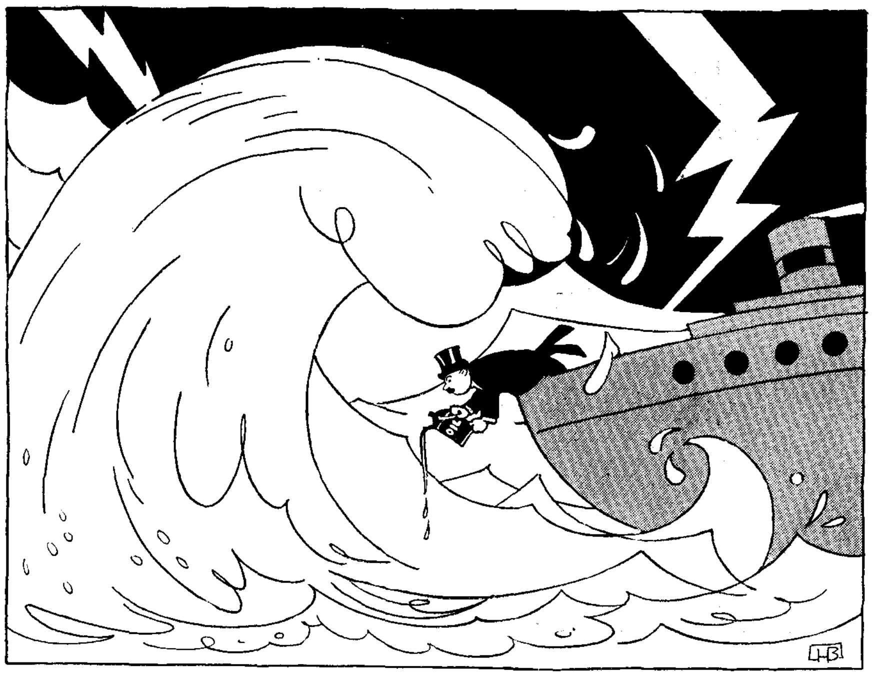


BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

Troubled Waters

THE Senate oil committee's private investigation into the estate of President Harding has done much to quiet the whispers that have been circulated ever since the oil scandals became public in 1924.

No Continental Trading Company Liberty Bonds were found in the property of the late President. None were paid for his Marion Star.

This was the result of a belated inquiry into charges that were made publicly during the earlier investigation that an excessive price was paid for the Harding newspaper by certain interests which chose that means of conveying money improperly to the late President. Afterward, when the Continental Trading Company was discovered, the suggestion was made that perhaps it financed the purchase of the newspaper.

This story was always absurd. Small-town newspapers increased in value after the war. If the price paid for the Star was slightly excessive, the natural explanation was that the paper was bought in the expectation that Mr. Harding would remain President for another term. The association of the name of a President with it would perhaps give it a slight added value in the purchasers' eyes.

All other gossip tending to connect the name of Harding with the scandals of his administration would, I think, disappear upon investigation.

One other story which has been the subject of much gossip had to do with his speculations in the stock market.

President Harding Vindicated

THE original Walsh committee did not get very far before it became aware that Mr. Harding had been in the market, and the idea got abroad that he had bought for a rise on the knowledge that the oil leases had been granted to Sinclair and Doheny.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Harding did buy stocks. He had always speculated. He could see no impropriety in continuing to do so.

The stocks which he bought were not Sinclair and Doheny shares. And as a matter of fact he lost rather heavily upon them, which would appear to dispose of the suggestion that interests wishing for selfish reasons to enjoy his favor were putting him in the way of making money on the stock exchange.

One other thing besides the sensational nonsense about the purchase of the Harding newspaper and the mystery made of the Harding speculative account contributed to the gossip. And that was former Attorney General Daugherty's refusal to testify before a New York grand jury regarding a special account of his in an Ohio bank, the books of which had been destroyed, on the ground that he could not do so without involving Harding.

Mr. Daugherty was thus less regardful of his dead friend's name than the Senate committee had been when it discovered the speculative account.

No one in Washington thinks that any important secret reflecting upon Mr. Harding as a public man was hidden when Daugherty burned those books.

The special account seems to have been started when Daugherty was managing Harding's campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination of 1920. It was convenient to make certain payments out of it afterward. But if the records of them had not been destroyed and had been made public, we should probably know no more about Mr. Harding than we know after reading "The President's Daughter."

Pikers from the Sticks

MR. HARDING, according to his own lights, was an honest man. By that I mean that he had not that fine scrupulousness which would cause him while President to desist from his habit of speculating in stocks.

I have seen a list of these stocks, and if a President may speculate at all there was no reason why he should not have speculated in them.

His public reputation suffers not from his own acts so much as from the character of the friends he had around him. It was what his appointees did which lent color to the gossip.

Increasing knowledge of what happened disposes of the wild rumors that were once in circulation. Corruption was confined to a few persons. There was not any "slush fund." The purpose of the Continental Trading Company was not political. It was a private affair on the part of those who organized it, and it was a matter of convenience that Sinclair used some of its bonds rather than other forms of property to give to Fall and Hays for the Republican party.

The scandals are bad enough, but there is this consolation: graft was not organized or systematic. If it had been, the scale of prices would have been higher. Fall got a $100,000 "loan" out of Doheny and about a quarter of a million out of Sinclair. And he turned over to them several hundred million dollars' worth of government property.

Compared to the Tweed ring operating in the lean days of 1870, the Washington crowd of 1920-23 were pikers.

The Thunder God

Continued from page 27

"I'm not so certain," Gloria remarked after a brief silence, "whether if I were married I would be altogether content with a husband who could not exhibit jealousy. One loves to realize one matters that much."

"But that would be ridiculous on my part because Mercedes is a perfect wife and has never given me the slightest grounds for jealousy. It would be most unfair of me to be jealous of her because I trust her absolutely."

"I hope she trusts you as implicitly."

"I'm sure she does. I'm not very much of a devil."

"Of course not. You wouldn't know how to begin to be a devil."

"Still, devils are popular with women, Gloria." He yearned to give her his confidence. "I'll tell you something, Gloria." And he related the story of the legacy from his Uncle Jarlath.

"How wonderful, Julie! I'm so glad for both your sakes. How thrilled your wife must have been at the news!"

HE CONFESSED that he had not told her and why. "Of course, I can't blame Mercedes for thinking I'm a fool with money. If she knew what I planned to do with my legacy, she'd think me an even greater fool, and, viewing the situation from a practical, worldly, and slightly selfish view, she would be absolutely right. It means a great deal to a woman to know that she may have the worldly things women set their hearts upon."

"Of course"—dryly—"you are absolutely unworldly, Julie."

"I do not want very much for myself, Gloria, but really I do want for Mercedes all that it is possible for me to give her and all that it is reasonable she should have. I want comfort—some luxury, even—although I'm not hell-bent on wallowing in it, but if it seems we can't be happy unless we do wallow in it, the wallowing shall be done when we can afford it and not before. I have a few ideas wandering around in my fool head, and they obsess me.

"The two years I spent up at Madrone with the Western Sierras Power Company have been wonderfully fruitful in a scientific way. There are plenty of thunderstorms up there in the mountains, so I erected a laboratory and designed and built some instruments to make tests on lightning. I've even photographed lightning, discovered the why and the wherefore of it, where it comes from, the directions in which it travels, the speed at which it travels and the distance it travels."

"What causes lightning, Julie?"

"Friction of the particles of moisture, usually frozen moisture, contained in the thundercloud."

"Thanks, Julie. I never wanted to know until now—and now I know. Have you any scientific explanation as to why the wind blows?"

"Oh, yes. Why, laymen learned all about that in physical geography. A mere matter of air waves—hot and cold, you know, at different altitudes, creating a vacuum and producing suction."

"Hum-m! Julie, where does the light go when it goes out?"

"Gloria, you are spoofing a scientist and in such matters scientists have no sense of humor. However, to get back to Mercedes. I didn't tell her because I don't want any argument about how we shall spend Uncle Jarlath's fortune. I dislike argument; it interferes with cogent thought, and cogent thought is something I have great need of in my profession. And one doesn't get an argument unless one supplies an incentive—so I decided not to supply the incentive."

"But when your wife does, eventually, discover—"

"Oh, she's discovered it already, God knows how."

"How long ago?"

"Today, some time. The exact hour is unimportant. She knows, and I know that she knows, because she told me, and we had a tiff. Natural under the circumstances, of course, but for the first time in our married life I lost my temper and wouldn't discuss the matter and was rude enough to tell her to take a jump in the lake. So she wept and had hysterics."

"Weren't you a little bit cruel, Julie? Such remarkable metamorphosis in a hitherto tractable and more or less woolgathering husband is little short of shocking."

"You're right, as usual. I thought all that out myself—a little later. We had an engagement to dine with some people she met in Los Angeles—a man and his wife—the Jacob Branders. I understand they are sufficiently rich to be venerated—"

"Except by the scientifically inclined. Go on, Julie, and forgive my interruption."

"Of course. One of the privileges of your sex, my dear, analogous to your habit of answering one question by asking another. Well, as I say, things got a bit thick—so thick it didn't seem possible for us to pull the dinner off, so I fled, leaving to poor old Mercedes the unpleasant task of phoning her friends and making some sort of explanation. I really couldn't do it myself, you know. After all, they aren't my friends. I have never met them."

"The situation was, apparently, not nearly so thick as you imagined it to be.

"If it happens again, Julie, do not be distressed and do not run away. Women are natural dramatists; man's chivalry, pity and tolerance (for, despite the cunning little ways of European men, their nadir of gallantry is to be found in the American husband) make a most excellent weapon in the hands of a wife. I suppose," she added, "that of all men scientists are the most intractable."

"If that be so," he assured her, "it's because we seek only the truth. Gloria, if my dream comes true, what a boon to humanity will have been my brief and unimportant presence on earth! The butterfly, emerging from its ugly cocoon, a thing of beauty, lives gloriously for a day and dies. It's much the same with human beings who aspire to live gloriously, only some of us like to live beyond the grave. The man who can play with thunderbolts successfully, who can harness them and tame them to do the world's work, or at least not interfere with it, will not be forgotten."

"So that's the little job you have cut out for yourself, is it?"

He smiled wistfully and a little sheepishly.

"WELL, Julie." She raised her liqueur glass. "Here's to your dream. God grant it may come true. It would have to be a big dream, of course, and a worthy one to be worthy of you. Nevertheless," she added slangily, "I must say you're a pig for punishment, competing with What's-his-name—Icarus, who flew so high."

"And Icarus' wings were consumed, if I remember my mythology. And, like him, I too may fall in the end."

"But surely you do not contemplate including your wife in this supreme sacrifice."

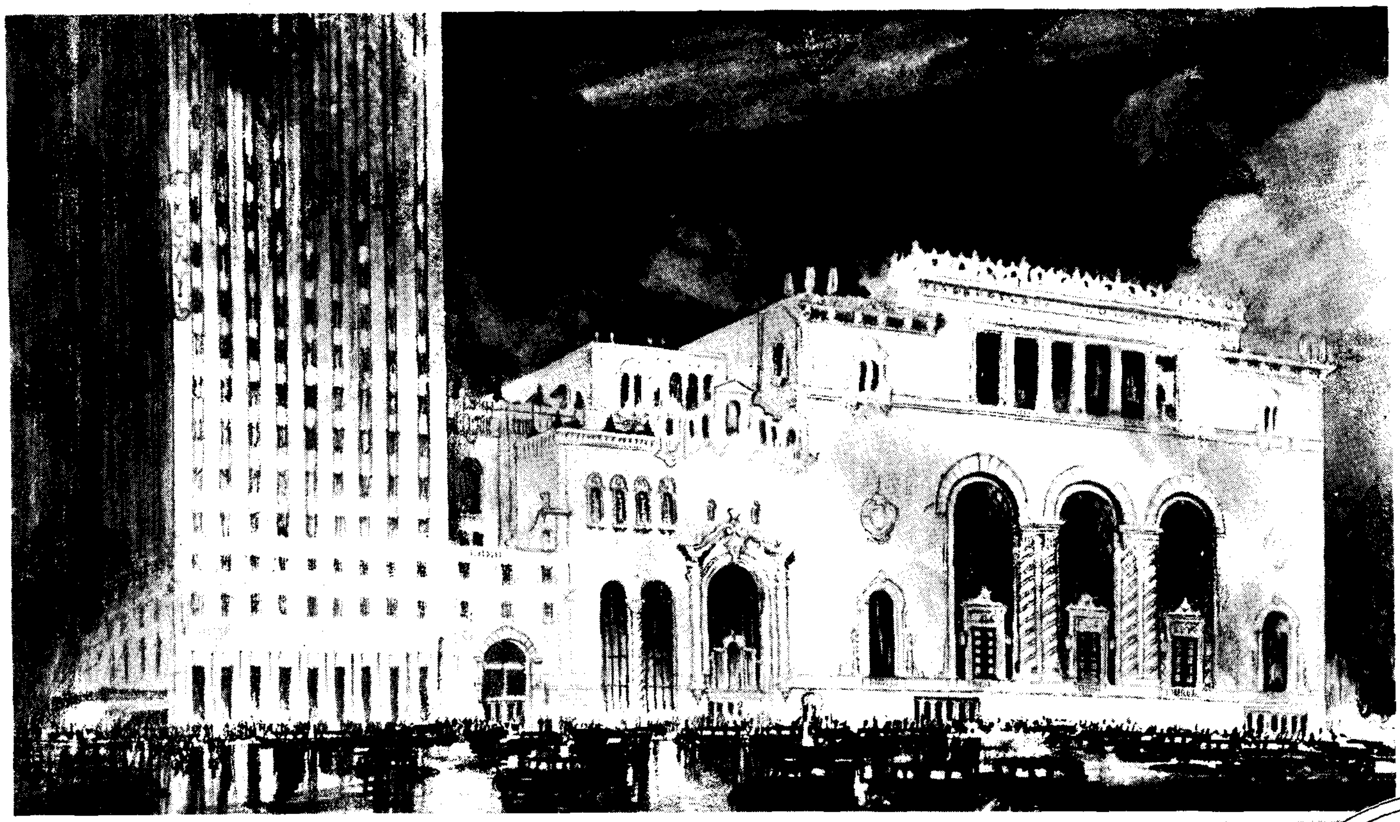
"Socially, perhaps. Domestically, perhaps, although I hope not. But financially, no. I'm going to have Ben Whitton buy $150,000 worth of bonds to protect Mercedes. That will leave me with no worries and a half million dollars, and I'm going to bet it all that I can juggle thunderbolts like the chef juggling a crêpe suzette. But my ambitions spoil her plans. She has no sympathy for them, regarding them as chimerical, fantastic, not grounded in substantial common sense."

"What I want to know, Julie, is why you confide all this in me?"

"I have to—or bust. You're also going to be my confidential secretary. Ben says he can spare part of your time for my work. You shall have a salary agreeable to you."

She gazed long and earnestly at the

(Continued on page 42)



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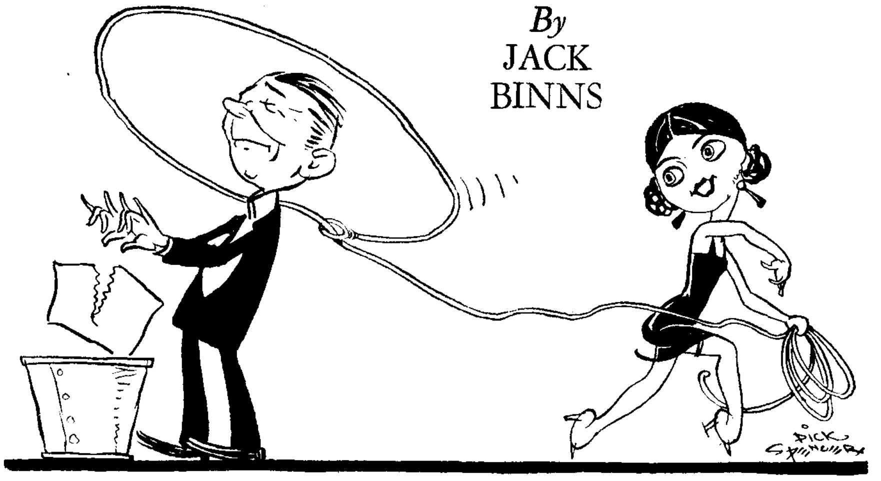

By
JACK
BINNS

She'll get you yet, Bob

SOMEWHERE on the Pacific Coast there is a young lady who is either endowed with the quality of steadfast devotion or else an uncanny wit that pierces the armor of its victim. For the last three or four years she has written with great ardor and extreme regularity to Robert Hurd, the program director of KFI, Los Angeles, despite the fact that he has never once deigned to answer.

Normally program directors do not occupy a niche in the radio fan's Hall of Fame, but it so happens that Bob is gifted with a rich tenor voice of operatic timbre that has charmed the receptionists of southern California ever since he deserted trouping for the microphone. Around the studio they call him a hardened bachelor, but he vows he is married—to his art.

Probably the young lady with the persistent pen knows that every time Robert receives one of her enthusiastic epistles the smile that habitually adorns his features takes its leave. If she does, she also knows that on these occasions Bob immediately begins a tirade upon the shortcomings of matrimony which invariably ends with a declaration of what he would do to a wife. It is the same old discourse that bachelors have made through the ages so long as they have remained that way.

If the aforementioned young lady knows all this she must get double enjoyment out of life listening to the man who rules the destinies of KFI's programs and sings so liltingly through its microphone.

The Announcer's Prayer

MILTON J. CROSS, one of the earliest announcers in captivity, became sentimental recently and confessed to the wide, wide ether that "this business of announcing is no snap. It's gotten so that when I go to church I kneel down and start to say: 'Dear Lord, this is WJZ, New York, M. J. Cross announcing.' "

One of these days Milt is going to complete his prayer by adding: "When the gong sounds it will be exactly ten o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, by courtesy of the makers of fine American watches, and then, Dear Lord, we will give you an hour of slumber music."

Can You Wrestle 'Em?

DR. GEORGE D. LOWRY, physician at Ohio Wesleyan University, is reported as stating that eating is the college student's worst vice.

Evidently the rah-rah boys do not listen in to Philip Smith when he tells them over WJZ how to "Play a neat knife and fork."

Phil is the obliging young lad who is helping Emily Post by telling us how to manipulate tableware under all the rules including Catch-as-catch-can, Half-Nelson, Scissors, Best-Society and the Four Hundred.

Electric Microscope

CAN you imagine an electric wave created, traveling its destined course and finally dying away—all within a space of time less than one millionth of a second in duration? If you can envision this you will appreciate the genius that has devised a machine delicate enough to make a permanent record of every variation such a transient wave experiences during its brief career through that portion of the universe where humanity lives.

It is transient surges such as these, caused by electric storms or disruptions, that are liable to wreak havoc with man-made electric networks. The necessity of determining their character and effect led to the development of the remarkable machine. The cold story of this achievement is told in prosaic scientific language by I. E. Cole in the Bell Laboratory Record.

The basis of the machine is the cathode ray oscillograph of the type originally developed by the French scientist, Alexandre Dufour. It has now been brought to practical perfection in the Bell Laboratories. Inside the vacuum chamber where the ray is produced a photographic film is placed at a point where the swerving stream of electrons strikes it at the rate of 80,000 miles a second. A new vacuum is created every time a fresh film is inserted in this chamber.

The device has already produced some astonishing results in the form of permanent records. For instance it has disclosed that when the contacts of a certain electric relay open, twenty-three definite and distinct oscillations take place in 450 millionths of a second. This is the kind of electric quiverings that causes interference with your radio set.

The possibilities of the new device for research are apparently unlimited and so far untouched. Perhaps its scope can best be understood by quoting Mr. Cole's conclusion: "So versatile and *sensitive it is that it may well be described as the microscope of the electrical sciences.*"

The Program's the Thing

H. K. CARPENTER, who manages station WTAM at Cleveland, has evolved some negative commandments for his announcers such as: "Don't try to be funny. One of the hardest things is to put a joke on the air and get away with it."

You're all right, H. K., but here's an important one you've left out: "Don't speak out of turn."

The Thunder God

Continued from page 40

shabby tablecloth. "I'm not sure I want the position, Julie, although, of course, it is almost a necessity for me to earn more money. Ben is very kind, but his means are limited at present."

"I know what you're thinking of," he challenged, "but I veto your objection. You're hired. Write your own ticket, and tomorrow buy me some office equipment and arrange to sign checks for me at the bank."

"I wish you'd get somebody else, Julie. Really I do. You're a dear to ask me, and I am most appreciative, but—"

"Can't trust anybody else. Brainy women are too scarce."

"Very well, then," she agreed finally. "But after I enter your employ do not ask me out to dinner. That's understood."

He rode home with her to the little cheap apartment where she lived with her mother. "Good night, Gloria," he said simply at parting. "The night wasn't a wash-out after all, thanks to you. And now, like Mr. Pepys, home and to bed."

"Do *not* go like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon," she flung after him good-naturedly, travestying the epilogue from Thanatopsis, "but, soothed and comforted by an unfaltering faith, approach the hay like one who drapes the mantles of his couch about him and lies down with thunderbolts."

A LITTLE later she sat before her cheap dressing table, brushing her hair and thinking of him, of Mercedes, of the distant, dimly seen obstacles to their perfect bliss. "A cat," she reflected, "only Julie will never know it, or, knowing it, will be much too gallant to admit it."

She brushed furiously. "Looked guilty as a sheep-killing dog when Julie and I walked in. Refused to recognize me and refused to recognize Julie, although she couldn't take her eyes off him. She'll crush his spirit.

"Oh, Julie, Julie, you sweet dumbbell, how casually, how insouciantly, you have forced me for the second time to play second fiddle in your thunderbolt orchestra?"

Poor Julie! Poor Mercedes! Poor Gloria!

Meanwhile Julie had returned, like a laggard schoolboy, to his hotel. To quote a colloquialism, he felt that he had no home and had been condemned to the doghouse. He yearned to remain out all night, but, since such an act would place him under the shadow of suspicion as to his morals and would connote a lack of courage to face an issue, he let himself into their apartment, firm in a resolve not to maintain his obstinate silence should Mercedes renew the attack. He wanted peace, and he was prepared to pay almost any price for it except the sacrifice of his cherished ambition.

"Honey captures more flies than vinegar," he decided, and whistled cheerfully as he switched on the light. "Hey, Mercy," he called with equal cheerfulness. She did not answer him, so he went into the bedroom and discovered she was not at home.

"How good God is!" he soliloquized, and undressed with great rapidity and crawled into his own bed. "Hope I'll be sound asleep when she comes in, but if I'm not and she doesn't shake me, I'll pretend I'm asleep."

He was forced to pretend, for Mercedes came in not five minutes later and switched on the light. Julie did not stir. She stood at the foot of his bed a half minute, watching the rhythmic rise and fall of the bedding. Then: "Julie?"

He continued his futile pretense.

"Julie!"

He stirred. "Yes, darling!"—sleepily.

"I'm sorry for what happened tonight."

"So am I. Forget it. Scraps will occur in the best-regulated families." He was resolved to be friendly, to ask her no questions that might tend to embarrass her; when she bent over and kissed him he reached up and twigged her ear, pretending meanwhile an overpowering desire to drift off into slumber again.

"Mrs. Brander had a sick headache," she continued. "I felt certain you'd remember our dinner engagement with them and return in time to go out with us. But when Mr. Brander called for us with his car at 7:30 you were still absent, so I left a note, asking you to join us at the hotel as soon as you returned. He was so sorry not to have the pleasure of meeting you."

"Sorry. Didn't return until a little while ago, so didn't see your note."

"I thought, when you came into the dining-room at the Palace tonight, that you had. When I looked again, you had disappeared."

He sat up in bed, thoroughly awake. "Where's the note?" he demanded.

She glanced toward his dresser. "The maid must have removed it, Julie. I don't see it."

"Hum-m! I saw you, of course. And the chap with you was Brander, eh? I wonder why he selected a table for two if you were expecting me. I backed out because I *thought* I would be intruding."

"Oh, not at all. And I don't know why he didn't select a table for three or four. Perhaps he thought we could change if you came in."

"Oh!" He lay down again.

"Who was that pretty woman you had with you, Julie?"

"An old and dear friend of my youth, Mercy. She went to convent with you. Her name's Gloria Justin."

Mercedes pondered while undressing. "I can't seem to place her, exactly. I do wish you'd brought her over. It would have been so nice to renew acquaintance."

"She nodded to you, Mercy. Perhaps I'm wrong, but it seemed to me you ignored the nod, so we thought it best to go elsewhere."

She turned to him in sudden fury—the fury of a woman who knows she is cornered, who knows her husband knows he has her cornered and who may at any moment tell her so. In such emergencies it was Mercedes' policy to go to the attack immediately, to silence his impending accusation by bringing against him a blanket indictment. "You had no business gallivanting around the town with another woman," she charged. "Suppose some of my friends saw you? What would they think? How unkind of you, Julie, to run the risk of humiliating me? You refused to dine with me so you could dine with this Gloria Justin. Oh, don't protest. Of course you did. I know what I'm talking about. You don't love me any more; I've known it for a long time; I've suffered long enough in silence under your cruelty and neglect."

"My dear Mercy, how can you say such a thing?"

"WE WILL not discuss it further. Please let's not talk about it. It's too disgusting, too terribly humiliating to forget quickly, although I shall try."

"Dear Mercy, look at me," he commanded, but resolutely she turned toward the mirror on her dressing table. So he sat up in bed again and looked over her shoulder into her face, reflected in the glass. "The back of your neck is interesting, Mercy, but your face is positively entrancing. Look at me."

She looked down at her toilet articles instead.

"R-a-t-z—rats," he mocked. "Don't be silly, Mercy. I'm a bit of a dumbbell on most things but occasionally I have flashes of inspiration that amount to genius. I seek only the truth—facts. I have not found either in this discussion."

"Do you mean to tell me I have not been truthful with you, Julie?"

"You pulled an attack of fake hysterics on me this evening, and you ought to be ashamed of it; the incident of the alleged note is, to say the least, open to suspicion; you recognized Gloria

(*Continued on page 44*)

Sunday *May 13*

Mother's Day

Among all the many words we say, what two express thoughts so closely linked as *Mother* and *Flowers?* Sunday is *her* day.

FELLOW
Society of American Florists

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 42

Justin, and you gave her the dead face, even as you omitted her name from the list of my friends who I desired should receive invitations to our wedding. You were frightened when you saw me, and you were glad when I left without joining you, because had I done so your friend Mr. Jacob Brander would have been embarrassed.

"I had elected to ignore this unpleasant incident, which would have been an easy thing to do because I was neither suspicious of you nor jealous of you, Mercy. But you haven't played your hand very well, and now that you realize it you have decided to try the old, unfailing game of tackling me before I tackle you. Well, I have never quarreled with you before, Mercy, but tonight there's only going to be one debater in the house and that's me."

"We will not discuss it further," she reiterated loftily.

"Fine. The quarrel's ended, and I win. Hurrah for me! Hurrah for old, downtrodden Julian P. Grannis. However, I can't be quiet and go to sleep while I continue to suffer such violent pangs of curiosity. How did you discover I had a lot of money about which you knew nothing?"

"That distresses you, doesn't it?"

"It does, indeed, Mercy. I had thought I had taken more than ordinary precautions. I'm ashamed of myself."

"You should be."

"COME now, Mercy, out with it. You've got me licked on that point, so be generous. Who told you?"

"Your bank book dropped out of the pocket of the coat of your brown tweed suit when I picked it up off the chair, where you so carelessly threw it. I'm always picking up after you. You're so disorderly, Julie."

"You haven't picked up after me for more than a year, Mercy. So you peeked into your old man's little bank book, eh? You knew I had a savings account, of course?"

"No, I did not."

"Don't blame you. I've never been able to save anything on my salary. You saw to that."

"There you go again, throwing up to me the old charge of my extravagance. How can anybody save anything on five hundred a month?"

"Well, I managed to. My savings account shows a balance of a trifle over nineteen hundred dollars."

She nodded. "While I've been pinching and scraping. Oh, Julie, how could you deceive me so!"

"In order that we might have something to live on in a day of stress."

"I don't see how you accomplished it. Really, provoked as I am with you, Julie, I must admire your spirit of self-sacrifice."

"Not self-sacrifice. Extra work, my dear. Articles written for the trade journals; a few fees earned as a consulting engineer during my vacations; a few lectures delivered here and there; a little coaching to a pair of boys who came up to Madrone during their vacation to sit at the feet of your husband. You know that, while riding the Western Sierras power line, I always carried a carbine on my saddle. And you remember how you objected to my maintaining those two foxhounds, Nip and Tuck. Well, Nip and Tuck put many a mountain lion up a tree for me, and I secured a bounty on their scalps. Not infrequently we jumped coyotes and collected on their scalps. They paid their way, my dear.

"Then too, after you refused to live longer in Madrone and went to Los Angeles, I subleased our little furnished cottage for a hundred a month and lived at the construction camp for fifty. Once in a while I permitted myself to sit in on a dollar-limit poker game to while away the hours that grew burdensome while you were away. And there's one sure method of winning in a poker game—if you know poker: Don't bet 'em unless you have 'em. By the way, Mercy, have you a little secret bank account?"

"Of course not!"

"I sent you $400 out of my $500 wages every month, my dear. Are you without funds now?"

She nodded miserably and seemed about to weep. "Don't weep," he implored her. "Your tears distress me so. Have you a few bills that are worrying you, Mercy?"

Again she nodded—ashamed now.

"Well, tell your tight-fisted husband about them. How much?"

"Eight hundred odd dollars."

"Clothes, I suppose—mostly."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, hand the bills over to me in the morning, and I'll pay them. Don't want my wife worried about bills when she has worry enough already putting up with a curio like me."

"You're not a curio. You're a darling, and I do love you, Julie, if only you wouldn't provoke me so."

"There, there, Mercy." She had dashed suddenly to his bed and sat down beside him, groping for his hands. "Glad to do it for you, old pal. It's great to think I saved those few dollars. Of course I never suspected you were being embarrassed or I would have come through like a sport long ago."

The Emperor of America Returns

By SAX ROHMER

In next week's COLLIER'S

She kissed him tenderly. "I know I'm a great trial to you, Julie. I know I should have been more careful and considerate; I should have saved something out of the very generous allowance you sent me. But it's never too late to mend. I really should have some pin money, so if you will give me $1,000 tomorrow I'll open a checking account and pay my own bills. I'd much prefer it that way, Julie."

"I will—on one condition."

"Name it."

"You must promise me faithfully not to plunge into debt so recklessly again. You must promise not to anticipate the future, to trust to luck. You must not spend a dollar until you have it to spend. Promise?"

SHE promised and sealed the promise with a fervent kiss.

"You know my circumstances," he went on. "I'll excuse you this time, but if I catch you running me into debt again your bank account will die of inanition, and thereafter I'll take over the handling of the family finances, or, rather, my secretary will."

"That would be humiliating," she bridled.

"I suppose so. It's humiliating for me to have to ask you for money."

"Who is to be your secretary?" she asked suddenly.

"Gloria Justin."

"WHAT!"

"That same. She's employed in Ben Whitton's office now, and Ben and I are forming a copartnership. Hereafter, Mercy, there will not be the assurance of a monthly salary; remember that and act accordngly. I can't wear another man's collar all of my days. Got to be my own man, and nobody gets to be his own man unless he takes a chance."

SHE was silent, digesting this news, and he saw that it was disturbing her. "I suppose it will be all right," she admitted reluctantly, "but you know I *never could bear Ben Whitton.*"

"Ben's all right, and you do not have to bear him, except once in a while when I bring him home to dinner." He added: "Nevertheless, it is a source of profound distress to me that my oldest and dearest friend is repellent to you. What did old Ben ever do to you, Mercy?"

"Nothing. He just doesn't interest me. I think he is obvious and ponderous. He hasn't a spark of personality."

She was too adroit to confess that a feeling of dismay swept over her whenever Ben Whitton looked at her: that she was afraid of him; that she knew instinctively he disliked and distrusted her, albeit he had never failed in the most meticulous courtesy where his friend's wife was concerned

"You will change your mind when you know Ben better," he promised confidently. Please, for my sake, try to be nice to him."

"Have I ever been anything else but nice to him? I'm sorry, though, that you took your future secretary out to dinner."

"I didn't take her out to dinner. She had dined already, and I met her quite by accident in the hotel lobby. She took pity on my lonely state and sat with me while I dined."

"Oh! Well, I have a very natural suspicion of secretaries who take pity on lonely married men." She laughed lightly as if to withdraw a sting. "I hope you will not take her out to dinner again, Julie. I know it would be silly of me, but I'm afraid I should be jealous."

"No fear. Glorie forbade it herself. Trust Gloria."

"She will be Miss Justin in the office, of course."

"She will not!"

There was a vehemence behind that terse declaration that warned his wife she had pursued that subject to its ultimate conclusion. How crusty and rebellious he was tonight! Well, she had come off far better in the skirmish than she had any right to expect; if she prodded him further in his present mood, she might lose the advantages already gained.

"You fire eater," she teased. "What has come over you? You're as fussy as a broody old hen."

He felt that he must explode if he talked to her another minute, for she had contrived, after the fashion of her kind, to retire gracefully from the field after putting upon him the onus of the quarrel. He said: "Well, good night. I agree with you that we ought not discuss the matter further."

A moment later, still wrapped in her synthetic aura of simplicity, innocence and self-conscious rectitude, she switched out the light and retired to her own bed.

Julie sighed gratefully as the darkness enveloped him. What was that childish question Gloria had propounded to him? Ah, yes. Where did the light go when it went out? Where did love go when it died?

He was too distressed to ponder this. "What a scare she gave me!" he reflected. "She doesn't know about Uncle Jarlath, after all. But, judging by the row my little savings account kicked up, how much horsepower would develop in a row over six hundred and fifty thousand? Eight hundred dollars in debt. Wonder if she really owes that much."

(To be continued next week)

By
EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director
Science Service

Nobody *Knows the Answers*

THOSE who have got tired of cross-word puzzles and information tests, where they must be secretly conscious all the while they are working that their labor is in vain since the answers will appear in the next number, may like to exercise their wits for a change on some of the puzzles to which nobody knows the answers, such as the effect of weather on human conduct. For instance, the following seasonal variations in the affairs of civilized man have been found to hold in general for most European countries for as many years as statistics have been kept:

Deaths are most apt to occur in the period from January to April; fewer in the summer and fall.

The maximum number of births comes also in January to April and the minimum in the months of November, December, June, July and August.

Suicides are at their height in May, June and July and at their lowest from November to February.

Crimes against the person, such as assault, are more common in summer and less frequent in winter.

Crimes against property, such as theft, are, on the contrary, more apt to occur in winter and less in summer.

Scented Butterflies

BUTTERFLIES and blossoms are bound together by the bond of perfume. It is scent rather than sight that guides to the flower the particular insect which serves as a pollen carrier. "The hawk moths will fly direct to a scented flower in the dusk from a distance of a hundred yards or more and dart from blossom to blossom with almost the busy precision of a bee." So says F. A. Hampton in his book on Flower Scent, and he adds, "The earth was flowerless until bees and butterflies appeared."

But scent not only serves the butterflies in their search for food; it may also assist them in seeking their mates and in captivating them. For butterflies as well as blossoms are often perfumed. Hundreds of species are known to be odorous—in some cases the males, in others the females—sometimes with scents pleasant to our noses, sometimes repellent and nauseating. The wings of the fritillary butterflies common in New England carry a fragrant dust smelling like sandalwood and cedar.

Austin Clark describes, in the latest Smithsonian report, their courting process as he witnessed it on the upper surface of a leaf one summer. The female sat crouched motionless while the male danced an inch or so behind her, opening and closing his wings with quick jerks that showered her with his scent scales. Carpenter watched the mating of a pair of African butterflies where the male hovered in the air above the female while he scattered perfumed powder over her with his plumy and conspicuous scent brush. He was following in his own way the slogan of our florists, "Say it with flowers."

Oil of citronella, which campers use to keep away mosquitoes, has, on the contrary, an attraction for some insects. In the case of one of the fruit flies the female is scented with citronella while the male is destitute of odor. If a handkerchief perfumed with it is spread in their vicinity, it will soon be covered with ecstatic males.

This summer, when you have the time to lie on the grass and watch the habits of the bees, bugs and butterflies about you, you might find it amusing to try the effect of various scents and savors. And when you catch a butterfly, or accidentally crush one, don't forget to smell it, for you may find that it has an odor as characteristic and perhaps as pleasing as that of a flower.

Does Rest Increase Production?

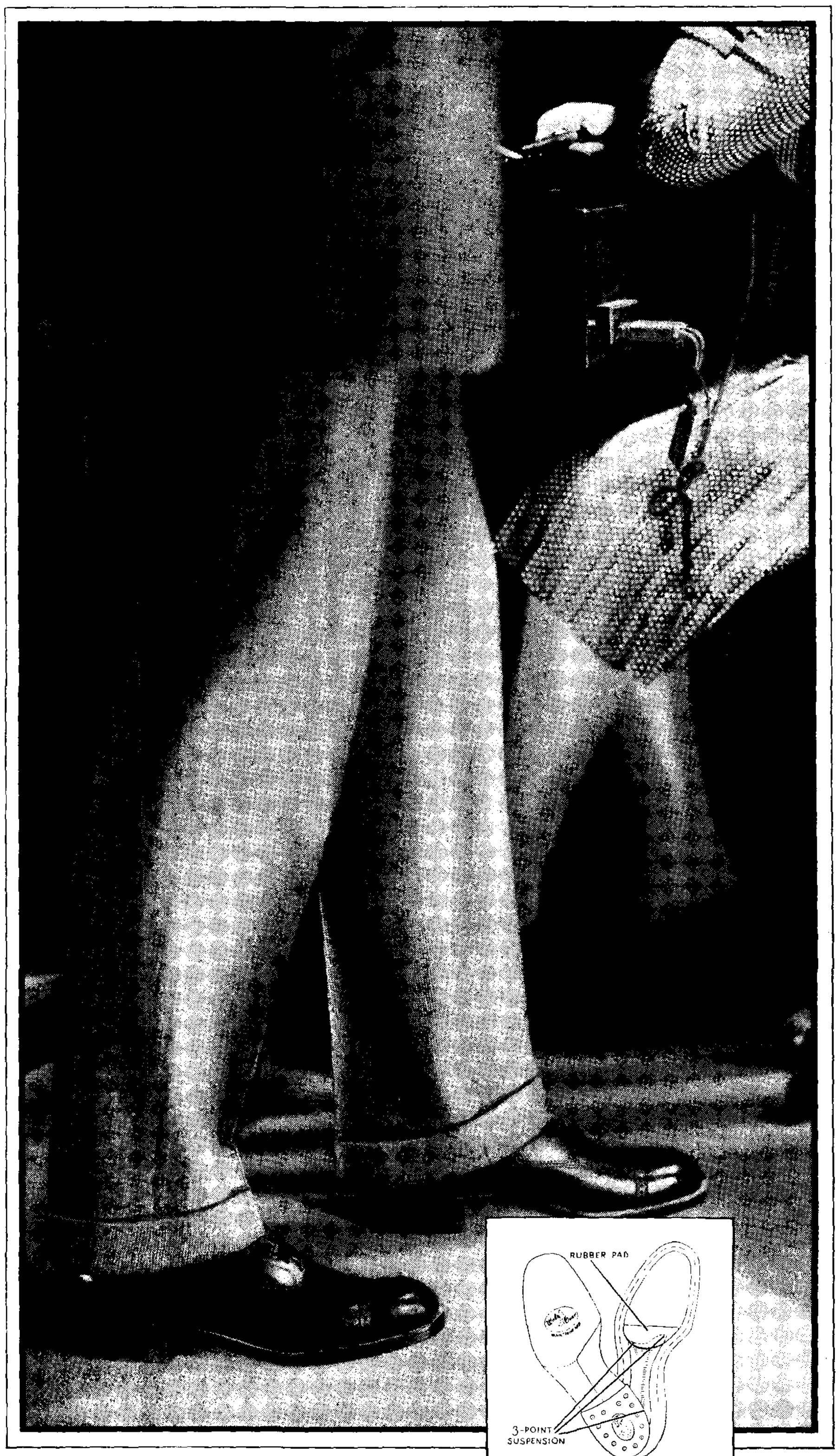
WILL more work be done in the course of a day if a brief period of rest is interposed in the forenoon and afternoon? The British Industrial Fatigue Research Board has been studying this question for seven years.

It depends chiefly upon the kind of work. In all forms of repetitive hand-work suitable rests are generally found to result in an increase of total output varying from 2 to 5 per cent, and usually in an improvement in quality. In factories where the hours run from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5, the maximum of efficiency comes about 10 A. M. and 2:20 P. M. Here the recess is most advantageously inserted.

The rest system has been found profitable in work requiring heavy muscular exertion or a continuous standing or sitting posture or close attention or high speed. In semiautomatic operations, such as tending a machine, there is no economic gain to compensate for the idleness of the machinery. But in a shoe factory an increase of output of almost 50 per cent was obtained by assigning three girls to presses formerly worked by two, so that each girl rested 20 minutes in every hour.

There is a marked difference in individuals: some work faster after the rest spell, some the same, some slower. The value of rests is greater with the less efficient employees. To get the greatest benefit out of the rest there should be a complete change of posture and action. Sedentary workers gain most by standing and movement; those engaged in heavy muscular work by entire relaxation. In many cases there is a gain in speed and accuracy just before as well as just after the recess. Irregular and unexpected cessation of work, like that due to accidental stoppage of machinery, does not have the same beneficial effect as regular and anticipated rests. To try out the plan in any establishment a rest period of five minutes should be introduced in the forenoon and afternoon work, and if the results are favorable the time can be extended minute by minute till a ten-minute period is reached. A trial of at least three months is necessary.

Operatives generally like the rest system when they get used to it, for they find that it improves their health and relieves the monotony. They often protest at first that they would prefer to work continuously and get off ten or twenty minutes earlier at the end of the day, but this does not have the same recuperative value as the recess.



WALK-OVER SHOES

Above is the Walk-Over "Plympton"—which retails at $12.00

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Why shouldn't he, when the aches and tired feelings that he could not trace are now relieved? Many men who frequently felt fatigued have donned a pair of Main Spring* Arch Shoes and found their trouble gone—because their *feet* had been causing the trouble.

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A session of the New Devices Committee of General Motors. Thousands of inventions and suggestions are submitted to the careful consideration of this Committee every year. They come from every state in the Union and every country in the world.

GENERAL

AN OPEN MIND TO NEW IDEAS

THERE are more than 1,000 engineers in General Motors; and more than twenty years of specialized experience lie behind the engineering staffs responsible for Cadillac, LaSalle, Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies. It is natural that important inventions and improvements are developed inside the organization itself.

But thousands of alert intelligences all over the world are busy with thoughts about automobiles, and to any one of them an idea may come that is well worth while.

So General Motors has its New Devices Committee which meets at frequent periods. It includes the head of the Patent Department, the directors of the Research Laboratories and Proving Ground and engineering representatives of the car divisions.

Out of the thousands of ideas and suggestions laid before it every year, relatively few can be finally adopted. General Motors cars must be built for service in Siberia as well as in American cities, and amid the rarefied air of mountain peaks as well as on the burning sands of deserts. Many ideas that appear practical under local conditions fall down before the requirements of universal use. Many suggestions, of course, have been previously considered and found impracticable.

Though the percentage of usable ideas is small, the Committee meets always with enthusiasm. It is part of the machinery of constant improvement in General Motors. So long as this spirit of improvement persists, an organization must keep growing; for, however old it may be in years, it will be always youthful in mind.

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With the Maxpar on the tee, the combination of every advantage that can be gained in a ball, is yours.

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DUNLOP

MAXPAR

A Nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius

Continued from page 15

Bradshaw talked about business. "Law?" he said. "Dry as dust. Tell me about yourself."

To her surprise, Myra Down found herself telling him. It was oddly easy—probably because he was a lawyer.

"I'm only staying out my year, just to prove I can," Myra explained. "After that I'm going to be married."

Alan Bradshaw looked at her keenly over the top of his glass. She noticed the certain movements of his thin, long fingers as he set it down.

"That's the second time you've said that," he pointed out. "There must be something in it."

"About fifty thousand a year in it," said Myra. She added composedly: "You see, I have to marry money, because I've always had it and I don't like going without."

"But I haven't any money!" cried Alan Bradshaw.

"But you're not the one I'm going to marry!" cried Myra Down.

They both laughed very merrily over this, and Alan Bradshaw ground his cigarette out very hard against the edge of his plate.

"Who, then?" he asked.

"Mr. Nicholas Hooper."

"Who's Mr. Nicholas Hooper?" This was provoking of him—because, of course, he must have known.

"Oh, he's a rising young lawyer," said Myra pertly. It had never struck her before that Nick was a lawyer. He must be, though; he had a degree in law.

Suddenly right after that it was time for them to go.

"Don't forget to call by for Marcus Aurelius at five," Myra cautioned him at parting.

Instantly the rising young lawyer who laughed so engagingly was gone again, and in his place was the young man of the school waiting-room, flushed and ill at ease. It was always like that. However efficient he might be at the law, Alan Bradshaw remained to the end of time but an indifferent nursemaid. "Stop?" he repeated. "Five o'clock. Don't you keep 'em nights?"

"We certainly don't."

"But I can't come then!" cried Alan. "I work till 5:30. Mostly I work till six. I—"

"I could leave him out in front on a leash," suggested Myra. She traced with her toe the pattern of mud-stained boots on the infant-school steps. "Or," said Myra, "I could stay and look after him until you came."

AFTER that it was taken for granted that Myra should stay at the school and care for Marcus Aurelius until Alan called for him. He called usually at 5:30, breathless and hatless, and found Myra curled on the hard wooden bench in the waiting-room with her short Rebaud skirts smoothed flat over her knees to save bills for pressing. Miss Prettikin curled her lip—it was such a thin, straight lip the wonder was that she could find enough slack in it to curl—and said it was strange to her what an interest *some* people took in *some* people's babies.

"Gug," said Marcus Aurelius, looking up with a dribble of rose quartz beads hanging out of each corner of his mouth.

Alan used to sit on the hard wooden bench beside Myra and catch his breath before he started home and tell her the amusing things that had happened during the day.

Myra always had her bits of news too. Marcus Aurelius had found a piece of sticky fly paper and made Peter Herrick a cap. Marcus Aurelius had eaten all the custard for the Three's lunch. Marcus Aurelius had turned on all the tubs in the nursery, and there had been a flood.

"He's a terrible child," Myra would say, laughing immoderately.

Soon after Myra had seen Alan Bradshaw and his charge off down the street she would be herself whisked away by Nick in his big green car. Nick did not approve of Myra's working at the infant school—did not approve of her working anywhere, of course, when she was going to be Mrs. Nicholas Hooper and live in the Hooper mansion on Bayside Drive. It irked him to be seen stopping there for her. That was why Myra let him stop. She thought it did Nick good to be irked a little bit. For some reason that she never thought through to the end, Myra hurried Alan away before Nick came and made no arrangements for the two to meet.

"I wish I could take you out to dinner," Alan said one night, "but I don't suppose I could leave *him* alone"—nodding toward the child.

"I suppose you could have a nursemaid in to stay with him. . . ."

After that, from time to time, Alan had a nursemaid in to stay with Marcus Aurelius. He had in Helga, the tall, bony Swedish woman, who took away with her his three best shirts for her tall, bony Swedish husband. He had in Larseny Adams, colored, who stole his wrist watch, but thoughtfully left the pawn ticket behind.

"Anyhow," said Alan optimistically, "I didn't have to pay her wages. And only fifty dollars on the watch."

On these occasions Alan and Myra dined usually at Martin's; Myra had suggested it, because she knew quite well that Alan could not afford to keep on taking her to Pattie's. And then one night when it was too late for table d'hôte they dined together hilariously in Alan's six-by-seven sitting-room. Marcus Aurelius was a perfect chaperon and slept right through everything, and the landlady burst in unannounced only two or three dozen times.

Alan couldn't cook, of course, and neither could Myra Down. But Alan said he guessed he could burn a chop over the fireplace as well as the next man, and Myra, not to be outdone, said she presumed she could lay a slice of fruit on a lettuce leaf in the likeness of a salad. For silver there was one spoon and Alan's jackknife and a buttonhook and a shoe horn—excellent for the ice cream. When they remembered coffee Alan ran out to the drug store and brought in two great white tooth mugs that weighed three pounds apiece. No one was ever so pleased before over such a bad meal.

"When I'm disbarred," said Alan, "I'm going to be a chef."

SHOP TALK

Back of the News

THE strange malady which has sent Chicago to bed with a fever and loud howls for the doctor is skillfully described by Owen P. White on page 10.

Hereafter when you read news with that salty frontier flavor so characteristic of Chicago these recent years you need not be wholly in the dark. You will know the precise shade of meaning given to the word "Racket," and the devious ways of the "Racketeer" will hold no mysteries.

You will know what is back of the news. And in each issue of Collier's you will find articles designed to render the same useful service in relation to personalities, events and movements that are, or will be, in the public eye.

The interview with Edsel Ford by Commander Richard E. Byrd, in this issue, is one of them. Here are two men who have been intimately concerned with progress in the flying art. They will have a great deal to do with its development, and as they discuss the future you will find yourself acquiring a background of fact which will give perspective to the current news.

Last week Kathleen Norris told us what women think of Herbert Hoover. Next week Ida M. Tarbell, America's greatest woman publicist and famous for her "Life of Abraham Lincoln," will give the results of her sojourn in Albany, where she observed the methods and manners of Alfred E. Smith.

Grantland Rice, Uncle Henry, Sinbad, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, and Dr. Slosson, in their various fields, perform this back-of-the-news service regularly without spilling an adjective. THE EDITOR.

"When I'm fired," said Myra, "I'm going out taking care of babies. It pays so well. Fifty dollars some nights. Three shirts another!" She spread a cherry expertly on the buttonhook.

Myra had never looked more lovely than she looked that night.

Alan sat hunched forward, elbows on knees, prodding up the fire; smoking his cigarette in great gusts as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

When it was time for her to go Alan helped Myra into her coat with exactly the right degree of solicitude; he touched her hand at parting exactly long enough and not a whit too long. It was just too perfect for anything.

Myra was glad, of course, that it was perfect. Still . . . Myra Down had been accustomed to seeing young men take it a little harder when she went away and left them. She supposed this was his professional manner.

THE next night, when Myra went out with Nick, it was all quite different.

He came for her at eight o'clock in the great green car, that had a whole dressing table, complete with perfumes, that pulled out in the rear, and spaces for cigarettes and flasks and a cocktail shaker and a compartment for oranges and lemons and ice. At nine they were sixty miles outside the city at a place where the waiter trotted with his tray to give the illusion of mighty effort made in their behalf, and Nick flung him a ten-dollar bill with the gesture with which one tosses away a bit of fruit that he has just noticed has gone bad.

For the life of her Myra could not help calculating how many dinners that ten dollars would have bought at Martin's. It is strange how calculating poverty will make you in just a little while.

Nick ordered in white roses for the table because Myra had said once that she liked white roses better than orchids. He broke off a blossom, and brought it, with the air of one wearied by a mighty weight, to pin to the shoulder strap of Myra's green lace dress. His fingers strayed over her bare shoulder.

"Oh, sit down, do Nick," said Myra a trifle shortly.

Nick never took her rebuffs very patiently. There were moments when Myra suspected him of feeling a little bit noble for marrying her now.

Nick probably believed that he could marry anybody in the city. Probably he could too. He was awfully good-looking. People called him handsome. He had fair hair and a pink-and-white complexion and a cleft in his chin. The perfection of his dress was something to get in the papers. He sat slouched with that affectation of excessive boredom that was being so smart just then. Myra found herself appraising him. She had not often appraised Nick of late—just taken him for granted.

There was no color in Myra's own cheeks that night. She sat erect—the clear green of her dress, stood out against the rose of the wall behind her, sharp-lined, still, as if she were a portrait. Nick himself felt it.

"Say, you're a picture," he burst out, good-tempered once more. Myra could always manage Nick like this, by sheer dominance of beauty. It made Nick want Myra just to look at her.

Afterward they danced.

Nick danced supremely well, though with a slight air of exhaustion, and he held Myra very tight—tighter than was needful—so that she had to bend her head back to catch a breath.

In the end the thing that Myra had been trying to keep from happening happened all the same. It always does. Alan stayed a little too late one night and Nick came a little too early, and the two met. Myra would have found it hard to say why she felt so upset.

Nick's manner was beyond question, of course. But there was something obscurely insolent in it all the same—you could not quite say where. He looked at Marcus Aurelius as if he were some odd small animal in a case. "Set you down somewhere?" he said to Alan.

"Thank you," said Alan heartily. "That would be a help. The kid doesn't lead very well."

Right there the first complication rose. Nick expected Myra to sit with him, leaving Alan and Marcus Aurelius to rattle round behind. This would have been the logical arrangement. But the most illogical frame of mind in the world took hold of Myra Down.

"We'll all sit together," she said, skipping into the middle of the front seat and reaching for Marcus Aurelius. "There's plenty of room."

There was not. Three and a baby and a large raccoon coat were out and out crowded.

"We mustn't all breathe at once," Alan said, trying to hold the door shut.

"Look out for that child, will you?" said Nick. "He's browsing on my coat sleeve."

Alan seemed charmingly unaware of any strain in the situation; too unaware, almost, to be credible. But even Myra was unprepared when he suggested, as they reached his house, that they all come in and get supper again by the fireplace. "It will be good fun," he said. "No one can burn a chop blacker than I can, and Myra has a great way with a lettuce leaf."

"Oh. . . ." cried Myra, confused at her own confusion; she stopped, leaving it to Nick to get out of it. But somehow you never could count on Nick.

"Quite a domestic scene," he said offensively, ducking his head with ostentation under Alan's doorway.

But Alan seemed oblivious.

"You do this often, I presume?" said Nick.

"Oh not so very often," said Alan carelessly.

Things went very badly from the beginning. Marcus Aurelius would not go to sleep, and the chops smoked terribly—much worse than they had smoked before and Myra cut her thumb opening the jar of salad dressing, and it bled on to her gray tweed suit that had just cost two dollars at the cleaners. They gave Nick the spoon and Alan's jackknife, which were the pick of the utensils, and Nick handled them as if he expected them to go off and blow them all into the next township.

Alan brought in the great white tooth mugs of coffee.

"Bleak," murmured Nick to himself. "Pretty darned bleak."

"Looks as if it's blowing up a storm," Alan grinned.

"Looks that way to me too," agreed Mr. Nicholas Hooper.

It was the first subject on which they had agreed. Myra looked from one to the other, seated there beside her: Nicholas Hooper, inexpressibly correct in his dinner clothes, handsome and fair and Nordic and rich and everything that he should be; tremendously sure of himself. Across from him Alan Bradshaw, in the clothes he had worn all day at the office, flushed from bending above the coals, brown hair tumbled, eager to see that she had the most frozen part of the ice cream; in his wide gray eyes a guilelessness too good to be completely true. Every word Nick said was designed to shrivel Alan Bradshaw. And somehow Alan Bradshaw did not shrivel.

Myra should have found it very amusing, but she didn't.

THEY left early, and Myra told Nick she had a headache and did not feel like going somewhere to dance afterward, as he suggested. She crept into bed at once, feeling . . . yes, that was it—bleak.

After that too many things happened all at once.

In the first place Marcus Aurelius swallowed a collar button. Alan telephoned Myra when she had been in bed and quietly weeping less than half an hour; Myra slid into the two pieces of clothing that fashion dictates, caught up the first wrap that came to hand, which happened to be a rather gorgeous gold brocaded cape from Rebaud's, and urged the cabman to drive fast and not mind traffic officers.

"Wait," she called over her shoulder as she ran in at Alan's. Myra had only a bill left from her week's pay, and could not stop for change.

"He's choking to death," Alan greeted her.

It was years and years after that be-

(Continued on page 50)

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A Nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius

Continued from page 49

fore the doctor came. And then the doctor did come, and the collar button was lying on the table, and Marcus Aurelius was sitting on the table too and had not choked to death at all, and the doctor was laughing as he went out and saying that they needn't worry as long as a child could make a noise like that. And then Alan was holding on to her and asking if she was faint.

"I don't know," said Myra—and she suddenly put her hands against the front of Alan's coat and swayed forward against him.

Alan picked Myra Down right straight up. She felt his arms firm and strong about her; she felt her feet swept off the floor and her forehead press close into the lean turn of his jaw. Alan's breath was quick and short against her cheek. Myra Down decided that if this was what fainting was, then she didn't mind fainting. Myra wondered how long a person may reasonably continue to faint. She bent her head back a little bit, so that the curve of her cheek came just below the curve of Alan's lips and chin. He set her down at once.

"Better?" he asked.

"Am I?" said Myra.

Alan kept his arm about her still to steady her. "It's just the fright," he reassured her. "I was pretty frightened myself. That's all."

"Yes," said Myra. "I guess that's about . . . all."

She would not let him go downstairs with her in the end: went by herself, holding to the railing and feeling her knees very wobbly under her . . . from fright. It was the worst time in the whole world for the second thing to happen: for her to find Nicholas Hooper waiting there at the foot of those stairs—spying, that's all you could call it. For once Nicholas Hooper did not look bored; his glance was angry and misunderstanding as he took it all in: the cab idling at the curb; the splendor of Myra's golden cloak; the warm, rich color in her cheeks—very deep for a person who has just fainted. . . It was not a pleasant interview they had.

MARCUS AURELIUS—who had rallied from the collar button better than Myra Down—was riding on his favorite kiddie car just as Miss Prettikin was standing on tiptoe to fasten up an X-Ray chart of Alfreda Dickens' bones. You cannot blame Marcus Aurelius too much. Perhaps the collision was not entirely his fault. Certainly it was not his fault that Miss Prettikin's four front teeth were peg teeth, and that when she fell she should have hit them on the edge of a hardwood chair.

Nevertheless you cannot deny either that there are few things more annoying than to have your four front teeth, either real or assumed, knocked right out in your hand. Miss Prettikin forgot that she was a lady and an anthropologist. She forgot that one must not thwart the little ego. And she swooped down on Marcus Aurelius Rollins and snatched him off the kiddie car, and smacked him soundly in the parts of his person that first presented themselves, and thrust him into a dark closet and locked the door and threw the key on the floor and stamped on it.

Myra Down came in just in time to see the end of it.

Too many things had happened to Myra Down that week already. She was hot all over with a white flame of anger.

"You let him alone," she cried. "Do you hear? That's Alan Bradshaw's nephew, and *you let him alone.*"

Half an hour later she was walking down the steps of the school with Marcus Aurelius in the crook of her arm, her connection with the Scientific Infant School permanently severed—when she had expected to have to work there forever.

For a person who had no idea where she meant to go, Myra Down went straight indeed to Alan Bradshaw's office. She stood on the threshold and held out Marcus Aurelius with a gesture oddly like that with which Alan himself had held him out on that first day in the school waiting-room. "Take him," said Myra. "He's expelled."

"He's . . . *what?*"

"Expelled," said Myra. "Fired. I'm fired too. I've got to find another job." It was the first time that Myra had thought about that part of it.

Alan was awfully kind and sympathetic. He tucked Myra up in one of the clients' chairs and looked tactfully the other way and pretended that he didn't know that the tears were bright behind her lashes. He put Marcus Aurelius on the rug with a box of paper clips to swallow, and paid no more attention to him—though it must have been rather a blow to have the child dumped back again on his hands during business hours.

"You wanted my professional advice about getting another job?" he was saying to Myra. "Was that why you came?"

"I suppose so," said Myra dully. She sat erect in the client's chair, twisting her handkerchief round and round and round in a little endless circle. She wanted to burst out and tell Alan all about it, but of course she couldn't very well . . . under the circumstances. He seemed awfully far away, there behind his desk. He seemed awfully professional.

"I wondered," said Myra with a gulp, "if you'd like a good nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius—while you're away at work."

The suggestion came so hard it seemed incredible that Alan should not pay attention. But he was busy just then saying something else. All at once he went striding up and down the office, up and down very fast, wheeling quickly at the turns and fluffing his hair.

"WELL, hang it all," he said, "if you're going to marry him anyway, you might as well marry him now. What difference does it make whether you've worked a year?"

"But I'm not going to marry him," said Myra. It was easy to tell Alan about it . . . because he was a lawyer. "You see, I was marrying Nick for his money, and he was marrying me for my looks, and it wasn't a fair swap. We decided last night that we should both be cheated. . . ."

"You're not going to marry him?"

"No," said Myra.

"Then you're going to marry me!"

"Am I?" said Myra.

He was swooping down on her across the narrow office.

Myra put up her hands. "Oh, Alan," she said, "I . . . believe I'm going to faint."

And it was much the nicest fainting fit that Myra ever had.

A One-Dish Dinner

MATINÉES will be more profitable and fourths for afternoon bridge more easily rounded up when Milady, as those gay advertising dogs love to call her, adopts this convenient, effort-reducing system: Put into a casserole some left-over chicken (why, of course you must have! We've got to start from somewhere, haven't we?) cut into small pieces, diced boiled potatoes and any available vegetable such as peas or string beans. Pour on it a rich cream sauce; top it off with a dozen tiny stalks of asparagus and a dainty sprinkle of grated cheese, all hotly blended in a casserole under the broiler flame until it has achieved a delicate sunburn.

Great Grief!

Continued from page 34

get my patients at least to the street."

"I'll have to buy one then, but I'll do that later. It looks as though I'd have a busy morning."

About his other errand Dolly remained mysterious, as long as possible. He gave the taxi driver an address near Broadway which meant nothing to Gennery, and when they arrived at the dingy, photograph-lined offices of Herman Weber, vaudeville agent, Gennery wasn't enlightened.

Mr. Weber was red-faced and tastily bejeweled.

"WELL, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked jovially. "You starting up a theatre some place?"

"No," Dolly explained. "I just want to hire somebody for a little extra-private publicity stunt. Do you happen to have on hand a buried-alive artist, or whatever you call these birds who allow themselves to be put in a coffin and sunk in a river, or buried under sand for a day or two?"

Mr. Weber consulted a card index.

"There are a coupla good men I can lay my hands on," he announced at last.

"I just want one but perhaps I'd better see a choice. How soon can you get them?"

"In about half an hour," Mr. Weber promised. "I'll telephone them right away. They ask a fancy price though, those fellows do. Risk, you know."

"I'm willing to pay one," Dolly answered. "Though I don't think there'll be much risk involved in this."

"Well, what do you think of my plan?" he asked of Gennery when they were in the outer office.

"I think it's possibly a little bit crazier than Vicky's."

"It ought to be a lesson to her, though, and the Lord knows she needs one."

"You said the best way to stop the talk Vicky has started would be to have the funeral. Do you feel that that will be the effect on Chatfield if the corpse pops up in the middle of the service and begins to do a little plain sewing on his abdomen or whatever happens to be the pet trick of the man you hire?"

"I'm not a fool, Gen," Dolly informed his friend, "and what I'm planning will be carried out in the quietest, most refined manner. In the first place I'm sure Vicky won't have the coffin opened. In fact I'll fix it up so she won't."

"You'd better. I don't imagine these performers could fool any very close inspection."

"Then tonight, when the closed coffin is sitting in the drawing-room and all the weeping sympathizers have gone home and only Vicky and good old Hester are alone in the house I'll arrive to pay a call. Vicky and I will be reverently discussing the late departed when suddenly a sepulchral rap will come from the coffin. When that happens do you imagine Vicky will fall off her high horse or not?"

Gennery grinned a little.

"She'll be a pretty good seat if she doesn't," he admitted.

"Well, we'll let our performer out; just about then I plan for a confession from her and a reconciliation. I then will fill the coffin with something and tomorrow we'll have the funeral as per schedule."

"That sounds all right. You're sure Hester and Vicky are alone on the place?"

"Absolutely. The cook sleeps out. You'll admit that we can count on Hester?"

"Oh yes. If Vicky committed a nice, gory murder Hester would help to hush it up, though she'd tell Vicky that she'd been a very naughty girl."

"It's all right with you then?"

"I'll leave it to you, but how are you going to make sure that Vicky doesn't have the coffin opened?"

"I'll show you," Dolly answered, and he asked the office boy for a plain sheet of paper and a plain envelope.

"Now sit down at that table," he directed Gennery, "and write. 'Don't let anybody touch it' and address the envelope to 'Mrs. Brown'."

Gennery did as he was told.

Dolly put the missive in his pocket.

"I'll have this attached to the container somewhere," he promised.

Gennery looked at his watch.

"My hour's up," he announced. Fortunately Mr. Weber appeared just then and said, "Will you step this way, please?"

There were two men in the room to which he led them. One was bald, bowlegged and middle-aged. His name was Gilbert Faunce and he had a general look of sagginess. The other was younger, with a long, gangling body on top of which a silly, small-featured face seemed to perch like a sparrow on a telegraph pole. He had a little black mustache and his black hair was brushed in a careful curl to conceal premature baldness. Mr. Weber introduced him as Ted Hackle.

"They both of them have played big time," Mr. Weber said. "They're a pair of headliners."

"It's your case, Dolly," Gennery said, "I've got to get to the hospital."

"Mr. Hackle is just what I was looking for," he heard Dolly telling Mr. Weber as he left. "That is if Mr. Hackle has a heart for romance and high adventure."

"Crazy!" Gennery thought. "Just as crazy as Vicky! They'll make a eugenic pair!"

Waiting for the elevator to take him to the street, Gennery was joined by Mr. Gilbert Faunce, the rejected aspirant.

"I don't wanta take the bread outta anybody's mouth," Mr. Faunce said sourly, "but your friend ain't chosen a very good person. I know Ted Hackle. Knew him when we was both in the movies together. He's a handsome fella. But he ain't reliable. He's a drinkin' fella. I've seen him spoil an act in vaudeville just because he was stewed. Wild-like."

Gennery didn't like exhibitions of the feline in his own sex.

"He can't be any wilder than what he's got to do," he grunted.

At half past six Helen summoned Vicky to an early high tea so that they would be all through before "it" arrived. Vicky couldn't eat.

HELEN quite enjoyed her own supper. It seemed to Vicky that she would never finish and indeed Helen was still nibbling at tiny forkfuls of Charlotte russe when the doorbell rang and Lizzie, stimulated to real interest at last, announced jubilantly at the dining-room door:

"It's here, Miss Bond. They're bringing it in!"

Vicky and Helen went to the drawing-room. A silvered trestle had already been set up. Helen peered from the front window.

"Why, what a lot of men!" she exclaimed. "What do you suppose Nat Lee is doing with them?"

"Nat Lee!" Vicky exclaimed. "He must be a little mad. That's the only explanation. A funeral to him must be like a fire to those pyromaniacs."

Nat was not among the men who carried the coffin to its resting place on the silvered trestle, nor was he beside Mr. Carroll, the undertaker who superintended operations with the air of Addison's angel.

So preoccupied was Vicky with Nat's probable whereabouts that, when the coffin was firm in its place, Mr. Carroll had sprung back several mysterious catches before she noticed.

"What are you doing?" she almost shrieked at him.

"Preparing to remove the cover, madame."

"But the coffin is not to be opened. That was my express order." Vicky looked accusingly at Helen.

"I told him so," Helen whined.

"It's customary, madame," Mr. Carroll remonstrated.

"That makes no difference to me,"

(*Continued on page 52*)

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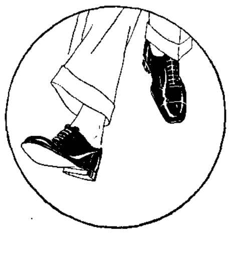

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Great Grief!

Continued from page 51

Vicky replied. "I'm not a customary person and I know what I want. Mr. Brown may have died of some virulently contagious disease for all I know. I haven't yet had details."

Mr. Carroll looked curiously nonplused.

"Just one moment, madame," he said, and went into the hall.

Then Nat Lee burst into the room.

"Vicky," he said, "I don't want you to think I'm responsible for this. I've done my darndest to hold it off."

"Hold what off, Nat?"

Nat paid no attention.

"I did write to the New York District Attorney's office," he blurted out. "I suppose I shouldn't have, but I thought it would be an awfully good thing for me, and probably wouldn't lead to anything."

"What are you talking about?" Vicky asked. "What did you write them?"

"I wrote that I'd learned the man you'd married was some big French bootlegger, and I got back word to report any developments, and, Lord, I was glad when Zona told me that he was dead, and I wired that on. But when they learned he was being shipped here they sent around some agents to see if they can identify him."

"Well, they can't identify him," Vicky declared. "The coffin isn't going to be opened."

"That's just the trouble, the coffin has to be opened. Those are orders."

"What good will it do them to look at him? They can't arrest him."

"It may clear up a whole bunch of cases on their books."

"Sorry as I am not to satisfy their curiosity," Vicky said, "those cases will not be cleared up. Any men you've gotten here might just as well leave."

"Aw, Vicky," Nat Lee groaned.

"Don't aw at me, Nat Lee," Vicky told him. "If you've gotten yourself in trouble by your silly, male chattering, it's not my fault. Why can't you men keep your mouths shut anyway?"

"I just did what it was up to a good citizen to do," Nat defended himself.

"No such thing. You went blabbing. You always have been a blab and a tattle-tale and now you can just take those men away."

"But I can't," Nat protested.

"You bet he can't," a big man in a tweed coat asserted. He and an individual so thin that he gave an impression of being merely an Adam's apple at half mast had entered the room while Vicky and Nat exchanged words.

"This is my cousin's house," Vicky informed the newcomers, "and I'm in charge of it, and I order you to leave it."

"We got a search warrant."

"Let me see it," Vicky said. She'd heard that was the thing to do.

THE tweed man produced a document. Whether or not it was a search warrant Vicky hadn't an idea.

"Nonsense," she said, thrusting it back at him, "you can't make me believe I have to submit to such an outrage. Mr. Carroll, I forbid that coffin's being opened."

"I'm afraid it's no use, madam," said the harassed Mr. Carroll.

"You're right it ain't," the tweed person grinned. "The only question is whether the lady is gonta yell and scream while you jerk off the lid or behave quiet and decent. Take it off, brother."

Mr. Carroll approached the coffin, the Adam's apple with him.

Vicky knew she was beaten. Helen tried to put her arm about her, but Vicky shook herself free. She seriously considered jumping from the drawing-room window, darting for the garage, and making off. How could she possibly bear exposure? Were there legal penalties for having a funeral under false pretenses?

Mr. Carroll lifted the cover. The tweed man, the Adam's apple, Nat Lee and Helen looked into the coffin—they didn't start back.

Vicky took one step so that she, too, could see. It was not empty except for weights.

There was no joy in Vicky's relief. She felt a definite physical sickness in shame at having dealt so lightly with so solemn a matter.

She sat down in a chair, and didn't look at the group.

"Never see that baby, before, did you, George?" the voice of the tweed officer remarked.

"Never did," the Adam's apple piped.

Mr. Carroll approached Vicky.

"I forgot to give you this," he said, handing her a note. "It laid on the lid."

"Mrs. Brown," was written on the envelope in Gennery's hand.

Vicky tore it open and read the single scrawled line.

"Don't let anybody touch it."

It! No pronoun had ever been so welcome to Vicky in her life! It!

She rose and went to the coffin.

THERE lay before her the silly wax face, with the curly black mustache, and the cowlick of wavy black hair, which she had seen in thousands of men's furnishing store windows. How could she have been fooled by it, even in that first brief glance? Of course the eyes were closed, but it must be a dummy made especially for the display of pajamas.

And yet none of the men, who had not had the hint of the note, suspected. It was only Helen's long gaze that Vicky feared.

"Awful sorry to have disturbed you so much, ma'am," the tweed individual apologized. "Mistakes will happen."

Vicky wanted to dance and yell. She didn't trust her speech so she continued her indignation.

"I should imagine rather frequently with you," she replied.

"That's a good one," Tweeds said. "Well I guess we'd better be hoppin' along, George."

"And I think you'd better go with your friends, Nat," Vicky observed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Vicky," Nat protested.

"That's not entirely incomprehensible."

Nat withdrew with consummate awkwardness. Only Mr. Carroll was left, Mr. Carroll and Helen, who had not shifted her hypnotized stare from what was in the coffin. Mr. Carroll must be gotten rid of before Helen spoke.

"What are you waiting for?" Vicky asked him.

"I'll just fix him up a little," Mr. Carroll said soothingly.

"Mr. Brown is not to be touched," Vicky informed him, "at least those are my orders. Possibly the state militia will be rushed out to countermand them, but until it has been I think you may as well leave, too."

"You know it wasn't my fault, ma'am," Mr. Carroll protested. "It was them prohibition agents made me do what I did! Prohibition agents! Do you notice the smell of whisky they left in this room?"

"You'll be here in the morning, I presume."

"First thing," Mr. Carroll promised.

As he left, Lizzie, who already had her hat on, peered around the corner of the door.

"Can I see him?" she asked.

"Do," Vicky said.

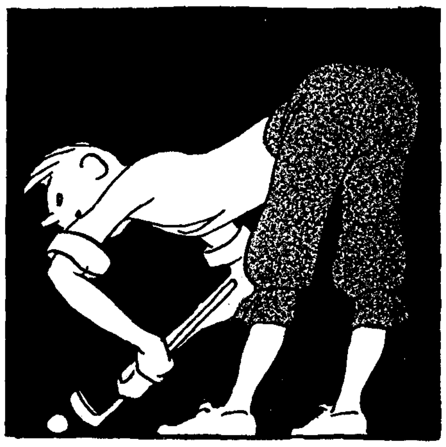
"He makes a handsome corpse," was Lizzie's one comment.

Then Helen spoke.

"Oh, Vicky!" she said, accusingly.

"Let's go upstairs." Vicky stopped her.

It wasn't going to be a pleasant scene. Vicky wished she had taken Helen into her confidence in the first place. Now Helen had earned a right to be angry with her. Somehow she must be won over to keep the secret, and that wasn't going to be easy with a person who made a fetish of truth-telling.



Tom Masson Says

They don't elect a man president of a golf club because he is a golf champion.

About the only thing left for Will Hays to do is to become editor of a confessional magazine.

Now that beauty and style have become a necessity for our closed cars, can't something be done about the occupants?

A book on the Ten Commandments has just been issued. Probably written in broken English.

What's the matter with Henry Ford preserving the last livery stable as a national relic?

The son of an American millionaire has married a Paris dressmaker. That's one way of keeping the money in the family.

"There is more to life," vibrates Mahatma Gandhi, "than increasing its speed." Yes, you have got to keep your gas tank filled.

A mechanical violin that plays itself has been invented. We suggest that it be equipped with a bullet-proof case.

"Are beautiful women intelligent?" asks a critic. Nobody takes time to find out.

"Now, boys," said a newly smuggled case of Scotch, "all together: Raw! Raw! Raw!"

A Princeton man has invented an alarm clock that shuts the window, boils an egg and wakes him up. But after all this has occurred, something ought to be done about getting him into bed.

When better flappers are built our drug stores will build them.

So far as we know commencement exercises are our oldest ceremony. They began in the Garden of Eden.

Summer is coming. The children stayed here overnight on their way from school to camp.

"Well, Helen," Vicky said penitently, when they'd reached her dressing-room, "say it."

"Oh, Vicky!" Helen began again, in the same tone. "Oh, Vicky, I can't even speak about him. He's so distingished looking."

She then began to wipe her eyes, which had flooded with tears. It gave Vicky a chance to get to her chaise longue, throw herself face down on it, and stuff part of a pillow into her mouth before she gave way to the hysterical laughter of relief.

Distinguished looking! The only thing less distinguished looking Vicky could think of was the barber who presents a bottle of perfume so ecstatically in the advertisement. That was probably Helen's ideal man!

Moreover, Vicky thought, this was the last bridge she had to pass. Before her lay open country. No more lying, no obstacles left between her and Dolly.

BETWEEN amusement and sheer joy Vicky went on laughing. She shook and shook, while Helen dashed for spirits of ammonia, implored permission to send for a doctor, chafed her wrists, and even slapped her very gently because Helen had heard that a short, violent blow was good for hysterics.

"I know just how you must feel," she kept saying as Vicky grew calmer. "Has he changed much?"

"Well, I thought his face was pudgier perhaps," Vicky answered. "Don't you think it lacked character, just a little?"

"Not one bit," Helen defended her idol. "I think perhaps what you mean is the effect of—you know sometimes they put make-up on them."

"That may be it," Vicky agreed. "Now we must stop talking about it and do something soothing. What do you say to a rubber or two of double dummy?"

"Don't you think it would be better if we read?" Helen asked, "considering—"

"You mean more suitable," Vicky accused her, "and I do not. Clovis would have much preferred to have a good, brisk game of cards going on, rather than a chapter from Beyond the Veil."

The room was cheerful with pink lamps, and bright hangings, and Helen played excellent bridge. It was the first relaxation Vicky had had for a week and she was enjoying it thoroughly when the doorbell, ringing sharply, startled them both so that they upset the table, and half the pack swirled all over the floor.

"I'll go," Helen volunteered. "I can't imagine who it can be at this time."

Vicky listened at the head of the stairs.

First she could hear Helen fumbling with the latch, then her voice as she said: "Why, Dolly Tillinghast! We thought you were in New York."

"I got back," Dolly answered, "but what are you doing here, Helen?"

"I'm staying with Vicky. She couldn't be left alone."

"Don't you want to go somewhere for an hour or so? I'll relieve you with her."

There was a note which might mean penitence in Dolly's tone. It was sweet to Vicky's ears.

"Why, of course I don't want to go anywhere at this time of night," Helen Vaughn said. "Besides, you upset Vicky terribly when you were last here. I don't even know whether she'll see you."

It was time for Vicky to intervene.

"Is it Dolly?" she called down, in a rich, sad voice.

"Yes."

"Won't you ask him to come up?"

Then she remembered the overturned card table's giving her little dressing-room an air of debauch which was the last impression she would have cared to have him gather.

Dolly was at the foot of the stairs, his wonderful smile shining up at her.

"I mean in just a moment or two," she explained. "I'll call you."

She thrust the card table into the bathroom which connected her dressing and bedroom, and started to gather up the scattered deck when she remembered what was in the drawing-room. Helen Vaughn might be showing it to keen-eyed Dolly, who was a man of the world and not like the unsophisticated few it had fooled without question. With one clawing gesture Vicky swept every card in sight under a rug.

"Dolly!" she called down, on that same, mourning dove note.

She couldn't see whether he came from the drawing-room, but when his face was close enough to read she knew his suspicions hadn't been aroused.

"Helen's been scolding me about last time," he said. "Can you forgive me, Vicky?"

Vicky looked at him with great dark eyes, which by now had real circles under them.

"There isn't anything to forgive, Dolly," she said. "When one has been through a lot one doesn't forgive, one just understands."

It was the Edith Viereck brand of bunk, but it was far better done than Edith Viereck could do it, and if that was what he liked—

"Am I intruding?" Helen Vaughn asked brightly from the door.

"Not a bit," Vicky said. "Only there is something I wish you'd do, do you mind?"

"Of course not. What is it?"

"Pardon me a moment, Dolly."

With a gracious, womanly smile, Vicky stepped into the hall with Helen.

"Put the cover on that coffin," she said in a small but imperative voice.

"All alone?" Helen whimpered. "I don't know how."

"Just balance it on then."

"Well—all right," Helen said. Reluctantly she started downstairs.

Vicky went back to Dolly.

"I'd have come before," he explained, "but I had to go to New York."

"Yes, I know, Edith Viereck's divorce."

"Good Lord! That reminds me. I forgot all about it."

"Dolly, you didn't! You sweet thing!"

"That's a strange comment on a first symptom of mental decay."

"I've been worried," Vicky said.

"About Edith Viereck? Did you have time to think about that with all you've been going through?"

Vicky looked at him through her lashes.

"Yes," she admitted. "Do you suppose anything could keep me from worrying when there was a possibility of your making a really important mistake? Why, nothing on earth could."

It was a simple expression of the affection she felt for him, which was something entirely apart from her love, but there were tears in her eyes as she said the words.

"Vicky, you darling!" he called her, choking ridiculously.

"After all, I guess this isn't exactly what we're supposed to be talking about," Vicky said, halfway between a sob and a smile.

"No. What I came to talk of was your affairs—your sorrow."

Vicky had never seen big, merry Dolly Tillinghast look so sobered. This was of course just what she'd wanted. She'd beaten him, and now she couldn't bear it.

"Dolly," she began, "I've got something to tell you. I—"

FROM downstairs there came the most ghastly sound she had ever heard. She realized that it was Helen, but it was like the cry of a rabbit or some other animal which hasn't a voice as a rule, but manages a hideous squeal at the bidding of great horror or pain.

"Good Lord!" Dolly gasped, and they both started for the door.

Helen was panting up the stairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

They brought her into the dressing-room and made her sit on the chaise longue.

"It can't be true," she said. "It can't, and yet I know it is. Oh, Vicky, can you bear the shock?"

"The shock of what? I can bear anything better than this."

"It's a shock, and it's terrifying; but it's glad news. You must remember that. Glad news."

"What is it, Helen?"

"I'd just picked up the coffin lid, and I was looking at him for a last time, when, oh Vicky! His eyes opened, I know they did. He isn't dead at all."

(To be concluded next week)

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Looting the Loop

Continued from page 11

of his own choosing. Neither can he select the taxicab in which he wishes to ride.

Two days before these lines were written I had an experience in this line, and I know. I walked out of a leading hotel and signaled a taxi driver. The man drove his cab toward the curb, and I started toward it. But I didn't enter it. The hotel doorman, a man I have known for years, stopped me. "Don't use that cab," he said. "Please take this other one." And he motioned to a machine of a totally different complexion.

Ordinarily I object to compulsion, but as I instantly realized that I was witnessing a phase of the Racket game, I refused to step into the cab I had called and took the one called for me by the doorman. Everybody involved in the transaction—that is, the two opposing cabmen and the doorman—of course made immediate and interesting use of a great deal of high-powered Chicago language, but finally I got away whole.

That night I found out why the doorman had displayed such a violent antipathy toward one cab and such an affection for the other. He had to do as he did. He is under the control of a Racketeer whose battle flag is exactly the same color as the cab I rode in. I was a guest in his hotel, and if that doorman had allowed me to get into the cab I had selected he ran the risk of being met that night, on his way home, by the "educational committee" of the Racket to which he pays tribute.

Five minutes after I got out of that cab I ran into another and an even more personal phase of the Racket game. In one of Chicago's most prominent clubs I met one of the poor old town's business men. He and I sat down at a table, with nothing between us—we had it on the floor, though—and I at once propounded my stock question in regard to Chicago's new municipal sport, the Racket game. The gentleman almost exploded. When he could calm himself, however, he said: "Right by the side of the kitchen door at my home there stands a baseball bat which, after much prayer, I have dedicated to the extermination of the next Racketeer who invades my premises."

This gentleman's story, which was very fresh in his mind, and which he related with much feeling, is this: A few days before our conversation his home had been visited by two men who are, at this writing, busy with the organization of two Rackets: A Butlers' Racket and a Housemaids' Racket. On their first visit these men left membership cards for the servants to sign, and on the following day they returned to see if their orders had been carried out. They had not, and so the men came back a third time.

Judges Obey Their Master's Voice

THE following day, at his office, the husband received a hurry call, made over a neighbor's phone, telling him to come home at once as his wife was being molested. He responded immediately, rushed home and found that the Racketeers had called his wife and informed her that unless she forced her maids and butler to join the "association" she would be reported to the American Federation of Labor and put on the black list. As a coercive measure they also told her that until she saw fit to comply with their demands she would be unable to use her telephone, as they had already arranged with a few of their otherwise unemployed assistants to favor her with fifty or sixty calls a day.

Now, what are the good citizens of Chicago going to do with their problem?

In Chicago the judges have little, if any, control over the criminal situation. The methods of procedure and the manner of empaneling the juries all favor the gunman, the murderer and the Racketeer. The defense attorney either has a jury of his own selection or else injects an idiotic technicality into the proceedings somewhere, and his worthy client is at liberty. As an illustration of this, directly in connection with the Racket game, Chicago is said to have sustained a loss of half a million dollars in one year through the smashing of plate glass. The insurance companies have raised the rates until they are practically prohibitive, and now they are threatening to quit writing business and cancel all policies in the city.

The man responsible for a very large percentage of this damage, and a valued aid, of course, to the cause of the Racketeers, was arrested for practicing his art on March 19, 1923, and immediately released on bail. The interruption to his activities was very slight. He went calmly on heaving bricks and an occasional nitroglycerin bomb, and finally, two years and nine months after his arrest, all evidence against him having in the meantime mysteriously disappeared from the police department, he was tried and promptly acquitted.

Then too, according to information furnished me by a police reporter who has been mirthfully following the Racketeers for two years, there are quite a few judges in Chicago who are so solicitous of the welfare of the Racket boys that they sleep with telephones at their bedsides. These phones ring in the night, and, no matter how cold or inclement the weather, the judges hearken to their master's voice, respond to the call of duty and hasten down to accept bail for some worthy fellow who has been caught pitching a bomb into a fish store or casting a rock through the window of Madame X's beauty parlor. Madame X, of course, having the preceding day refused an invitation to join an association of her kind.

A Lovely Little Dinner Racket

THE reason why the judges do this, if you will stop to think of it, is very plain. The arrested lads do not have to appear at the morning "line up." If they did, most of these men, who are in the employ of the Racketeers, would be instantly identified as badly wanted murderers or hold-up men.

In the meanwhile, however, as the weeks, months and even the years go drifting merrily by, the Racketeer is one man in Chicago who doesn't worry.

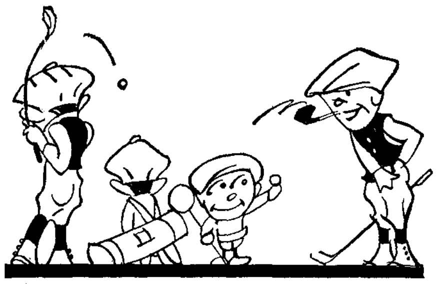
He doesn't have to. Day by day, through his control of the political organization, his grip on the town is growing tighter and tighter. He turns his eyes lovingly in the direction of the city hall, makes an obeisance to the boss, grins happily and attends to business. Sometimes, when he wants to lend the color of legality to his activity, he applies to a sympathetic government at Springfield for a "charter" for his "association," and gets it, but generally he struggles along without one.

The example that emanates from the local administrative halls is enough for him. He sees Big Bill, as the master mind back of the great Americanization Racket, assess every policeman $10 for membership, and he takes his tip. In proportion to his ambition, or his immediate needs, the Chicago Racketeer emulates His Honor, Mr. Thompson. If he wants a quick turnover, he gets up a dinner party. This is a lovely little Racket, largely indulged in, and works as follows:

Dickey the Dope, for example, needs a few thousand berries and needs 'em bad. He picks up the paper, sees that Patrolman Flannigan has been boosted up to the grade of sergeant, and that's enough. He ambles over into the Flannigan district, arranges with some hotel or restaurant keeper, whose banquet capacity is strictly limited to a couple of hundred, to serve a dinner in honor of the newly created sergeant, and then out he goes and sells 2,500 tickets. Those who are invited to attend the function MUST attend. No, that is a mistake. It doesn't make any difference whether they attend or not, but they MUST buy the tickets. They really MUST, they know they must, and they do.

One small retail merchant in Chicago is said to have a collection of eighty-three dinner tickets which cost him an average of $6 apiece. He has never been able to so much as check his hat inside the banquet hall at any one of these Racketeered parties, but neither has he ever been able to refuse to buy a ticket. He says that the purchase of each one represents an investment in health. He is right about that. It is cheaper for him to pay for dinner tickets, and eat at home, than it would be for his widow to pay for flowers and a casket for him.

And even then, if she interred him in Chicago, it would probably be done in accordance with the price scale set by the Hearse Drivers' Racketeer, the Florists' Racketeer and the Undertaking Racketeer. From the cradle to the grave, life, out in Chicago, is just one blamed Racket after another.



Jingles in the Rough

My strokes are all eccentric pivots,
But since I have a stubborn pride
I love the worms beneath my divots
Who smile and say, "At least, he tried!"
By Wallace Irwin.

Cheer up, duffers; cheer up, dubs;
Don't think you get all the rubs;
Pipe the experts missing pars,
Cursing planets, moon, and stars.
By L. W. M.

Edward Lear, King of the Jingleleers, got relatively little more than a few rousing cheers for his nonsense verse. We don't know why. Maybe he didn't play golf or something. Today you don't have to be nearly as good as Mr. Lear to win your golf game—or your father's—or your grandmother's—or anybody's. Then set it to sprightly verse. Not more than four lines, or five at the outside. And send it to Collier's.

If the editors decide it's worth printing—and print it—you'll get a beautiful (and of course valuable) gold pocket piece. If you don't admire it, your taste is deplorable, that's all.

Soda Fountain Week

GO to your Rexall Drug Store now and taste how good *good* sodas can be! Liggett's famous fresh fruit syrups—pure, delicious ice creams—all your favorite fountain flavors—cooling—sparkling—carefully prepared and served just right. Make the acquaintance of Rexall sodas during Soda Fountain Week and enjoy a refreshing attachment all summer.

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You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

"Fly On! Fly On!"

Continued from page 9

of flying, I think, will be rather limited. The business use will be very wide. Business is always looking for faster transportation.

"As for international contacts we have only to think of Lindbergh, Chamberlin and yourself to see the possibilities which aviation has of serving international understanding and good will.

"There is a certain universal kindliness felt toward flyers which makes them fitting messengers of good feeling between nations. Even in war their combat was marked by a degree of chivalry which is rare elsewhere."

Stunts Have Taught Us Much

"ONE last question, Mr. Ford, and a delicate one, though I am tremendously anxious for you to say a word about it: What is your attitude toward stunt flights such as the transatlantic and transpacific flights of last year? Should such flights be stopped? I ask partly because there will no doubt be a great many next summer."

For a moment Mr. Ford's lips tightened. A hard question to answer, and one that might have many repercussions if answered lightly. But he did not fail me. He said:

"I am not sure that the term 'stunt' is always deserved in speaking of such flights. Men and women who undertake to prove certain convictions of theirs at the risk of their lives are entitled to full credit for sobriety of purpose. Regrettable losses have occurred, but were they not necessary to the advancement of the art? Surely they were not all wasted.

"Very valuable knowledge has been established by this means, costly as it has been in life. But I do not believe we need to go on repeating these failures and losses. We have now learned what they can teach us.

"Lindbergh showed what a single engine can do. You have shown what a triple-engined plane can do in transatlantic and Polar flights. That part of the work is done. When the new type of airplane engine comes along these important experiments may be resumed. But always, I should say, under the best supervision possible at the time.

"In any event, I do not think we shall be so shortsighted as to hinder progress by red tape. Progress has always involved sacrifice and probably always will.

"Those who failed deserve honor with those who succeeded."

This World's a Stage

Continued from page 7

there. I never was so thrilled in my life!"

He got to his feet and stood looking down at her. He hadn't lost the desperate look. He was somber. Pretty wonderful, really, she thought. "My dear child—"

"Why don't you ever call me by my name? It's Lois."

"My dear Lois, you have by chance stumbled into a situation that is colored with real drama. For the purpose of publicity, my management has arranged this interview. It is to deal with my supposedly happy home life. Vulgar parading of a lie—that is what it is. Falsely making capital of my personal life."

She was gazing up at him, wide-eyed, bright with color. "Of course, we know nowadays that most marriages are unhappy. What of it?"

Soon they came, the interviewers and the photographers. They stayed an hour. And Lois stayed in the closet.

As soon as they had gone he hastened to rescue her. "What was that telephone call? While they were here, I couldn't hear much of what you were saying, but . . . was it about me?"

Darkly he inclined his head. "A man. He gave no name. He asked if you were still here."

"Oh! And you said I'd gone?"

"Yes. It seemed best. I couldn't very well admit before those newspaper men that you were still in the apartment. He was rather pressing."

She nodded, "He'd spy on me. Do anything. You told him I'd gone. And I told him I had to be at the hairdresser's at four. He's been watching the door. Perhaps I'd better wait till after dark?"

"If he is watching, Lois, that will make it worse."

"That's so. I'll go now. But I'll come tomorrow at two. If . . . that is . . . you want me to."

"Why . . . certainly. Of course."

"I'll look forward to it." She slipped into coat and hat and then leaned, a little bundle of provocative charm, against the wall. What was she waiting for? Should he kiss her? Was that it?

He drew himself up. "This man, Lois, is he . . . do you think it likely he would do anything . . . well, violent?"

She pursed her lips. Shrugged. "I don't know. He might. He was in a state this noon. You see, he doesn't understand about actors. Why can't he leave me alone? Why do people behave that way?"

As Markham couldn't answer these questions, he stood motionless. And she, after a moment, let herself out.

In the evening she called him up at his club. "He was waiting on the sidewalk," she said forlornly. "We had a scene. I finally told him I wouldn't have lunch with him tomorrow. That set him raving. Said you'd won me away from him and that you'd throw me aside like a squeezed orange. . . . Oh, you've no idea! But I do want you to know I appreciate the wonderful chance you're giving me. I've got to be equal to it. I'm going to study the second act tonight."

"Perhaps a little sleep, Lois—"

"Sleep in the morning. Listen! Here's an idea. He knows I've been coming to you at two. Couldn't I come at one? He'll think I'm somewhere having lunch. And then when it's dark I could slip out."

Markham, standing in the booth at the club, winced. Fate appeared to be closing in on all sides. But she was an enchanting child. "She'll do anything I say," he thought, with a bounding if palpitant heart. Into the transmitter he remarked urbanely, "Yes, my dear. Come at one."

THE sun was dropping low to close another day. In the twilight of Edmond Markham's apartment the glow fell softly. And in the heart of Markham himself romance stirred restlessly on the brink of expression. The girl was in his arms. But they were rehearsing. Oh, they were rehearsing! He was at the moment, correcting her. Very gently. Molding her speech.

The doorbell sounded. They stood motionless. Then came a hammering.

"I'd better go," he said, confused.

"I'll hide in the closet," said she.

Guardedly he opened the door. That young man stood there with tragic eyes. Wild eyes.

"She is here!" breathed the youth hoarsely.

Had Miss Bellamy's door opened an inch or two wider? Markham thought so. That hammering would have fetched her a-tiptoe.

The moment for positive action had

(*Continued on page 56*)

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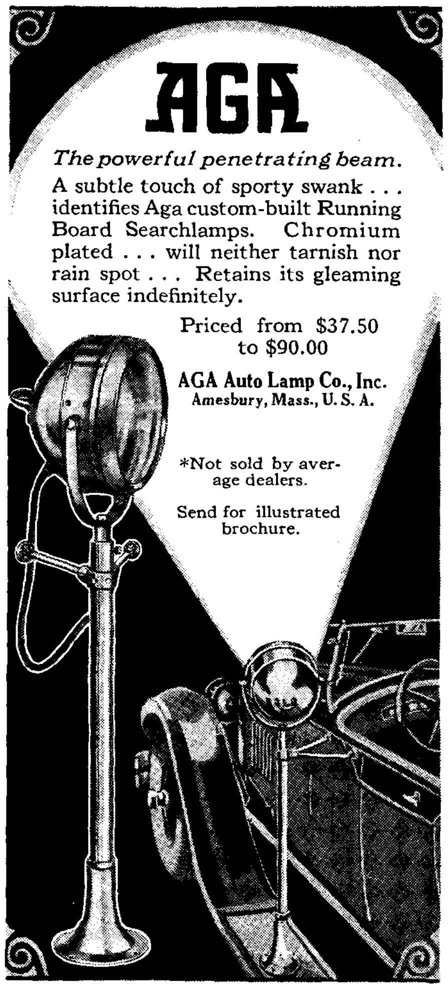

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This World's a Stage

Continued from page 55

come. It was swiftly passing. The boy looked more than a little mad. His color was queer and his eyes glittered. Markham, much taller, looked down on him.

"Come in," he commanded sternly. Then, when the door was closed, "Now, sir, what do you mean by this unpleasant row? What are you talking about? Are you quite mad?"

The boy appeared, for the moment, to be overawed. But suddenly he screamed, "She is here!"

Markham followed his mad gaze. The girl had left her coat and hat on a chair in the corner.

The boy was running about. This wouldn't do. He dashed into the bedroom. Markham followed. It was no occasion for dignified reserve. "It may be necessary for me physically to overpower the fellow," he thought as he ran. He was always careful not to split his infinitives: felt rather strongly about that.

The boy collided with Markham. They struggled.

The closet door swung open. Lois said, "Yes, I'm here." But they were too absorbed in their scuffle. She saw the boy reach back and tug at something in his hip pocket. She leaped to catch his arm. There was a report and an acrid, choking smell. She sank to the floor. The boy staggered away. Cried, "My God, I've shot her!" Ran from the apartment.

Markham, gazing down at the limp figure against the wall, straightened his tie. The girl's eyes slowly opened. They had lost all their demure impudence. Pitiful eyes they were now.

"I must have fainted," she murmured. "I'll be all right." Markham picked her up and laid her on the sofa in the living-room, then carefully closed the door. The dazed eyes opened again. "Where is he?"

"He has gone."

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" She covered her face.

"There is blood on your sleeve, my child. He shot you."

"He didn't mean it for me." She was sobbing. Queer about women. You never knew how they'd take things. "He loves me! Oh, what have I done?"

He rolled up her sleeve. "Hmm! Evidently not an artery. I will bandage it. And I will call a doctor."

"No!" She was sitting up. "No, I must find him. He may kill himself. He needs me! Let me go!"

But Markham bandaged the wound with a handkerchief while she sobbed.

"Come!" He helped her up. There was a red stain as big as a silver dollar working through the bandage. But her coat would cover that. He said, helping her into it, "See a doctor at once. That wound must be dressed." Very softly he opened the door. If only she'd get hold of herself—stop this hysterical weeping!

STANDING behind the half-opened door, he thought he heard other voices. Miss Bellamy?

"She's talking with the police station."

He frowned. The station was just around the corner. They'd be over on the run. They'd stop her. They'd see instantly that something was wrong.

Here was drama indeed! Helping her back to the sofa (what else could he do?) . . . frowning . . . trying to pick a line of coherent thought through the confused scenes from plays that thronged in his brain . . . scenes of heroic effort, of noble self-effacement . . . Sidney Carton and the great sacrifice.

Suddenly, staring down at the limp figure, pity stirred in his heart. She was, all said and done, a child. Inadequate, naturally. He'd expected too much of her—turned her head. She couldn't be blamed. Little girls were impulsive, foolish. That appeared to be a part of Nature's inscrutable plan.

He flushed. He was forgetting Ben Andrews and the part. Forgetting Bertha and Marjorie. Forgetting, in a sense, himself. He would act and act greatly. But he must be quick.

"My dear," he said, in the covered tone that suggests infinite tenderness, "do you love this boy?"

She sobbed, "I don't know. . . . Oh, yes!"

"If I deliver you safely to him, will you marry him?"

"Y-y-yes."

From a drawer in the desk he took a revolver. Quickly loaded it. Kneeling at the fireplace, he fired a shot up the flue. The girl screamed. That was good. It built up the scene. He stood, splendidly waiting.

The police hammered. He let them in. A sergeant bent over the girl.

"What's been going on here?" that one asked.

Edmond Markham drew himself up proudly, convincingly. "Officer," said he, in a resonant voice, "I regret being compelled to confess that I have shot this young lady. My revolver lies there on the table. You will find that one of its chambers is empty. Need I say more?"

AN EAGER little knot of newspaper men stood in the corridor outside the office of the district attorney. It was the story of the week. Edmond Markham had confessed to shooting a girl in his apartment. The night editions had been full of it.

When he appeared, between two of the sheriff's men, they crowded about. But, with the dignity that had charmed a generation of matinée worshippers, he waved them aside. "Nothing to say, gentlemen," was his only response. He was quickly ushered within.

A frightened, flat-chested woman in old-fashioned clothes, escorted by another officer, followed.

A pale young man with tragic eyes was led through. Next, but separately, a pretty miss in a white hat, her right arm in a sling.

"It's the girl!" whispered McGarry of the Evening Star.

"There's a story here," remarked grizzled Dan Hewitt of the Morning Earth, "that we haven't any of us got."

They sat, a puzzled, moody group, about the room. The district attorney, at his desk, arranged a little heap of papers in neat piles; then lifted his stern eyes and looked from one to another.

His telephone rang. He listened; said, "Bring her in here;" hung up. The silence deepened.

The door opened. A trim, small woman appeared. The district attorney said, "Will you please take a seat, Mrs. Markham?" . . . But she rushed straight to her husband, crying out, "Oh, Ned, you're in trouble!" He gave her his hand. She clung to it. One of the officers brought up a chair.

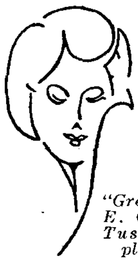
The district attorney looked again through one of the heaps of papers. "Mr. Markham," he said, "you have confessed to making an assault on this young lady, Miss—Miss Lane—with a deadly weapon."

"I have." The actor's voice rang out in the confined space.

The boy across the room stared. Lois studied the tips of her shoes. The district attorney deliberately filled and lit his pipe. "Mr. Markham, the revolver you offer in evidence is of 22 caliber. If I am not mistaken, you have kept it for use in theatrical productions. Is that so?"

Nameographs

Of course you have to turn the Toonerville Trolley upside down—but that's happened before when there's been a cow on the track. And it *is* a skillful Nameograph—as which on this page are not?



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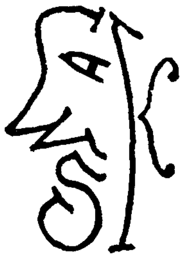

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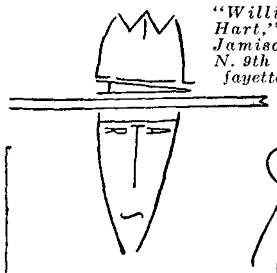

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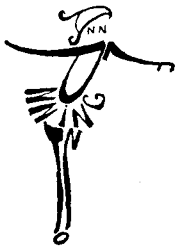

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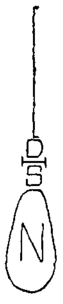

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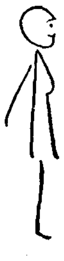

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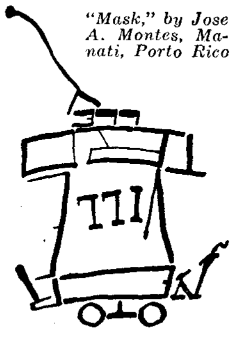

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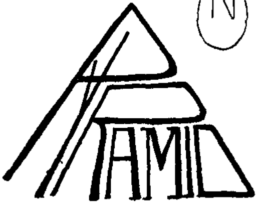

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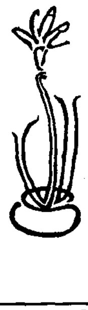

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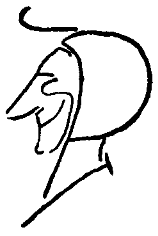

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"It is." The booming voice.

"Mr. Markham, the bullet has been recovered by the police. How, may I ask, do you account for the fact that it is of 32 caliber?"

Markham's eyes widened, and his jaws sagged.

"Miss Bellamy" . . . the district attorney turned on the flat-chested one . . . "in your deposition you state that you heard someone hammering on Mr. Markham's door. Your own door was—er—open, I believe. Opened for ventilation, you said. You saw and heard a young man say to Mr. Markham, 'She is here!' He was shown within. Shortly afterward you heard a shot. Then the door suddenly opened and the young man dashed out, running to the stairs with a revolver in his hand. A smoking revolver, I believe you said."

Miss Bellamy was nodding, nervously, with a look of repugnance on her thin face.

"Soon after that the door was closed. You then telephoned to the police. Following this, and returning to your own door, you heard a second shot and a scream. That is your version of the story, is it not? . . . No, no comments now, if you please." He lifted up a paper and turned to the young man. "You, sir, are Robert Herring, I understand."

The boy's lips moved nervously. He nodded.

"Here, young man, is your signed confession that you fired that shot in the bedroom that wounded Miss Lane. Now" (he brought the document down on his desk with a loud slap), "I want to know what this is all about? Miss Lane, I have an idea that you are the one person who can tell us what really happened. Will you please do so? No, you needn't rise. Make yourself comfortable, but tell me the truth, the whole truth."

The girl was still studying the tips of those pretty shoes. There was a long silence. Slowly she lifted her eyes. Glanced hesitantly at the boy, then at Markham, finally at the district attorney. And then, simply, clearly, she told her story. When she had finished and resumed her scrutiny of those shoes, Bertha Markham, who was crying softly, reached over and patted her hand. "You're a good trouper," she whispered. And the girl blushed.

"Did Mr. Markham make love to you?" the district attorney thundered.

"Oh, no, sir. Not at all. He was a perfect gentleman. He was just helping to get me up in the part. He insisted that I bring my mother with me."

"And why didn't you?"

"I . . . I don't know, sir. I was pretty excited. It was such a wonderful chance. Robert just didn't understand."

"Miss Lane, I am going to ask you a personal question, and I want an honest answer. What are your present feelings toward this young man? Do you love him?"

She didn't lift her eyes. But the color again crept into her cheeks.

"Yes," she whispered.

THE district attorney's pipe had gone out. He relit it. "There are times when the law appears to be best served by consideration of the human elements in the case. Mr. Herring, if I set you free, will you marry Miss Lane?"

"If she will have me."

"And will you keep away from revolvers and watch that temper of yours?"

"I will, sir." He was crying now, unashamed.

"Very well. Consider yourself at liberty. And see that you make a good job of it. . . . Miss Lane, I spoke of you as the injured person. In law you are. But there is another deeply injured person in this case. I refer to Mr. Markham. We have it from your own lips that he acted in a spirit of nobility all too rare nowadays. But the newspapers have already branded him as a despicable character. Six truths, you know, can never overtake one lie. The harm is done. A noble character is stained. And, unfortunately, Mrs. Markham must suffer with him under that cloud. The law, I fear, is powerless to aid him. And, if I understand his present attitude, he is prepared to bear the disgrace in silence, like the gentleman he has for a generation shown himself to be. Mr. Markham, will you permit me to clasp your hand? You have on many occasions given me the greatest enjoyment in the theatre. I look forward now to falling again under your spell."

Bertha broke out, "It has cost us more than you know. Right now my husband is out of a fine engagement because of it."

The girl looked up; then puckered her brows.

She left the room on Herring's arm. Out in the corridor those newspaper men closed quickly in.

"What's the story?" asked Dan Hewitt.

Lois hesitated. Caught her breath. Her eyes sought the moody, still bewildered gaze of the boy beside her.

"Shall we, Bob—"

"You bet!" cried he fiercely. "It's only fair. We'll tell it all!"

The Markhams emerged on that scene. He spoke at once, "Oh, please, my dear young friends—"

"Too late, Mr. Markham," grinned McGarry. "You'll be on all the front pages tonight, for fair. The interview and the pictures in a grand new setting. I take my hat off to you, sir. You're a hero. And, boy, what a story!"

WHEN Ben Andrews and Eltingham Sawyer were announced from the switchboard, late in the afternoon, Bertha hurriedly gathered up all the papers and retreated to the bedroom. She didn't like Sawyer. But Markham received them in a somber sort of state. Andrews was genial.

"My Gosh, Ned, but you've more'n put it over. Terribly sorry I couldn't be here to help. Spent the night out of town and didn't know a thing about it until just now."

This would be a lie. It didn't matter. Ben rattled on, "I brought a contract over. By the way, we seem to have forgotten to talk about salary. This is going to be a fine production, you know. And I want you to be happy in the play. How would five hundred go?"

Markham sat motionless. At the moment he was the most talked-of actor in America. He was famous. Rightly so. "Here is Real Life Drama" . . . that was the four-column head in the Star. And what was the Meteor head? Only two columns wide, to be sure, but none the less ringing—"Markham Magnificent in Greatest Rôle." By morning his name would be on every lip in Hollywood. Mr. Andrews would just have to speak again. Sawyer was looking at him now rather anxiously, but trying to smile.

"One thousand dollars," said Markham.

"Say seven hundred and fifty and—"

"One thousand dollars," Markham's tone was impressively final.

"Well, a thousand it is, Ned. I'm fair, you see. I go through. And, of course, if you want a little something on account any time—"

Bertha, behind the closed bedroom door, indulged in a pirouette.

Mr. Karber looked in on Mr. Andrews. It was midnight, but Karber & Andrews transacted much business late in the evening. "I sold another third of this Sawyer piece this afternoon," Ben informed him.

"You sold . . . just let me understand. When Ned Markham is a hero such as Doug Fairbanks never— You too are soon at Bellevue!" Mr. Karber, who was a small, nervously active man, pulled up a chair and plumped himself down in it.

"I sure did. To the author. He owns two thirds now. This piece is a gamble. Ned'll carry it a while. I've got him tied up for three years. Went back there as soon as I could shake Sawyer. We must now find a real piece for Ned."

Smiling contentedly, Ben Andrews went on, "About December we put Ned out in a big hero play—perhaps we revive an old masterpiece and pay no royalties. Anyway, with Ned, we clean up."

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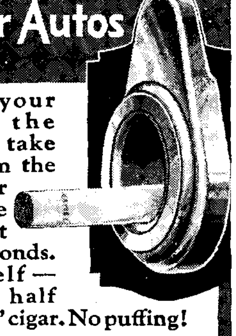

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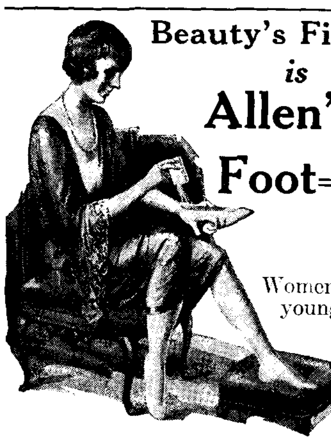

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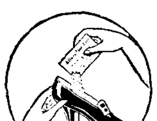

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The Escaping Burglar

Continued from page 22

back into bed, tacitly giving up the idea of searching him for a gun. Both silently acknowledged that there was no question of either one shooting the other. There had never been any physical violence during their married life; only a vast temperamental disagreement. William sat at the foot of the bed.

"I don't suppose you are really any more successful as a burglar than you were as a stockbroker," she went on.

"You seem to have done pretty well, Miranda," countered the burglar, with a glance at the evidence of luxury in the room. "This apartment, here on Park Avenue, must cost you a good many thousands a year."

"After you deserted me—*abandoned* me," she said, with an indignant stress upon the word, "I divorced you. And then I married again. Mr. Robinson, who manufactured bronchial lozenges. He died, last year."

"Yes, I heard," said William. "And they are very good lozenges, too. I often take them, when I am out on raw, damp nights. And I often think of you, Miranda, when I take them."

THERE was a note of reminiscent sentiment in the burglar's voice, as he uttered the last sentence; a note almost of tenderness. Miranda's cool steady gaze softened for an instant. And then she swiftly armored herself once more against his appeal, and said sternly:

"William Henry Brown, *why* did you *abandon* me? In another year, I should have completely regenerated your character, toughened your moral fiber, made a model citizen out of you!"

The burglar was silent a moment. Then he said: "Miranda, what did Mr. Robinson die of?"

"I don't know," said Miranda, a puzzled look coming into her handsome face. "The doctor said he took too many of his own lozenges, but I never agreed with him. He was improving so in every way! He had given up tobacco and alcoholic beverages and profanity; I had got him to understand that coffee and tea were bad for him, and his habits were *marvelously* improved! He had taken up ethical culture and sociology and home exercise, and he had given up a number of his rougher companions who were having a bad influence on his health and morals. He went with me three nights a week to lectures, and he seemed to me to be gaining a real enthusiasm for the cause of uplifting the moral condition of the masses—something *you* never even pretended to, Wlliam. He got so that he straightened out rugs almost automatically, without being reminded, when he came into a room; and he promised me that he was going to give up pocket billiards at his club, on account of the gambling element. And then," she concluded sadly, dabbing neatly at her eyes with a dainty bit of lace, "he died!"

"Poor Mr. Robinson," said the burglar ambiguously.

"And you," she said accusingly, "have become a *criminal!* I always told you that you would, if my influence were removed from you."

"I think," said William meekly, "that's where I got the idea, after I failed in business. You used to tell me so *often,* Miranda!"

She gave him a startled look. "Am *I* responsible for your downfall?" she frowned, and considered. Her thoughts must have reassured her, for she brightened again, and smiled. "No," she said, "that's just one of your jokes—you were *always* joking, William! Levity," she said, "untimely levity, had been one cause of your depravity, William. I could never get it out of you!"

She sighed, but now her manner was one of agreeable, whimsical, maternal, chiding indulgence. It had often been that way, William reflected. It had been that way when he had first fallen in love with her; he had been won by it; he had not realized there was an iron hand beneath that velvet glove.

"Let me see that bag!" she demanded. He handed over the small suit-case, resembling a physician's bag, in which he carried the tools of his trade.

"What's that, William?" she asked.

"It's called a jimmy," said William. "It's used to force doors and windows."

"I heard you getting in," said Miranda, "that's why I was ready for you. Why did you make so much noise?"

"Well," he said apologetically, "it isn't really the right jimmy for a door like yours. And the skeleton key wouldn't work."

"And what's this bottle, with the dirty rag around it?"

"That's not a dirty rag," said William. "That's a clean handkerchief!"

"Clean!" she held it up in horror, and pointed to one or two infinitesimal stains. "Clean!" She laughed at him. "You'd think it was clean! But what is it for?"

"That bottle has chloroform in it," he said, "and sometimes—"

"Heavens!" she cried. "You don't mean to tell me that you drench *that* rag with chloroform and put it over people's faces! William Henry Brown, would you have put that over *my* face?"

The burglar hesitated, and a fit of coughing seized him; which he checked with one of Robinson's Bronchial Lozenges.

"I wouldn't have put it over *your* face, Miranda," he said finally.

She looked at him almost tenderly. "William," she said at last, "I failed with you. It was my own fault. I was young. I had not had the experience that I had later with dear Mr. Robinson. I was not thorough enough.

"And I owe you another chance. I owe it to you as a duty, to take up the work where I left it off. There is good in you, William, great potentiality for good. You must have your chance in life—in this life and the life to come!"

"Oh, Miranda," he began. But she interrupted him.

"Don't say a word, William," she commanded. "I failed in my task of uplift and reform, because I was not firm enough with you!"

"But, Miranda," said the burglar, a gentle, cool perspiration breaking out all over him, "haven't you really been happier since I ran away and left you?"

"What," said she fervently, "is *my* happiness, my transitory and self-indulgent happiness, by the side of my duty—my clear duty to sacrifice everything else to the completion of my neglected work of regenerating a human being?"

"Yes, Miranda," said the burglar, slumping dejectedly in his chair.

"I shall marry you again tomorrow morning," said Mrs. Robinson, "and take up the work anew! You may kiss me, now!"

"Yes, Miranda," said William. He sighed, but he performed that duty with something more than a perfunctory manner—for, flushed with the fervor of her ideas as she was, Miranda was a *very* handsome woman. And she responded warmly.

THERE was art, there was design, in his ardor, however.

"Miranda dear," he said, "I know it's not the proper time of day to eat—but I'm hungry! I wonder—"

She considered. Then, with her more indulgent manner, she said: "I suppose, if I don't get you something, you'll be burglarizing the ice-box."

But when she was gone he stepped to the house phone and called up the switchboard of the apartment building.

"Listen," he said in a low tone to the sleepy operator. "This is apartment G-12 calling. Send for a cop, quick! There's a burglar here."

And three minutes later, as he gave himself up to the puzzled officer at the elevator door, he murmured to himself: "This may mean seven years—but that's better than a life sentence."

The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 20

the terrible moment when, singled out in his box, he was hauled upon the stage of the Bowery Theatre to make a speech. Perspiring, he escaped into the side-wing ravines.

"Mr. Cody, I'll give you five hundred dollars a week to play the rôle of Buffalo Bill yourself," said the manager.

"Go along," laughed Bill. "My knees haven't stopped cracking yet! You might just as well try to make an actor out of a government mule!"

Nor was Bill easy in his mind again until he was on the train once more, headed west. In Omaha plainsmen friends insisted that Bill dress up for them in the stylish swallowtails and plug hat he had worn in "them swell parties back East."

The Omaha stop-over developed into a hang-over. Some of his soberer mates installed Bill in a stateroom on the train for McPherson, minus his trunk and still clad in the habiliments of the ballroom.

The next day the Third Cavalry, toughened by service in Arizona, was riding out of camp when a giant in a princely suit and a stovepipe hat galloped up the column.

"Look at the dude! Look at the dude!" taunted the cavalrymen.

The newcomer overtook General Reynolds and saluted.

"Sir, I've come to report for duty!"

"Who the hell are you?" scowled the general.

"Why, General, I'm to be your guide on this expedition."

The old fighting man's eyes twinkled. "Let down your hair," he commanded.

That high hat was swept off, and thick waves of hair cascaded over broad if well-tailored shoulders. The officers laughed, and gleeful shouts went up from the ranks.

"It's Bill Cody! It's Buffalo Bill. Doesn't that beat the devil—it's Buffalo Bill disguised as a dude!"

Despite its light-hearted start, the expedition proved to be a harsh one. Bill Cody took part in some of the hottest hand-to-hand fighting of his career, and he got a nasty head wound. But he also garnered several scalps—and a wider reputation—so that when the Earl of Dunraven came out on an elk hunt it was Bill Cody whom Sheridan ordered to guide him; and when Mr. Milligan, a rich sportsman from Chicago, and a party of equally rich and sportive friends came out after buffalo, again it was Bill Cody who led the way.

Dazed Scouts from the Plains

WHAT with one thing and another adding national fame to the esteem in which the frontier had always held Bill Cody since his first Indian duel at eleven, his neighbors in Nebraska elected him to the state legislature, that fall of 1872.

Buntline, however, was urging him to capitalize upon the stage his rapidly growing fame.

"I know I'd be a fizzle at legislatin'," Bill told Louisa, "but I don't know how bad I'd be at acting. I reckon I'll find out!"

He resigned as a scout and as a legislator, sold his horses, bundled his family off to St. Louis—and faced an uncertain future with qualms that were partly relieved through his decision to reënforce his own backbone by taking along a pard—Texas Jack—to share in the perils of theatre life.

Buntline met the two scouts in Chicago and joyfully hurried them to the manager of the Amphitheatre. The manager was captivated. However:

"I'd like to read the play," he said.

"It hasn't been written yet," said Buntline.

"What? Not written! And this is Wednesday, and you expect to open Monday!"

The manager was excited. Buntline was cool. Bill Cody and Texas Jack, shifting from heel to heel, were neither the one nor the other—because they didn't know what it was all about. All they knew was that, after a hot scrap with the manager, Buntline rushed them to a hotel and kept them there twiddling their thumbs and safely removed from champagne bottles. Buntline fell to scratching prodigiously hour after hour on endless sheets of paper. Finally he jumped up. "Hurrah for The Scouts of the Plains! That's the name of your play. The work is done. Four hours. Not bad, eh, boys!"

With the aid of the hotel clerks the two main parts were copied off quickly. Buntline handed their respective portions to the scouts, with stern instructions that they must lock themselves in their room and spend the night learning their lines so as to be ready for the first rehearsal next morning.

Buffalo Bill's Début

THEY were hustled into their joint room. The door was slammed; they were alone. Dazed, the scouts looked at each other. They didn't know what to make of these sheaves of paper.

"How long will it take you to commit your part to memory, Bill?" asked Jack haltingly.

Bill looked his papers over with sinking heart. "About six months, I reckon!"

"Hell, you're smart! It'll take me that long to learn the first paragraph."

They sat down. They studied. Creases came into the brows tanned by prairie winds; despair into eyes focused for prairie horizons. Good old-fashioned sweat began to flow.

"This is dry business," groaned Jack.

"It sure is. Jerk that bell, Jack!"

A bellhop appeared.

"A bucket of champagne, son!"

When the curtain went up on Buffalo Bill's début, December 16, 1872, it was to find two speechless scouts who had to be shoved out of the wings—then stood, white and stark, in the glare of the footlights while the packed house applauded and yelled and laughed.

Buntline, playing the villain, came on and gave Bill his cue.

Bill remained speechless.

In the wings the manager tore his hair. On the stage Buntline raved under his breath. Down in the pit and up in the galleries the spectators howled.

In desperation Buntline made an effort to pry Bill's tongue loose. "Where have you been, Buffalo Bill? What has kept you so long?"

Dimly, as in a dream, Bill was conscious of a familiar face across the footlights. It was Milligan, the famous Chicago sportsman he had lately guided. Quite unconscious that he was on the stage, answering Buntline as if in normal conversation, he said, "I've been off on a hunt with Milligan!"

The roar that went up from the audience over this popular local allusion recalled Bill to his predicament, and gave to Buntline the happy inspiration of making Bill improvise along the line of his fortunate "hit."

"Tell us about the hunt, Bill!"

Bill felt at home now, somehow. The artificiality of lines crammed into his poor, tired head by Buntline faded. He could be himself. He recognized other friends in the audience—army officers and such.

Why, it wasn't so bad—the footlights were just like a big camp fire, around which he had spun many a yarn. He would spin one now—to his friends out there. All his born gift of fireside narrative filled Bill's tongue, and he told a tale of the Milligan hunt in a way that brought a tumult of applause.

When Bill showed signs of weakening the astute Buntline signaled into the wings—and a howling mob of supers, dressed in war paint and feathers, poured upon the stage. Now Bill and Texas Jack felt at home. They blazed away at the Indians, three or four of whom dropped at every shot; and when

(*Continued on page 60*)

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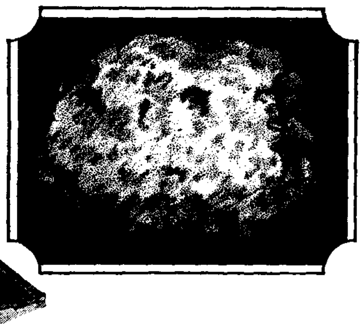

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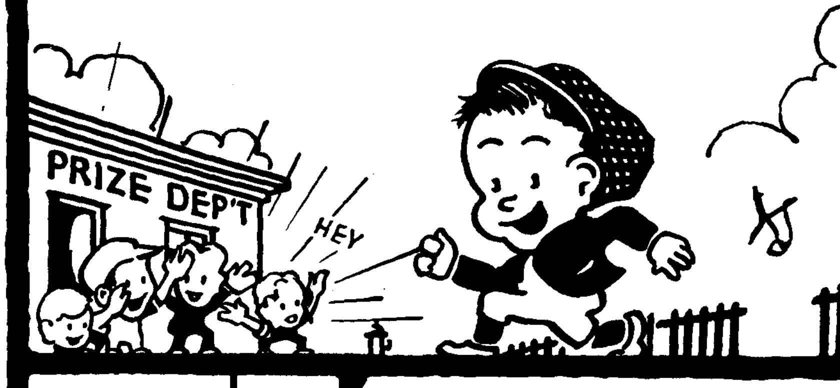

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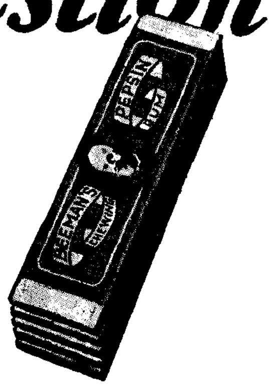

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The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 59

they had "killed" all the redskins, they shot Buntline, shot each other, and were blissfully shooting the audience when the curtain went down, in a blaze of glory and firearms, on a brilliant and successful début.

The succeeding acts were repetitions of the first. The Indians came to life and had to be killed all over again. There was a beautiful actress, Mademoiselle Morlacchi, who played Pale Dove and another girl named Carfarno, who recited a numbing poem of more than seven hundred verses. These young ladies ran on and off the stage intermittently, while Buntline was killed in each act and played a new part in the following one.

The upshot of an hilarious evening was that Buntline made bookings for weeks ahead; the critics called Bill a good actor, and Texas Jack fell in love with Mademoiselle Morlacchi and married her in no time at all.

The second week of the "tour" was played in De Bar's Opera House in St. Louis. Louisa had been in quite a fuddle as to this new and startling phase of her husband's career; nevertheless she dutifully presented herself, with her relatives and friends, at the theatre.

Wild Bill Makes Many Hits

BILL'S eagle eye picked her out. Utterly regardless of the audience, he leaned over the gas footlights and shouted, "Oh, Louisa, but I'm a bad actor!"

The audience screeched its enjoyment; Louisa blushed and felt appropriately foolish, and Bill went back to killing stage Indians and rescuing Pale Dove from the renegade.

Within three months The Scouts of the Plains reached New York; Bill, back on the scene of his social triumph, now achieved a histrionic triumph—his use of the revolver and of old Lucretia Borgia being particularly relished by the crowds.

Bill closed his first theatrical season in Port Jervis, N. Y., with only $6,000 profit to himself, though the show had been playing to $15,000 or more a week for six months. Disappointed, Bill and Texas Jack hied them back to the prairies, where they scouted and guided and builded dreams of a new theatrical adventure. For the tang of the dustboards and the lure of the footlights had claimed their blood.

The following autumn Bill and Texas Jack went to New York again, on their own. When fame and fortune started his way Bill Cody thought at once of his oldest and truest friend—James B. ("Wild Bill") Hickok. Though Hickok's temperament was hardly of the hothouse variety, Bill tamed him enough to get him to New York and on the boards.

Wild Bill was a great hit, and took a boyish delight in his new career—too much delight, in fact, for he spent his time offstage in beating up neighboring bartenders, and on the stage in shooting his pistol so close to the legs of the "Indians" that the paper wads stung and the powder burned them.

At last, when every one of the supers was limping, Cody felt called upon to remonstrate with his old pal. He approached the matter delicately—not through any fear of Wild Bill, for they adored each other, but because he knew how techy the old plainsman was.

"Bill, we won't be able to give another performance unless you quit shooting the supers."

"Billy, you little rascal, going back on the old pard, are yuh?" Mr. Hickok pouted. "Can't nobody take a little joke?"

"It's not a joke, Bill, when all the actors are cripples. You'll have to go easy."

Without another word Wild Bill swung on his heel and slouched sulkily to his dressing-room. He packed quietly—his booze and his guns. Then he made his way to the stage door, treading in his pantherlike way and careful not to cross trails with Bill Cody. He met the stage carpenter, and for all his plans of quiet departure could not forego a final affectionate message to his lifelong friend and disciple:

"Tell that long-haired —— —— he can go to hell—I'm off for the West, and it'd be better for him if he'd come too!"

Bill Cody, heartbroken, got on Wild Bill's trail and caught up with him later in the evening. But pleas were unavailing. Wild Bill Hickok was through associating with sissies who whimpered when they got their legs burned. So Bill gave him his wages, $1,000 to boot, and a hearty handclasp. It was their last meeting.

Wild Bill delayed his start for the West temporarily when another manager got hold of him and starred him. The show failed, but later reopened with a legitimate actor impersonating Wild Bill.

Bill Cody meanwhile ended his second season in clover. Now he was able to give his St. Louis-bred wife what she wanted—city comfort. He bought a home in Rochester, N. Y., and moved his family there.

He played a lone hand on the stage the next season—Texas Jack being away on an extended hunting tour with the Earl of Dunraven. A successful theatrical man, Bill settled down in the summer of 1875 for a quiet spell with his family.

Still a young fellow in years, Bill was old in experience. Here, in the safety and comfort of the city, the danger trails were but a memory. New trails, lined with gold and softness, promised the finer things of life for his family. Kit Carson Cody would have all that money could buy—in education, in all the better things. Kit Carson would be romantic in name only—he would not have to live under bullwhackers' curses and redskins' tomahawks. So Bill Cody played with little Kit and dreamed.

The season 1875-1876 Texas Jack again joined Bill—and they toured successfully.

The show had reached Springfield, Mass., on the night of April 20, 1876, when a telegram reached Bill. It was from Rochester. Little Kit was dangerously ill with scarlet fever.

Bill reached home barely in time to clutch the frail, fever-ridden form of his son to his heart, to see a wan smile of recognition and love, before the child drifted out upon the unknown sea.

This, then, was the end o' dreams.

And from the far West came sinister alarms. Once more the prairies were flaming—the sun was bright on the scalping knife. Sitting Bull, great medicine man, had roused the Sioux against the faithless United States Government, which was up to its old habit of treaty breaking. This time it would be war to the death, and the painted hosts ringed in the thin bluecoat garrisons of the old plains' forts.

Custer Must be Avenged

CUSTER was racing into the hills with his hardy leather pounders of the Seventh. Crook, Reynolds, all the rest of the old-time crowd, were girding for the fight. And the Fighting Fifth, hurrying back from Arizona, was calling for its old chief of scouts.

There would be forgetfulness in the fighting out there—the man-of-action's sort of forgetfulness. So Bill Cody went west again. The prairies had reclaimed their beloved prodigal.

It was to his old love, the Fifth, that Bill hastened—joining it at Cheyenne.

Amid cheers he stepped into headquarters—and knew the thrill and joy of the homecoming in the affectionate welcome by General Carr and his staff.

Then, one terrible day, when the Fifth was making its way toward Fort Laramie, near the junction of the Platte and Laramie Rivers in Wyoming Territory, a dust-covered courier raced up with dreadful news:

"General Custer and five companies

of the Seventh Cavalry have been wiped out by Sitting Bull on the Little Big Horn—not a man escaped!"

For the second time within a few months Bill Cody felt the shock of personal loss. General Custer had been even more than a beloved friend to him —he was Bill's ideal of the perfect gentleman, officer and man.

Bill had known and sympathized with the Indian side of the controversy that had led up to this war. He had looked with the utmost contempt upon the weakness and folly and double-dealing of his own government, which had not only violated its sacred word to the Sioux that white men should not be allowed to follow the gold trail into the Black Hills but, through its crooked Indian reservation agents, had regularly supplied the bloodthirstiest of the Western tribes with arms and ammunition.

But Bill forgot all these involvments and remembered only that a dear friend had been slain—and must be avenged.

The Fifth raced to cut off a thousand Cheyennes who had jumped the Red Cloud Agency to join victorious Sitting Bull.

Two dawns later the Cheyennes were intercepted at War Bonnet Creek, thanks to a forced march and a superlative bit of scouting by Bill Cody. There was a brief and savage preliminary skirmish, led by Bill, which had the effect of turning the Cheyenne rush.

Now both sides were drawn up, eying each other—the Cheyennes hot to get to Sitting Bull, inflamed by the initial success of the war that was to drive the white men back; the Fifth wild to avenge the Little Big Horn.

Suddenly a tall and well-mounted young warrior chief rode out from the Cheyenne ranks and cantered up and down between the opposing armies, defiantly beating his breast and raising his deep voice in a long battle cry. He kept pointing to Bill Cody as he paraded his show of valor; but Bill could not understand the Cheyenne tongue.

"What is that brave saying?" Bill asked Little Bat, the Fifth's interpreter.

"He is saying: 'I know you, Pa-he-haska. If you want to fight, come ahead and fight me. I am Yellow Hand, big chief!' "

To the Death

BILL realized with fierce joy that his chance to square accounts for his dear friend Custer had come. Yelling and waving his rifle, he bolted straight into the battle pit, while Yellow Hand, whooping hideously, charged down upon him from the Cheyenne side.

A cry went up from the bluecoat ranks, a shout from the war-plumed Cheyennes, as each side realized that a hand-to-hand duel of its champions was imminent.

Now only fifty yards separated the combatants—now forty—now thirty—and both raised their rifles. But that very instant Bill's horse stepped into a gopher hole and crashed to the ground, carrying Bill with him—right under the rifle of Yellow Hand!

(*To be concluded next week*)

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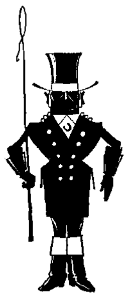

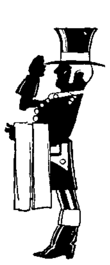

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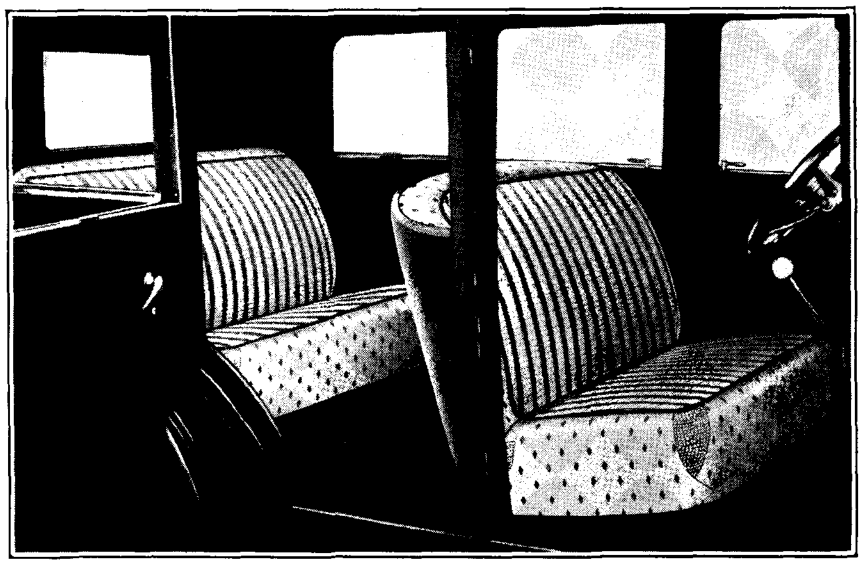


A New Kind of Seat Cover

Can't tear, wrinkle or fray at edges. Never needs laundering

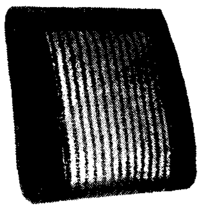
Now, for the first time, a beautiful, handsomely tailored seat cover that actually outlasts the car! A seat cover that *can't* tear or wrinkle and *never* needs laundering—because made of woven, wear resisting fibre, not cloth. It is ventilative, sanitary and does not pull or draw the clothing. It's the new Wedford Rattania Seat Cover. (Re. Pat. 16,288. Other Pat. Pend.)

Wedford Rattania covers the entire seat and back, gives all the protection of ordinary seat covers, yet is entirely new and different in principle. Special corner construction, a patented, exclusive feature, makes Wedford Rattania fit every car, regardless of make. No other seat cover does. And, because of this feature, you can always use this seat cover, no matter what make car you have.

Made in two distinctive styles, each in beautiful colors to harmonize with car upholstery. Standard covers, for Fords, Chevrolets, Stars and other low price cars, are rich, fast dark blue and tan; Tuxstyl covers, for higher priced cars, are smart grey with dark blue stripes. Both styles bound in high grade Spanish leather.

Prices are no higher than ordinary seat covers—$6.50 a seat for Standard covers; $7.90 a seat for Tuxstyl—but the *cost* of Wedford Rattania is very, very much lower because there are no repair, laundry or dry cleaner's bills to pay.

Dealers can supply you with Wedford Rattania Seat Covers out of stock because they do not have to carry a multitude of styles and sizes. There is no waiting for your size. Neither do you ever have to pay a premium for a fit. See and examine these covers at the nearest automotive dealer's today. If no dealer near you has them, send the coupon.

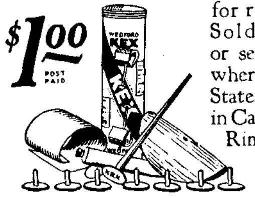


Wedford Air-Spring Cushions to match the seat covers

Motoring is a real joy in a car equipped with Wedford Air-Spring Cushions. Built on a patented air-spring frame that fits the back. Made of the same durable rattania and in colors to match Tuxstyl covers, $1.50 to $4.00 each. Also Wedford stuffed cushions to match Standard covers.

Wedford-Kex Handy Tire Users' Repair Kit

The only *complete* tire repair outfit. Contains Wedford-Kex Vulcanized Rubber Puncture Plugs and an inserting needle for repairing *casings* and patching rubber and cement for repairing *tubes*. Sold everywhere or sent postpaid anywhere in the United States for $1.00. $1.25 in Canada. Water-tite Rim Seals stop seepage into tire casings. 15c each.



WEDFORD EVR-KLEAN SEAT PADS
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Nov. 21, 1922. Other Pat. Pend.)

protect clothing and upholstery. Instantly adjustable. Many uses outside the car. Three single width styles and one double width style at popular prices. DeLuxe, $2.00; Standard, $1.50; Handy, $1.00. Ovr-All (double width) $3.50.

THE WEDLER-SHUFORD COMPANY, Dept. R.,
1116 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

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Please send me........sets Wedford Rattania Standard Seat Covers for (make)..............
(model)..............(type)..............I enclose $........as full payment. It is understood that if these covers are not all you claim I may return them and you will refund my money.
Also send me.......Wedford-Kex Handy Tire Users' Repair Kits. I enclose $1.00 for each kit.
Name..
Street and No..
City..............................State..................
Tuxstyl
☐ Please send me complete information about Standard Covers

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
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Our Smaller World

RADIO doesn't seem to respect international boundary lines. Waves set in motion in Pittsburgh or Schenectady feel just as much at home in Canada as in the United States. So Canada has had to appeal to the Federal Radio Commission at Washington for exclusive broadcasting channels.

That is a picture of our small modern world.

Neither we nor our neighbors could successfully operate radio stations without respect for each other. Science knows no way of excluding emigrant waves or of keeping our own electrical energy at home. So far as broadcasting is concerned, boundaries don't exist.

Radio is a tie binding the nations into a single family.

The airplane is another. Boundary lines are negligible in the air.

National boundaries were fixed when travel and communication were slow and when most men were rooted to the soil which produced them.

Until recently the majority of all the people who ever lived traveled probably not twenty-five miles from their birthplaces. A few were wanderers, soldiers, sailors and the like, but most lived and died where they were born.

Nobody is fixed to one place any longer. Travel, migration, world-wide communication are the rule, not the exception.

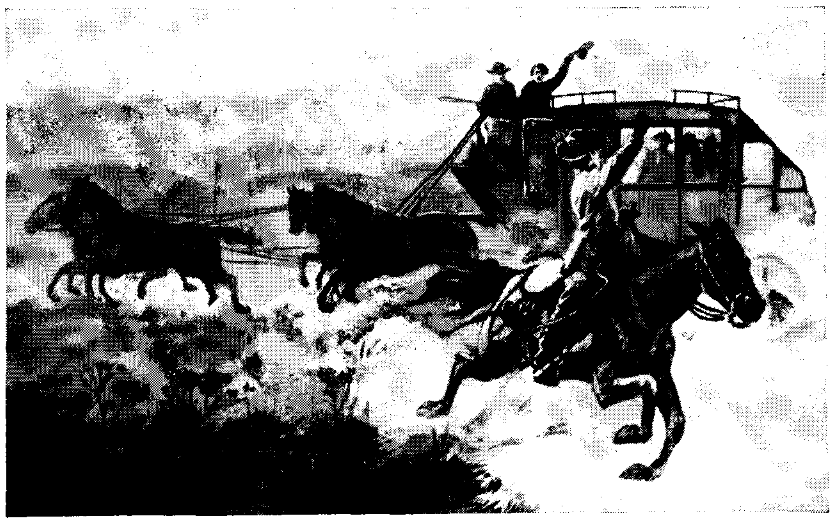
Commander Byrd flies over the North Pole, across the Atlantic Ocean, and then plans to try his luck in the South Polar region. His ancestors satisfied their craving for adventure by exploring the wilds of Virginia.

You can travel as far in an hour now as you could cover in a month in the old days, and now you are fairly sure of getting back.

Radio, airplane, automobile and telephone, electricity and oil are making a new world faster than we realize.

It is absurd to imagine that in this age we can continue to cherish the prejudices and hatreds which ignorance and fear engendered in other generations.

New environment is making new customs and habits. We are reluctant to surrender our ancient prejudices but we cannot resist the pressure of circumstances. It is hard to hate people you understand.



News of Lincoln's election was broadcast—by the pony express

National boundaries will probably be retained for a long time to come, but our business will compel us increasingly to jump these barriers. Necessity draws all peoples closer together.

That is the reason statesmen are so feverishly active to invent a plan for substituting orderly government for war in the settlement of international disputes.

With relationships so intimate, disputes are as inevitable as brushes between motorists at the intersection of two busy thoroughfares.

Our government is trying to negotiate treaties for the peaceful regulation of our world business. The difficulty with which our representatives and the spokesmen of foreign governments must deal arises from their uncertainty concerning what public opinion will approve.

Let your representative at Washington know where you stand. If you would like to have your government make the kind of treaties necessary to the conduct of business in this radio, airplane, motor-car age, tell him so.

Otherwise they may continue to think that all our ideas were formed before even railroads were invented and that only eighteenth-century diplomacy can find approval from twentieth-century citizens.

A Book a Day

BENITO MUSSOLINI, Italian premier, probably the busiest man in Europe, finds time to read a book a day. He reads in Italian, French or German, and he is taking three English lessons a week to speed up his British and American reading. He reads no fiction.

How does he do it? The answer is that he reads not by letters or words, not even by phrases or sentences, but by paragraphs and pages. A considerable number of men can assimilate the heart of a book that way. Much intensive reading enables them to trail the central idea through a book to the complete negligence of its background. They have the background in them.

To this reading habit Mussolini attributes his remarkable grasp of the spirit of the literature in nearly every field of learning. His first reading as a youth was wayward, halting, groping. This is generally the way of all early reading. But it is the persistent groper that finds light. No one can begin with a book a day, but every man can begin with a book a month and at the end of the year realize how it is possible for Mussolini's mind to seize and hold one a day.

Trick Questions

IF YOU were asked what you would do if you lost your money deep in a forest, the chances are that you would say, "I don't know."

Nor is it likely that you would be prepared to give a definite reply to this query: "What do you do when it is raining and you have a straw hat on your head?" Much would depend on how heavy the precipitation and where you were.

Yet these hypothetical questions kept Mrs. Gilta Tenenwurcel of Poland away from her husband in the United States for ten months.

An American consulate attaché decided that her answers indicated mental deficiency. So a passport was refused.

Back in this country the husband was planning a home in Minneapolis for his family.

Gilbert Tenenwurcel and Gilta, along with the children, Szulim and Malka, are all residents of Minneapolis now. The husband had spunk and American friends, who had watched his industry, determination and fortitude. The government at Washington had the good judgment to see the point.

Perhaps the consulate attaché has a keener realization than formerly as to what constitutes asininity.

Settle the Car Questions

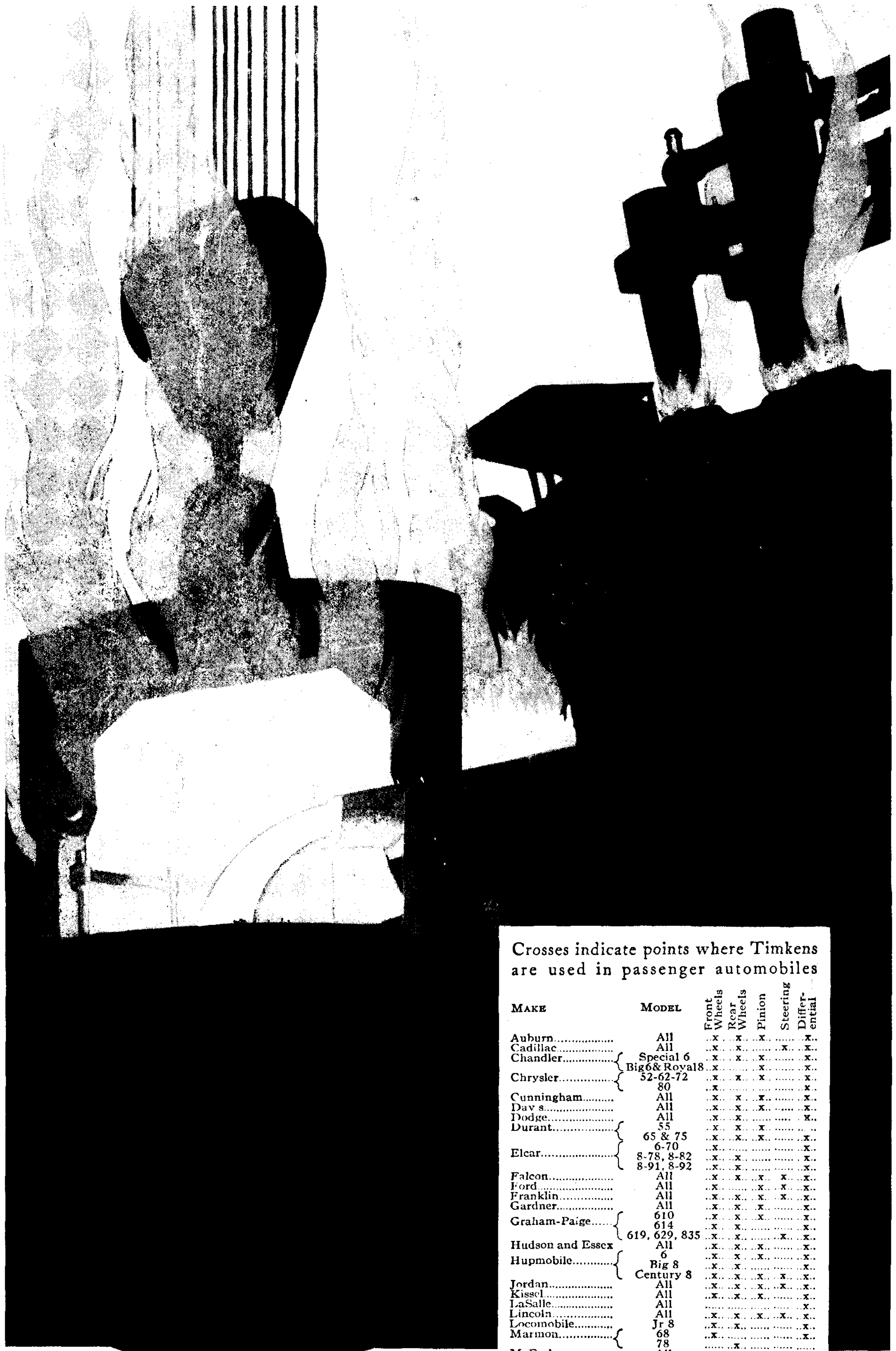
Timken developed the anti-friction bearing with tapered construction. Timken sponsored the exclusive feature of *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.* And Timken operates its own electric furnaces to assure the most wear-resistant bearing steel ever known.

But these technicalities need be no concern of yours. You *settle* big technical questions simply by making sure of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in any car, truck or bus you buy. Then you are sure of utmost protection not only against friction, but against side-thrust, shock, weight, torque and speed. Timkens give you this complete wear-protection, and greater simplicity, compactness and accessibility—in differentials, pinion or worm drives, transmissions, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans.

Remember, the bearings have the final responsibility for carrying the motion. The bearings are vital. Buy Timken-equipped.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS



In the Timken steel mill, control of every quality factor has been brought to an unparalleled degree of accuracy. Here one of the battery of Timken electric furnaces is discharging liquid steel at a temperature of 2800° F.

Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Big6& Royal8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52-62-72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Davis	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	Jr 8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	FlyingCloud	x	x			x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

Water motoring

th the *swiftness* of wings

playgrounds of the world's water-
beckons you to speed along.

ey have provided
ails as never
wing into
ers pow-

Johnson